







I

MEMOIRS
OF THE
LIFE and WRITINGS
OF

R-CH--D G-RD-N-R, Esq.

Alias

DICK MERRY-FELLOW.

Price THREE SHILLINGS and SIX-PENCE.

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III

M E M O I R S
O F T H E
L I F E and W R I T I N G S
(P R O S E and V E R S E)

O F
R I C H A R D G A R D N E R, E s q .

Alias

D I C K M E R R Y - F E L L O W ,

O f S e r i o u s and F a c e t i o u s M e m o r y !

A U T H O R O F

The H I S T O R Y *of* P U D I C A ;
An E L E G Y *on the death of*
Lady A s g i l l ;
An E X P E D I T I O N *to the West-*
Indias ;
The L Y N N M A G A Z I N E ;

The C O N T E S T ;
L E T T E R S *to* S i r H — H — ,
and T — W — C — , E s q .
A F R A G M E N T ;
The T R I P P I N G - J U R Y ;
N A V A L - R E G I S T E R , &c .

“ A man who has *much* W I T , but *too little* D I S C R E T I O N ; one
“ who has T A L E N T S sufficient to adorn the *best* subjects,
“ and to give some consequence even to the *worst* ; but
“ who has (except in a few cases) been so unfortunate in his
“ choice of S U B J E C T S , that our *smiles* are frequently mixed
“ with *pain*, and our *admiration* with *disgust* .”

C H A R A C T E R , 1768 .

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Printed for G. KEARSLEY, Fleet-street; and M. BOOTH,
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January 1, 1782.

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3. The first of these is the fact that the

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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

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P R E L U D I O.

LEST the abilities and character of this Gentleman should suffer by an improper application of his juvenile and adult performances, whether satirical or political, to the purposes of malice or party, we are induced, from the purest motives, and in justice to his memory, to offer the following account of his **LIFE** and **WRITINGS**, which we
are

are enabled to do from the most indisputable authorities, to wit, *his own compositions*, and which, we can assure the public, *were intended by himself for the press*.

TRUTH being the surest test of compilation, we shall, without any prejudice arising from hope or fear, opinion or party, give a faithful, if not a comprehensive, narrative of such circumstances as come safely within our knowledge, in doing which, we shall adopt that excellent line of Shakespeare's.

Nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice.

As he chose to give himself the appellation of DICK MERRY-FELLOW in a well-known publication *, we

* PUDICA.

think

think ourselves fully warranted in now applying it ; and it is hoped, that as the following sheets were rather *hastily got up*, to use a theatric expression, the Public will readily excuse a want of method, or of stile.

*Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures :*

HOR.

I write, as I would talk ; am short, and clear ;
Not clog'd with words, that load the weari'd ear.

WE have, in most instances, thought proper to blank the names of persons ; not because we wanted confidence to insert them at length, but because we would avoid giving offence. To those already acquainted with our hero's transactions, the omission will be sufficiently understood, and to those who are not---it
is

is immaterial. An anonymous story is as entertaining, and as instructive, as if authorized by the greatest name.

It may be asked, Who are *we*? *we* are indefinite! and therefore restrained, by the first problem of *Euclid*,---to no point. Besides, *memoirs* are of the plural---and so are *we*!



M E M O I R S
OF THE
L I F E and W R I T I N G S
O F
R - c h - - d G - - d - n - r, E s q .

Alias.

D I C K M E R R Y - F E L L O W .

THE GENTLEMAN, whose Posthumous
Essays we have taken some pains to collect,
was so eminently distinguished by his learning,
wit, and satire, that his writings need not the
force of elogy to recommend them to public no-
tice.

Dicere verum Quid vetat?

HE was born at Saffron-Walden in Essex,
October 4, 1723; and died at Mount-Amelia in
the parish of Ingoldisthorpe and county of Nor-
folk, on Friday, September 14, 1781, aged just
fifty-seven years, eleven months, and ten days.

B

His

HIS father was a son of JOHN G—D—N—R, Esq. of Aldborough-Hall near Aldborough in the county of Suffolk, who was a Captain in Lord Cutt's regiment of foot, and died at Minorca, in the reign of Queen Anne, *Anno Dni.* 1708, when that island fell a conquest to the British troops, and squadron under the command of Admiral Sir John Leake, and General Stanhope.

HE was a man of considerable property and estate, and of such influence in the borough of Aldborough (then a populous and flourishing sea-port town, though in this present age great part of it has been swallowed up by the British ocean that washes the east side of the borough) that on his recommendation, the representatives for Aldborough were generally chosen, an honour that he declined himself, as his military duty (being Captain of foot in Lord Cutt's regiment) so frequently called him into foreign service.

HE died at an early period of life, but had this compensation for the shortness of it, that he lived and served his country in an age of heroes, and partook of the glories of that immortal reign, and of the important victories acquired by the all-conquering arms of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough. Though happy in an honourable death himself, in the service of his country, yet it was an irreparable loss in every respect

respect to his son (the late Dr. G——) who was then an infant of six years old, by whose premature decease, became not only a minor, but an orphan, his mother being dead before. The loss of both parents at such an age, can only be felt by those who have fortunately lived to experience the tenderness of parents till the time of manhood. How frequently do we see the fortune, property and prosperity of a family, fall into ruin, where the protecting care of a fond, indulgent, and considerate father is wanting to support it!

HIS father, the late Rev. JOHN G—D—N—R, LL. D. was born in the first year of Queen Anne, *Anno Dni.* 1702. In 1729, he was presented to the rectory of Brunstead in the hundred of Happing and County of Norfolk, by the right honourable William Neville, Lord Abergavenny; and in the year 1731, he was licenced Rector, or perpetual Curate, of St. Giles, in the patronage of the Dean and Chapter, and Curate of St. Gregory, both in the city of Norwich.

IN the said year, 1731, he was presented to the valuable rectory of Massingham *Magna* St. Mary, with All Saints, by that munificent patron, Sir Robert Walpole, knight of the garter, first lord-commissioner of the Treasury, and prime minister to George I. and II. universally acknowledged the greatest statesman of the age he lived in.

HE was Doctor of Laws in the University of Cambridge, and domestic Chaplain to the Earl of Orford. Sir William Yonge, in a copy of verses which he wrote, November 17, 1731, and sent to Lady Orford, then on a visit at the seat of Sir Henry Bedingfield at Oxburgh-Hall; while the noble Earl was entertaining his illustrious friends at Houghton; he mentions the worthy Doctor amongst the other guests in the following lines:

“ Next G—D-N-R, Chaplain to our host,
 “ A model for all priests to boast;
 “ Whom WALPOLE loves, as far politer,
 “ Than those grim *Rocks*, who wear the *Mitre*.”

DR. G—D-N-R was married October 6, 1722, to a daughter of JOHN TURNER, Esq. of Saffron-Walden in the county of Essex. She died at Great Maffingham, October 10, 1759.

THE Doctor lived the much-respected rector of this church near forty years, until the 15th of November, 1770, when, to the unspeakable grief of his family and friends, he departed this life, *Ætat.* 68.

HIS remains were interred in the chancel of Great Maffingham, by the altar, next to the grave of his late affectionate wife, and tender parent to her children.

HIS

Hrs pall was supported by six of the neighbouring clergy, whose concern in that last melancholy office, was alone exceeded by the poignant feelings of those more nearly allied.

OVER the grave-stone, near the altar, is the following inscription :

H. S. E.
 JOHANNES GARDINER,
 L L. D.
Per triginta annos
et Amplius
Hujus Ecclesiæ
 R E C T O R.

THE foregoing was found after his decease, in his own hand writing, and was therefore put upon the stone in preference to any other inscription.

Ob. Novem. 15 Die 1770, ætat. 68.

Lapidam
Clarissimo Patri
Ricardus Filius Superstes
Marens Posuit.
 MDCCCLXXI.

A hatchment is over the grave-stone, with the arms of Gardiner and Turner.

THE late Dr. G—D—N—R was a man universally respected throughout life; a man of learning, and a gentleman: his excellent discourses in the pulpit proclaimed him to be the first; his address and affability out of it, to be the last.

With spirit, ease, and elegance to tell
The rules for judging and for acting well.

HE was a most tender parent to his children, an affectionate husband; a humane man to all! the tears of his parishioners at his funeral, bore an honourable testimony of his virtues.

HE, like his father, was universally esteemed and personally beloved wherever he resided: this is no flattery, but justice to his memory; his many charitable acts endeared him to the poor; his easy and friendly deportment to the rich, and his strict attention to his pastoral and religious duties, acquired him the respect of all.

Vivit post Funera Virtus.

HIS children followed the military profession of their grandfather: he lived to survive two of his sons, who died in the service of their country; and the same military spirit descended to his grandchildren, one of whom was killed in America, and two now remain in the army.

“ Their grandfire’s trusty sword they long’d to wield,
“ While guns, drums, trumpets, call them to the field.

DR,

DR. G—D—N—R had, by ——— TURNER, his wife, many children, of whom only four lived to the age of twenty-one years, and of which two only survived their much-lamented parents.

1. RICHARD, of whom we have to speak more at large.

2. JOHN, who died at sea, in the command of the Bedford man of war of seventy guns, and was buried off the Rock of Lisbon, February 8, 1747.

3. WILLIAM, who served with his eldest brother at the siege of Guadelupe, in the West Indies, and was Lieutenant of the 4th regiment of foot: he died at sea, on his passage home from the English garrison in the citadel of Basse-Terre, Guadelupe, and was buired off the island of St. Kitt's, in July 1761.

4. MARGARET, married to the Rev. THOMAS MONEY, Rector of Bracon-Ash in Norfolk, and of Stratford in Suffolk, by whom she had two sons, both in the service; Thomas the eldest, born Oct. 16, 1752, now a Captain in the 69th regiment employed in the West Indies, and lately on the conquest of St. Eustatia, one of the Carribbee islands belonging to the Dutch: the second son, JOHN, named after his grandfather Dr. JOHN G—D—N—R, born December 8, 1756, was a Lieutenant in the

63d regiment, and Aid-de-camp to Earl Cornwallis, commander in chief of the British forces in South Carolina. He was employed in the army from the age of 16 years, and served with reputation during the whole of the present unfortunate war in America, where his inconsolable parents and lamenting friends had the misfortune to lose him, gallantly fighting at the head of the 63d regiment and a detachment from the army, which was sent by Lord Cornwallis, to lead into action against superior forces, commanded by an American General at Black-Stocks in South Carolina, November 9, 1780.

O meek-ey'd Peace ! resume thy golden reign,
And waft thy blessings o'er th' Atlantic main.

HE was esteemed an exceeding good officer for his years, and promised fair to rise to great employments in the army. Earl Cornwallis made honourable mention of him in his official dispatches to the Secretary of State, and seemed to lament the loss with a concern almost equal to that of his nearest friends and family-connections. He died of his wounds, November 15, a few days after the action, *ætat.* 24.

THE following inscription was wrote to his memory, by RICHARD GARDINER, Esq. of Mount Amelia in the County of Norfolk.

To

TO the MEMORY of

LIEUTENANT JOHN MONEY,

Aid de Camp to Earl Cornwallis, who at the age of 24, was killed at the head of the 63d regiment, engaged against superior numbers, at Black-Stocks, in South Carolina, on the attack and defeat of General Sumpter, an American General, November 9, 1780.

Fresh bloom the laurel by the sword acquir'd,
 Brave, gallant youth! with love of glory fir'd!
 For thee *Cornwallis* weeps, tho' on his brow
 Fair vict'ry smiles, and tears in conquest flow:
 O! early lost! who envies not thy fame
 And death, that gives to thee a deathless name?
 Thy hardy vet'rans oft in danger tried,
 Point pensive to the field where MONEY died:
 Where, as he saw thee bleeding on the ground,
 The rapid *Tarleton* paus'd, and clos'd thy wound.

TREMBLE, BRITANNIA'S FOES! let the proud *Gaul*,
 And prouder *Spaniard* dread a mighty fall;
 So young in arms when *Britons* veng'ance pour,
 And finish'd heroes die at TWENTY-FOUR!

RICHARD G—D—N—R, Esq. *alias* DICK MERRY-FELLOW, was born at Saffron-Walden in the county of Essex, October 4, 1723. He was educated at Eton College, and afterwards became a member of the University of Cambridge, where he was student for some years at Catherine-Hall

Hall: during his residence there, he was appointed to write the *triposberfes*, as they are called, for the senior proctor's exercise, upon the Pythagorean question of the *metempsychosis*, or the transmigration of souls, which, as it is a subject lately started to the public, may perhaps not be unentertaining, or unworthy the attention of the learned reader.

Recte Statuit *Pythagoras* De METEMPSYCHOSI.

QUOS subeat resoluta vicés, quæ regna pererret
 Sospes ab exequijs ANIMÆ, aut quæ tarda revisat
 Corpora, non longum mansura, volatilis hospes,
 Hinc canere incipiam; nec tu. Indignere vocanti
 PAN, deus Arcadiæ, et petulantia Numina FAUNI,
 Quâcunque in formâ, quocunque sub ore latentes:
 Quodque tenet Sylvas, varium et mutabile semper,
 Quodque tenet fluvios: PROTEU VERTUMNE, puellæ
 Ipse anus insidians: tuque, O! DAPHNEIA LAURUS,
 Da foliâ indulgens manibus carpenda Pudicis
 Virgineos, heu! iam non virgo, oblita timores.

Ac veluti E Lento surgunt simulaera metallo
 Quæ Faber excudens vivos imitamine vultus
 Evocat, ILLA ducem victorem spirat imago,
 Mollior HÆC cythereæ oculos risusque solutos
 Exprimit, aut lique facta volens facilisque sequetus;
 Artifici ducente, alias subitura figuras:
 Sic varijs ANIMA, æthereo confisa vigori,
 Ludit imaginibus, larvasque exuta priores
 Mille vices patitur: videas modo cornua TAURI
 Torquere, indomitum modo ad arma urgere LEONEM:
 Nunc

Nunc magis innocuos alijs animalibus ignes
 Inspirans multo circum blanditur amore :
 Hinc CANIS exquiris cæcos super aspera gressus
 Fida regens domino vestigia, pectoris ardor
 Jam furis, et notos testatur conscia vultus
 Lingua, simul corpusque pedesque et cauda rotantur :
 Hinc juga pastorem super, aut in amæna locorum
 Lanigeræ comitantur OVES, vocemque sequuntur :
 Hinc celeres agitat pennas lapsura COLUMBA
 In nemus umbri ferum, conjux ubi murmure noto
 Respondet curis, æquatque fidelis amorem.

Nec tamen intereâ naturas mobilis hospes
 Quaslibet induitur passim et discrimine nullo :
 Ipsa EADEM affectus de corporis haurit EOSDEM
 Reliquijs, adèò non vitæ oblita prioris :
 Ipsa siti constans semper, semperque fidelis
 Antiquos servat versâ sub imagine mores.

Hinc ratione regi quâdem, rerumque sagaci
 Notitiâ caltere FERÆ, et sapere alta videntur :
 Admirandum adèò quid habet solertia VULPIS ?
 Aut LEPORIS ? querimur quid tardum ad retia PISC-
 CEM ?

Scit bene uterque dolos hominum : quid odora ca-
 num vis
 Posset, ab exactis olim raminiscitur annis
 Cautum animal : temidoque eadem hinc astutia pisci
 Vitare æratos, quos sæpe tetenderat, hamos.

Scilicet humano resoluta E Corpore priscas
 Affectat vires ANIMA, atque obstantia pennis
 Claustra pati indignans, veteres tentare volatus
 Audet, et inceptos, quondem renovare labores :

Corpories

Corporeis iterum moderari sensibus ardet
 Arbitrio imperiosa suo, SOLIUMQUE priori
 Ascendit fastu, RERUMQUE EXQUIRIT HABENAS.

Quis tamen expediat fando quos lubrica formes
 Induat, et miris ludat lasciva figuris?
 Quæ circum gracilis suspendit ARANEA telas
 Educens multo subtilia fila labore,
 Hæc olim SOPHUS emicuit super ardua cœli,
 Quem raptavit amor: depictæ in limite chartæ
 Monstravit SOLISQUE vias LUNÆ que meatus.
 Vix memor ipse fui! duræ inclementia noctis
 Abstulit incautum, atque opera imperfecta reliquit:
 Hinc priscæ iterum exercet non signior artes
 Pendula de tigno, aut scanderas laquearia tecti
 Designat varios miro subtemine gyros:
 Hæc inter forsân in juvet evasisse laborem
 Humanum, aut veteris respectens vestigia vitæ
 Angat se desiderio, indoleatque recordens.

En! tacitis quæ cuncta notat labentia cælo
 Sidera, quæ ventos et quæ prænuntiat æstus
 CORNIX!—PARTRIGIUS docuit qui plurima vates
 IDEM erat, annosique habitans penetralia tecti
 VENDIDIT hic AURO pluvias solesque benignos
 Naturæ leges figenis pretio atque refigans:
 Ipsa tamen propium servat natura tenorem,
 Et pluvias HOMO qui cecinit, canit improba CORNIX.

Quas posthæc tamen ad sedes ille * AUREUS ORDO
 Migrabit INOCNUM, tua spes † MUSGROVA, tuæque

* The fellow-commoners, whose proper habit is laced with gold tufts.

† Two celebrated beauties at Cambridge, 1742-3.—Miss Musgrave, and Miss Hargrave.

Deliciæ, HARGRAVIA, aut quæ se sub corpora condet?
 Non illum SOPHIÆ documenta, aut cura TOGATI
 Exercet damnosa, nec hæc in prælia venit:
 Sed testivus AMOR, studij sed nescia vita
 Plena voluptatum variarum, atque otia libris
 Sepositis, RISUS, SUSPERIA, CARMINA CANTUS
 — O ! paulum ætheræ TRITONIÆ despice sede
 Vidistin CYTHEREA tuas invasit ATHENAS
 Optavitque locum regno, sociosque dicavit
 Hos JUVENES:—at tu nê sævi, MAXIMA PALLAS,
 Discedens, numerum explebunt, studijsque minutis
 Redduntur: quandem hos MUSCARUM augere cohortes
 Cernere erit, fusosve examine PAPILIONUM:
 Nec tum etiam furia veteres, flammaque fideles
 Desituent animas, sed plurima MUSCA priores
 Dulce ministerium! circum volitabit amicos:
 Illa, PUELLARES venient quacunque catervæ
 TOTA INHIANS solitos aget officiosa triumphos
 Incidens capiti, aut libratis acre pennis
 Mille dabit roscis, IAM LIBERA, basia labris.

Ast ubi funereæ rapiunt VERNONA sorores
 Totaque communi perfusa BRITANNIA luctu
 Condēt honorato quicquid mortale sepulchro:
 Ille AQUILA aerios tentans super astra volatus,
 Contemptis nemorum alitibus, terræque relicta
 Carpet iter sublime, deoque favente, CORUSCO
 SUBSIDET SOLIO, atque iterum reget Arma Ton-
 ANTIS.

In comitijs prioribus Feb. 17, 1742-3.

RICARDUS GARDINER.

Aul. St. Cath. Cant. Alum.

At

AT what time, or in what manner, DICK MERRY-FELLOW left the University of Cambridge we are not told; but imagine it to be soon after the date of the above, Feb. 17, 1743, for we find him in 1748, "returned to Norwich, after having been abroad for *several* years."

HE had *then* made a campaign or two in Flanders, and, as the country people term it, travelled a good deal *to see foreign parts*; but from a continued series of misfortunes and disappointments, finding little probability of succeeding in the *army*, he began to listen to some proposals of entering into the *church*: these had often been made to him, but he as often refused, generally giving for answer, "that he thought himself by "no means qualified for such an undertaking," and called to mind the answer of Dr. Donne (afterwards Dean of St. Paul's) which he is said to have made to Morton, Bishop of Durham, who strongly pressed him to go into orders, "that some former irregularities* of his life "had been too notorious not to expose him to "the censure of the world, and perhaps bring "dishonour to the sacred function."

* The Doctor having been abroad, in the expedition of the Earl of Essex against Cadiz, and at the Azore Islands, and resided several years in Spain and Italy.

HE continued in this resolution till the year 1748, when, having been taken prisoner at sea by a privateer, and thereby prevented joining the army as a *volunteer*, which was then assembled near Maestricht, under the command of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, who was equally remarkable for rewarding his volunteers, as well as leading them to action;—being plundered by the French seamen, stript of all his cloaths, carried to Dunkirk and put into the common jail there; returning to England from his confinement, and in this situation, now fully convinced that fortune was not his friend, and the conclusion of the peace following the year after (Oct. 18, 1748) he no longer hesitated to comply with the repeated instances of his friends, and accordingly entered into Deacon's orders, in which he continued but a very little while, and further than which, he never proceeded in the church.

From brown to black,—to red,—to black by rote,
And, lobster-like, from black to red turns coat.

To the church he had some pretensions, having had his education at an University, from whence he brought away some *Latin* and *Greek*, though not a great deal of either.

As to *divinity matters*, if not a perfect stranger to them, he was, however, so little suspected of having made any great acquaintance there, that
is

it was a common question with his intimate friends to ask, “ whether the Bishop, who gave him his orders, examined him in the *Bible*, or “ in *Blana’s Military Discipline*.”

UPON his return to Norwich, he stood the banter of his companions for some time, being daily told “ how well he became the *sables*,— “ that Japan had not altered him for the worse, “ and what a pity it was, black cloaths were only “ wore in mourning, some people looked so well “ in them.” This last being always attended with a concern for the relation * he had lost, which it was to be hoped was no near one ; each in his turn verifying the observation of *Horace*.

————— *dummodo risum*
Excusat sibi, non hic cuiquam parcat amico.

DICK MERRY-FELLOW was now in the twenty-sixth year of his age; and as the reader may expect some description of him and his person, at that period of life, we shall give it in as few words as we can.

HE was not the *ingenui vultus puer, ingenuique pudoris* of the Latins, nor the *jeune Homme d’Esprit* of the French, though not remarkably deficient

* This was his brother JOHN, who died at sea and was buried off the Rock of Lisbon, February 8, 1747.

in either figure or sense; he was far from being genteel, yet, as he had been used to a great deal of company, was not very awkward; his friends never thought him a fool, though he was seldom heard to say any thing very clever, and when he did, it was always attended with a laugh from himself first.

HIS person was rather tall and thin, his legs long and slender; the latter were often subjects of ridicule amongst his acquaintance; and to say the truth, were but *two poor sticks* indeed: his hair was of a colour that was a favourite of the *antients*, though we cannot say the *moderns* have taste enough to admire it; it was by them esteemed a mark of beauty; *Homer's* Helen was a *Χρυσότριχη*, and the *Aurea Cesaries* and *Flavi Capilli* amongst the Romans, ever mentioned with respect, and applied to *admired* men and women, are instances too well known to be repeated here; indeed *Horace* has said something in praise of black hair and black eyes,

Spectandum nigris Oculis nigroque Capillo,

—But *he* might be a man of a *particular* fancy, and there's no accounting for that.

HIS complexion was fair, and he wanted not to be told of it, being very fond of his own pretty face, and often laughed at by his friends

for running up to a *glafs* as soon as he came into a room.

“ Shine out bright sun, ’til I have brought a glafs,
 “ That I may view my shadow as I pass.”

As to his dress, in which, though confined to the same colours, he contrived to *distinguish* himself from his reverend brethren,* and by the help of a good quantity of powder, and not wearing a shirt above *three days*, was generally *smarter* than the rest of them; and this gained him no good-will among the graver sort, who was used to make a great joke of his *spruce* coat, and *plastered* curls, and were often heard to say, “ what a *jessamy* parson we have got among us! “ a pretty *sprig* of divinity this!” with other expressions of *severe wit* and *humour*,—talents the clergy are generally found to excel in.

At once the soft contagion seiz’d his breast,
 For what can Love’s almighty pow’r controul?
 The ruling passion ev’ry thought possess,
 And ev’ry fond idea fill’d his soul!

* Had *Dick* figured in the present age of *canonical foppery*, he would not have been so much distinguished from his Reverend brethren.

Life, soul, and all, would claim th’ attention less;
 For life and soul is center’d all—in dress.

*Non sic incerto mutantur flamine Syrtis,
 Nec folia hyberno jam tremefacta Noto.* PROPERT.

It

It was at this memorable æra that DICK MERRY-FELLOW made love to PUDICA, a young lady of birth and great fortune, who he fondly imagined had discovered a *penchant* for him.

Ye songs, shells, philters, amulets, and charms,
Bring, quickly bring, PUDICA to my arms.

HE was naturally very vain, and mistook those civilities which his character and appearance might claim of any lady, for a partiality towards him.

Is she a Woman?—if a woman—then
My title's good—women were made for men.

THUS flattered into a perfect security of being possessed of an amiable consort, and a princely revenue, he went on in the delirium of breathing a *golden age*; it is not at all wonderful that the most poignant sensations of vexation and dislike operated strongly, when the delusive phantom vanished on the bare word ECLAIRCISSEMENT.

CASTLES *in the* AIR:

A T A L E.

THEY, who content on earth to stay,
 To earth their views confine;
 With rapture — — — will survey
 This Paradise of thine!

I, too, my willing voice would raise,
 And equal rapture shew;
 But that the scenes which others praise,
 For me are much *too low*!

I grant the hills are crown'd with trees,
 I grant the fields are fair;
 But, after all, one nothing sees
 But what is *really there*!

True taste ideal prospects feigns,
 Whilst on poetic wings,
 'Bove earth, and all that earth contains,
 Unbounded fancy springs!

To dwell on earth, gross element,
 Let grovelling spirits bear;
 But I on nobler plans intent,
 Build *Castles in the Air*!

No neighbour there can disagree,
 Or thwart what I design;
 For there, not only all I see,
 But all I wish, is mine!

No furly *landlord's* leave I want,
 To make or pull down fences;
 I build, I furnish, drain, and plant,
 Regardless of expences!

One thing, 'tis true, excites my fear,
 Nor let it seem surprizing ;
 Whilst ministers from year to year,
 New taxes are devising.

Left, earth being tax'd, as soon it may,
 Beyond what earth can bear ;
 Our *Financier* a tax should lay
 — On *Castles in the air* !

Well with the end the means would suit,
 Would he, in these our days,
Ideal plans to execute,
Ideal taxes raise !

THINGS were in the most favourable situation, and DICK in the high road to happiness, as he thought, when fortune, his *old friend*, contrived to defeat him in all his *promised* joys. He never failed at a tavern amongst his associates, to toast his mistress in as many glasses as she had letters in her name, a custom among the Romans formerly, and revived by the no less passionate fighters of his days.

Nævia sex Cyathis, septem Justina bibatur.

BUT, O! strange reverse, his mind was now occupied by musing on the

————— Varium et mutabile semper
 Fœmina —————

and now and then he thought on Shakespear's,

“ Frailty, thy name is *Woman*.”

CHAGRINED and disappointed, with quick feelings, and therefore irritable, DICK had recourse to his master-piece, the PEN; and being, as he says himself, all *flame* and *fire*, no wonder that this *eclaircissement* blazed so violently over the county of Norfolk. The common *dénouement* of this affair is too remote to our intention of *not* offending any of the parties living, or the memory of those deceased, we shall therefore only premise, that in heat of passion, and in resentment for (supposed) extreme ill usage, it is well known he wrote

T H E

HISTORY of PUDICA,

A Lady of N — rf — lk.

With an Account of her Five Lovers;

Viz.

DICK MERRY-FELLOW,
Count ANTIQUARY,
Young 'Squire FOG, of
Dumpling-hall.

JACK SHADWELL, of the
Lodge, and
MILES DINGLEBOB, of
Popgun-hall, Esq.

Together

Together with
Miss PUDICA's Sense of the Word ECLAIRCISSEMENT,
AND A
EPITHALAMIUM on her NUPTIALS,

By Tom Tenor, Clerk of the Parish.

To the Tune of "Green grow the Rushes O'."

By WILLIAM HONEYCOMB, Esq.

*Another and another still succeeds,
And the last Fool's as welcome as the former.*

ROWE.

*Ridiculum acri
Fortius ac melius.*

HOR.

London: Printed for M. Cooper, in Pater-Noster Row.
M,DCC,LIV. *

* From the *Addenda* to the MONTHLY REVIEW of February, 1754, we extract the following article, and *critique* upon it.

"The history of PUDICA," &c. as above, "Octavo. 1s. 6d. Cooper.—This appears to be the secret history of a young lady in real life, the incidents of which are put together in a loose and rambling manner; but related with a good deal of pleasantry, and some humour."

—————'Sdeath,

————— 'Sdeath, I'll print it,
And shame the fools. —————

RESENTMENT, like that of Pope's poet, occasioned the publication ; which abounds with more acrimonious humour, learning, and wit, than any thing he has since wrote ; and although it is not our wish to revive the *fastidious story*, nor probe afresh the feelings of those who received the wound given by the venom'd shaft of malevolence, yet we cannot, in justice to DICK's muse on that occasion, omit the *Epithalamium*.

Wedding-verses on the happy marriage of MILES DINGLEBOB, Esq. and Madam his Lady, by their Honour's Psalm singing Clerk, Thomas Tenor, of Popgun-hall, in the County of N—r—lk.

Addressed to the Ringers of the Parish, and to the Tune of "Green grow the Rushes O'."

I.

COME let us play, at *jingle-bob*,
Come let us play at *jingle-bob*,
And I will sing,
And you shall ring
For 'Squire and Madam DINGLEBOB.

II.

Her four lovers may go *hoop*,
Her four, &c.

The 'Squire o' the Hall
Has flung them all,
By talking of the *chicken-coop*,

III.

I *Milly* take thee *Molly* O',
I *Milly*, &c.

I am content,
Nor do lament,
For all men have their *folly* O'.

IV.

JACK SHADWELL long'd to touch the gold,
JACK SHADWELL, &c.

But trying to kifs
The pretty *Miss*,
PUDICA said, *he was too old*.

V.

And young 'Squire FOG began to *toy*,
And young, &c.

O! no says she,
You're not for me,
No, *master*, I'll not have a *boy*.

VI.

Then merry DICK a letter sent,
Then merry, &c.

But O! the fun
Was all undone,
By that d—n'd word *Eclaircissement*.

VII.

VII.

Then up arose Count ANTIQUARY,
Then up, &c.

What tho' they *sneer*
At you, *my dear*,
You'll be a *Countess*, Mrs. *Mary*.

VIII.

Suppose that I don't like ye O',
Suppose, &c.

Sir *Count* enough,
I'm for *better stuff*,
O! you don't know PUDICA O'.

IX.

The 'Squire I saw all *in his trim*,
The 'Squire, &c.

And by the light
'Twas such a *wight*,
I scarcely could believe it him.

X.

And don't you think he was very wise?
And, &c.

His eyes who said,
All in his head,
Appear'd like *two scalt goosberries*.

XI.

Madam they say was fond of *thapes*,
Madam, &c.

And eke they say,
'Till t'other day,
In H—ll the dreaded leading apes.

XII.

XII.

Ring, my boys, O! ring away,
 Ring, my boys, &c.
 If right I think,
 We shan't want drink,
 For 'tis the *'Squire's wedding-day*.

XIII.

By and by the *'Squire* to bed will go,
 By and by, &c.
 Then we'll have done,
 Nor spoil the fun,
 Until to-morrow's cock doth crow.

XIV.

If I aright again should think,
 If I aright, &c.
 Why let me die,
 If by *her eye*,
 I do believe she'll *sleep a wink*.

XV.

Green grow the *ruffles* O',
 Green grow, &c.
 No Duke so fine
 I do divine
 Is happier with his *Duchess* O'.

“ As when pale *Envy*, damning, crawls along,
 “ Guile in the heart, and gall beneath the tongue.”

BAFFLED

BAFFLED in this his first love-project, DICK, in order to dispel that splenetic melancholly natural to a *forsaken swain*, and to avoid impertinent questions about the affair, *now become public*, retired to a friend's house, four miles from Norwich, who was with DICK contemporaries at Cambridge, but unfortunately for our hero, this gentleman had *one fault*, if it can be so called, *he could not bear a pun*, which made DICK, who was often guilty of *punning*, more reserved than agreeable.

Pocentes vario multum diversa palato.

H O R.

DICK seemed a little *below par* at dinner, *thinking*, we suppose, upon his late *amour*; but from this he was soon relieved by the lively conversation of JACK FRIENDLY, a clergyman of great wit and humour, and who understood *raillery* so well, that DICK would, without any scruple, apply to him what was said of *Horace* by *Perseus*.

*Omne vaser vitium ridenti FLACCUS amico
Tangit, & admissus circum præcordia ludit.*

DICK had recovered his usual cheerfulness,

“ Thou *Cheerfulness*, by Heav’n design’d
“ To rule the pulse that moves the mind,
“ Whatever fretful passion springs,
“ Whatever chance or nature brings,

“ To

" To strain the tuneful poize within,
 " And disarrange the sweet machine ;
 " Thou, goddess, with a master-hand,
 " Dost each attemper'd key command,
 " Refine the soft, and swell the strong,
 " Till all is concord, all is song."

and intirely forgot his mistress, when he received
 advice of the death of a friend, and contemporary
 at college, of whom he says, " he was that ami-
 " able character, so seldom known in the world,
 " *a man of whom all other men spoke well.*"

Gratior & pulchra veniens in corpore virtus.

THE following epitaph DICK MERRY-FELLOW wrote to his memory.

EDMUNDUS BACON BARONULUS,

Ævi Flos & Decus Sui

A. M. M.DCC.XLIII.

In Academia

Claruit.

A. M.DCC.XLIX.

Variolis correptus Occubuit.

Ætat. XXV.

Flevit SOROR, optima, pulcherrima,

De die in diem AMICI

Extinctum plorant,

Flet Soror, Flent Amici,

At Mater O! —————

SEE!

SEE! mortal, where yon hallow'd tapers burn,
 Another BACON bearing to his urn;
 Born with all charms, and blest with ev'ry art
 To win, to warm, to captivate the heart:
 The joys of VIRTUE all the joys he knew,
 Tho' brave, and fair, and gay, and young as you:
 To sooth affliction, or to soften pain,
 He never spoke, nor ever look'd in vain.
 LOVE's sweetest SMILES sat blooming on his brow,
 GRACEFUL in all he did, as thou art now:
 LOVE's sweetest SMILES, alas! too weak to save,
 See! doom'd, like thee, and victims to the grave:
 Yet shall he live, grim TYRANT, and defy,
 Thy sting, O! DEATH, O! GRAVE, thy victory.
 Far from the white-plum'd Harse ASTREA fled,
 The pensive GRACES, weeping, hung the head;
 Ev'n ENVY sigh'd, as she beheld the bier,
 And from her eye burst forth th' unwilling tear.

O! friend, for let me call thee by that name,
 What VERSE, O! say, can give thee all thy FAME?
 Or to BRITANNIA's sons his VIRTUES tell,
 Who died so LOVELY, and who lived so WELL!

DICK MERRY-FELLOW having formerly learned
 upon the flute abroad, was just able to *fret a*
pipe, as Hamlet says, though not to *play* upon
 it; when requested to entertain a company, he
 was universally complimented on his *inclination*
to oblige, but seldom on his *play*, which, it must
 be confessed, was not the most harmonious: a
 lady once told him, that rather than want *music*,
 she would call in the first *sow-gelder* with his
horn.

Music

Musie has charms !

WE have already remarked, that DICK possessed no small share of *vanity*, and sometimes consoled himself in the pleasing idea of *having two strings to his bow*. He took it into his head to imagine that a lady, whom he calls CANIDIA, had a *liking* for him ;

“ Her *mind* was *virtue* by the *Graces* drest.”

and truly because she approved herself the real friend of PUDICA, by acquainting her with the irregularities of our hero : “ For, quoth he, it “ is no uncommon thing for a lady greatly and “ frequently to abuse the *object* of her *passion*.” As a further proof of his consummate vanity, he once told the father of PUDICA, “ that it was not *he* made love to his *daughter*, but his *daughter* that made love to *him*.”

What shall I do ? go hang myself ? or marry ?

MR. MERRY-FELLOW, during his temporary residence in Norwich, preached in several of the churches of that city, with popular applause : one of his sermons is remembered, as being applicable to himself,—*On the Vanity of all human Expectation*.

HE retired from the church soon after the *eclaircissement* of the amour with PUDICA, being
only

only in Deacon's orders, and going abroad into Germany, and afterwards into Ireland, he found upon his return to England, in 1752, that *three* gentlemen had, since him, offered their *services* to his first *flame*, and that a young lady, who he called Miss BELL SHADWELL, was deceased at Bath.

“ Not with less lustre Cleopatra shin'd.”

“ The fairest, in her time, of woman-kind.”

To this lady our enterprizing hero had thought proper to pay his addresses before he went abroad, and according to *his own* account, had kept up a constant correspondence with her during his stay in Germany and Ireland, contrary to the opinion of all her friends : but Dick thought himself extremely ill used, that, as she had an independent fortune, she had neglected *to remember him in her will*.

To trace the current upwards, as it flows,
And mark the secret spring, whence first it rose.

HER brother was the fourth admirer of PUDICA, and Mr. MERRY-FELLOW thought he had a *right* to expect from him a catagorical account of her illness and testament, for which purpose he threatened him with a bill in Chancery, and publicly affronted him at Thetford; but hearing that Mr. SHADWELL entertained a design of applying to the judges for a warrant to take him
up,

up, Diek sent the following letter in order to alleviate the bail, which was threatened to be laid at twenty thousand pounds.

“ To JOHN SHADWELL, Esq. at Buxton
“ Lodge, near Th—tf—d, N—rf—k.

“ N——h, July, 1753.

“ SIR,

“ A report prevails at N——h, that you cannot, with security to your own person, attend the service of your country at the ensuing affizes, as one of the Grand Jury, being under apprehensions of *my taking you by the nose, or caneing you, or giving you the discipline of the borsewhip*; Sir, whatever treatment your ungenerous conduct may deserve, *I honour the King's commission too much* to think of committing a *violence* of any kind against you; so that I take this opportunity to declare, I have no intentions of molesting you in any shape, and you may come to the *affizes* without meeting any interruption from,

“ Sir,

“ *Your humble Servant,*

“ RICHARD MERRY-FELLOW.”

D

THIS

THIS letter occasioned much conversation, and some abuse, but Dick was a dangerous fellow to *meddle* with, and few dared to oppose him *at his own weapons*, yet all thought him deserving the *rod*.

“ Obstructions made him eagerly aspire

“ All to surmount, and daring soar the higher.”

WE are not able to trace our hero through the variety of extraneous incidents of his life, with that perspicuity we could wish, nor perhaps in just chronology; nor do we mean to reflect on his memory by pointing out the pecuniary difficulties and odd adventures in which he at different periods was unfortunately involved. His wit and conviviality rendered his company desirable by those sort of men *who live in a stile*, and who were probably better able to support it than Dick, notwithstanding he had so good a friend in the W-lp-le family; to whom, it has been shrewdly said, he bore some *Relation*.*

* LOVE in a Tub, *an Eastern Tale*.

“ ALGERNON, the son of a rich and powerful *Vizier*,
 “ fell desperately in love with a young and handsome vir-
 “ gin, daughter of a person far beneath the rank and dig-
 “ nity of so great an heir apparent; his attachment was
 “ favourably

IN 1751, DICK MERRY-FELLOW was abroad at
an university in the Electorate of Hanover,
established

“ favourably accepted by the fair damsel, DRUSILLA, and
“ mutual vows of sincere affection were exchanged. In
“ this state of intrigue the happy pair continued some
“ time, till the discovery made by some officious friend to
“ SENECA, put an end to the joys of *secret* amour.

Times, ways, and means of meeting were deny'd;
But all those wants ingenious LOVE supply'd.

“ IN vain did SENECA insist on his son's not thinking
“ of DRUSILLA *in an honourable way*, but as often was
“ he told, that no consideration of interest nor filial
“ duty should ever remove his regard for DRUSILLA into
“ any other channel than that of VIRTUE, according to
“ the hymeneal rites. Threats and promises were inef-
“ fectually tried to shake this resolution: every expedient
“ which craft or prudence could devise was opposed to
“ ALGERNON's passion, but he still remained firm; nor
“ could the apprehension of being disinherited, alienate
“ one single thought favourable to his love!

Next, nay beyond his life! he held her dear;
She liv'd by him, and now he liv'd in her.

“ Thus loving and beloved, DRUSILLA was sent into
“ another part of the empire, and ALGERNON was pre-
“ vailed on to set out on his travels, with this proviso,
“ that if he returned with the same sentiments of inviol-
“ able attachment to DRUSILLA, they should then be
“ joined in the holy bans of matrimony, according to the
“ custom of the country, for *Thelyphthora* was not yet

established at Gottingen, by his late Majesty George II. and flourishing with an uncommon number

“ published. In this assurance, ALGERNON took his departure, though not without evident marks of reluctance; considering himself as suffering an exile, arbitrary, if not unjust.

“ During a tour of three or four years into foreign countries, he sigh'd many a tender wish towards the ill-fated DRUSILLA, and often, very often, committed the dictates of a chaste passion to paper. Letters after letters were wrote, and sent by him for DRUSILLA, but the politic SENECA had every letter which came to the general post-office, directed for her, opened and destroyed: In the same manner was every letter from her to ALGERNON detained. Thus deceived by appearances of neglect and infidelity, he pressed several of his friends to inform him of DRUSILLA, but these letters were also intercepted. Various were his conjectures, all tending rather to embarrass than quiet his mind—but he could not think DRUSILLA false!

“ Detraction, that bane of happiness! did not fail to be employed in conveying suspicions to the ears of our lovers:—ALGERNON was told that DRUSILLA was the coquette of fashion, and DRUSILLA had accounts of ALGERNON's intrigues with *grizettes* and *opera girls*:—that he attended the toilet of the Parisian beauties, and revelled in the brothels of Italy:—that his Seraglio at Constantinople exceeded the Grand Seignor's, and that he was the *bon vivant* of Spa: in short, that he entered into all the follies and dissipation which temptation, youth, and courts provoke.

“ The

number of students for so early an institution,
and abounding with the most celebrated profes-
fors

“ The watchful SENECA had provided for the issue of
“ this manœuvre:—a reverend MUFTI, to whom SENECA
“ had promised great preferments, was introduced to
“ DRUSILLA as her future husband, but, notwithstand-
“ ing that her love for ALGERNON was greatly abated,
“ she took refuge in an *apple-tree*, to avoid the importuni-
“ ties of the MUFTI. This he might well have looked
“ on as *ominous*, since the fruit of that fatal tree was eaten
“ by the mother of sin,

Who for an apple damn'd mankind!

“ However, after a few months practice of those arts, by
“ which the female heart is woo'd to compliance, the mar-
“ riage of DRUSILLA and the MUFTI was celebrated, and
“ SENECA hugged himself in the pleasing idea of having
“ prevented his son's contaminating the blood of the SENE-
“ CA's with any thing below a hundred-thousand pounder!
“ but, alas ! the vanity of all human expectations is found-
“ ed in error, for, by frustrating a *legal* connection he caused,
“ or brought on, an *adulterous* one.

For all th' offence is in *opinion* plac'd,
Which deems high birth by lowly choice debas'd.

“ ALGERNON arrived from his travels, ignorant of the
“ means and consequences of the stratagem so success-
“ fully played off during his absence, and was easily per-
“ suaded to enter into an alliance with a lady of great
“ fortune, but no sooner was he made acquainted with
“ the particulars of this unhappy affair, than he gave a

fors in every science, one of whom, Dr. Albert Haller, professor of physic, is known to all Europe,

“ loose to his feelings, and unpunissively enjoyed that sensual passion he had so long panted for, though in a manner less censurable.

“ Where was the crime, if *pleasure* be procur’d

“ Young, and a woman, and to bliss inur’d?

DRYD.

“ For many years this criminal *tête-à-tête* was carried on in the *face of day*. What every one knows no one is surpris’d at?—and the *cornuted* MUFTI piously wink’d at that human frailty, which neither his authority nor admonition could redeem: nay, his duty, regard, and interest, gave the lie to his feelings—as a husband and pastor.

“ Revenge is sweet! but never more so than when it can be indulg’d with a just sense of retaliation, and a gratification of libidinous desires.

What will not woman do, when need inspires
Their wit, or love their inclination fires!

“ ALGERNON felt the force of this remark in the most pointed manner, and the worthy MUFTI was the only one of the quartetto who bore the antlers with stoical fortitude.”

☞ Our only motive for introducing the above Tale, along with the Memoirs of DICK MERRY-FELLOW, is, that the account DICK MERRY-FELLOW often gave of his own life and actions, resembled so strongly those of a son of the wife of the MUFTI, that he was wont to say, and with some degree of exultation, “ that he believed
“ HE *had* NOBLE blood in his veins.”

rope, and held in high esteem in the learned world. There were many *English* at this time finishing their studies there, particularly the Marquis of Cærnarvon, now Duke of Chandos, a young nobleman of very extraordinary merit, and was looked upon as an honour to his country, and the English nobility in general; being a man of untainted morals, and the most regular conduct; addicted to no vices, and pursuing his studies with an application unusual to men of his age and rank; of an obliging carriage; with all the dignity, but without the pride of quality; of great evenness of temper, which nothing was observed to warm so much, as his attachment to his friends, and countrymen; and so engaging even to a stranger on his first appearance, that it was impossible to be in his company, and not recollect immediately of what family he was by that distinguishing characteristic;

“ Thus gracious CHANDOS is beloved at sight.”

POPE.

AT the same time with his Grace, were Mr. Stanhope, Captain Robertson of the Royal Irish, the Honble. Mr. Hobart, son of the late Earl of Buckinghamshire, all of them extremely carested, and in great esteem with the several professors; the latter of whom attained to a perfection of

speaking *High-Dutch*, with an accuracy scarcely inferior to a German, conversing much with the students of the country, to whom he was very agreeable, having all the politeness and address of his father.

HAPPY in the company and acquaintance, *dulce sodalitium*, of such friends as these, Mr. MERRY-FELLOW was seldom known *to heave the sigh of disappointed love*, to be *absent* in conversation, or to have the *mind's eye* for ever turned upon the beauties of the *enchanted* castle, and ruminating upon the charms of his *imprisoned Dulcinea*; he was not

L'Homme qui ne se trouve point & ne se trouvera jamais.

Other joys sat lighter on his breast, and were the companions of his heart, till the departure of his friends, who, some months after his arrival, set out for Blois and Orleans in France, leaving the professors, as well as their countrymen, in great regret upon that occasion.

Mr. MERRY-FELLOW staid not for any long continuance after them, but before he went away, was complimented by the Pro-rector, an officer much in the nature of our Vice-chancellor, with an offer of the degree of *Doctor of Laws*; their public time of conferring their degrees, and
which

which answers to our commencement or act, falling out before he left the University: this he declined as thinking it too great an honour for one in his station of life, and after expressing the warmest sense he could of that mark of esteem in the Pro-rector, begged leave to be excused from accepting it. The Pro-rector obligingly refused to take his answer then, and desired him to consider of it till next day, when he returned back to him in the same sentiments.

“ Let Pallas dwell in towers herself has rais’d.”

FROM Gottingen he went to Hanover to join the late Honble. Captain Robert Boyle Walsingham, who was then on his return to England, with whom, and Count Sch-l-nb-rg, a nobleman of great abilities, and esteemed one of the best officers in the King’s service, he spent many agreeable hours in the delightful gardens of Herenhausen, admiring the beauties of art and nature, dispersed in such profusion in every part of them, and particularly the *Jet-d’Eau* in the center, so justly esteemed the finest in Europe, and perhaps it is unrivalled in the whole world. It rises on ordinary occasions to a perpendicular height of eighty feet, and when his Majesty is residing at the palace, to one hundred and twenty.

COUNT Sch-l-nb-rg was master of a great deal of wit and humour, which rendered his conversation

versation extremely lively and entertaining, and always accompanied his descriptions, which on that account never failed to divert as well as instruct; to the pleasures of whose acquaintance, and that of his friend Captain Walsingham, we doubt not Mr. MERRY-FELLOW dedicated much of his time.

HE returned to England in October, where he stayed but a few days till he set off for Ireland, whether he went with Captain Walsingham,* Aid-de-Camp to the Duke of Dorset, and son of the Speaker of the House of Commons in that kingdom, since created Earl of Shannon, and by whom he was received with all that politeness for ages remarkable in the Boyle family; but that great man did not confine his favours to himself only; he introduced him to the acquaintance of the first people of fashion in Ireland, by which means he had the most advantageous opportunities of informing himself of the constitution and interest of that kingdom; and as the Speaker's house was ever open to him, of improving what little knowledge he had, and

* This worthy, but unfortunate friend of Dick's, was lately cast away in the Thunderer, a seventy-four, of which he was Captain.

*Non ille pro caris amicis
Aut patria timidus perire.*

HOR.

the

the frequent observations he made by the conversation of men of rank and learning; and what was the most of all regarded by him, the daily satisfaction of being admitted into the presence and company of that illustrious PATRIOT, and to admire his unwearied diligence for the service and good of his country, and his unalterable steadiness in the pursuit of it;—virtues that must transmit his memory to the last rolls and records of eternity:

“ ————— Man, each man’s born
 “ For the high business of the public good.”

WITH this great example for ever before their eyes, it is no wonder to see the Commons of that kingdom fired with a zeal for liberty and honour, and rising to a pitch of ROMAN virtue; it is emulation working strongly in a noble mind, that parent and source of all true greatness, and brings conviction to this *fidling* age; what infinite importance it is possible for one shining character to be of to a whole nation, even in those for-ever-to-be-dreaded times, in all states of freedom, when public spirit sleeps, when nodding justice reposes in the chair of indolence, and nothing throughout the land is broad awake,—but private interest and general corruption.

DURING Mr. MERRY-FELLOW’s stay in Ireland, he was present at many debates in the Honourable

able House of Commons, and had frequent opportunities of admiring the serenity and wisdom of the Speaker, the great abilities of the Prime Serjeant, Mr. M--l--ne, the clearness and perspicuity of the Master of the Rolls, the eloquence of Sir Richard Cox, the dignity of Sir Alexander Gore, the honesty of heart in Mr. Charles Gardiner, the rising virtues of Colonel Richard Boyle, and the eagerness and warmth of Colonel Dilkes.

PLACEMEN and pensioners forgot all *private* views, and answered the call of liberty and of truth ! and officers gave the unbiaſſed vote, warm as is their nature in the cause of freedom ; amongst these latter will be remembered the names of N--pp--r and Walsingham.

IN the House of Peers it was impossible to enter without remarking the never-to-be-equalled integrity of the Earl of Kildare, the solidity and judgment of the Earl of Carrick, the learning of the Bishop of Derry. In a word, Mr. MERRY-FELLOW has been often heard to say, there were so many characters in that kingdom, eminently distinguished for all instances of *public spirit* and *national honour*, that it was to be recommended to a young noblemen, entering on his travels, not by any means to put an end to them, till he had paid a visit on that side of the

the

the water ; it is true he might acquire address and flattery in *France*, music and virtù in *Italy*, honour and gravity in *Spain*, commercial arts in *Holland* ; in *Germany*, he might learn serenity and courage ; but to be a TRUE PATRIOT, he must go to *Ireland*.

“ I own the glorious subject fires my breast,
“ And my soul’s darling passion stands confest.”

ROWE.

WHILE Mr. MERRY-FELLOW was preparing to leave Ireland, he received a letter, informing him of the death of Miss BELL SHADWELL, of the small-pox at Bath ; the shock was so great, having had, as he says, a letter from her in good health, * but a few days before, and dated within ten days of her decease, that it threw him into a fever. He recovered from this disorder, went into deep mourning for her, and sought variety of company in order to divert his mind from thinking of her ; but still there appeared in his countenance, on all occasions, a visible distraction of soul.

Answer, my soul ! whence this unmanly woe ?
Speak, eyes ! why starts th’ involuntary tear ?

HE returned to England in July, 1752, when arriving at London, he fell ill of the small-pox, at

* In another part of DICK’S narrative, he says, “ she languished two months.”

the age of twenty-nine, and although extremely dangerous, he pursued his journey down to Thetford in great pain; from whence he went next day to Norwich, travelling in the greatest agony of mind and body, where, being put under the care of one of the ablest physicians in the world, the late Doctor Offley, and who, with the greatest knowledge in his profession, was certainly one of the best men that lived, he soon recovered. The marks of the disorder, which he carried to his grave, was certainly a mortifying circumstance to a man of gallantry and intrigue, and who at all times thought himself rather *handsome* than otherwise. Beauty, according to Shakespeare, is

A fleeting good, a gloss, a glass, a flow'r,
Lost, faded, broken, dead—within an hour.

WE have, in some degree, anticipated the violent measures pursued by DICK to oblige Mr. SHADWELL to produce the will of his deceased sister, and are not at all sorry that we have got over that most disagreeable part of his memoir: it will be necessary, however, just to mention, that the incomparable PUDICA, heiress to between forty and fifty thousand pounds, was to be married to her *fifth* lover MILES DINGLEBOB, Esq. who, it is said, had twenty-six thousand pounds left him by an uncle:

—— Quod

——— *Quod optanti divum promittere nemo
Auderet, voluenda dies en! attulit ultrò.*

THE nuptials over, and the lady in possession of a husband, in whom the perfections of her first four admirers are centered, viz.

The *humour* of DICK MERRY-FELLOW,
The *learning* of COUNT ANTIQUARY,
The *beauty* of young 'SQUIRE FOG,
And the *bravery* of JACK SHADWELL.

DICK, who never missed an opportunity of playing off his artillery of wit, complimented the hymeneal rites with a poetical *feu de joye*, by way of Epithalamium, or wedding-song; * and soon after produced his history of PUDICA; written, as we have been told, within the precincts of the Fleet-prison, and published in 1754.

THE severity and pointed ridicule with which every circumstance of that affair is told, shews him to have been a man of the boldest conceits, which he never checked nor modified by reason, but went on from one extreme to another, till the *public*, to whom he always appealed, and endeavoured to draw in as partisans with *his* disputes, became fatiate, and wearied of his perpetual clack.

* See Page 24, &c.

Short of it's aim, and impotent to wound,
The feeble shaft falls hurtless to the ground.

YET DICK persevered, and seemed to triumph o'er the silence of the adverse parties, who held in ineffable contempt the author who establishes his own success, on that self-approbation which is derived from vanity alone, as Horace expresses it,

Gaudent scribentes, et se venerantur.

From self each scribbler adoration draws,
And gathers incense from his own applause.

WHAT especially gives disgust to ill-natured writings, is, that they convey an idea of the author's self-sufficiency, and supposed superiority, which few are willing to confess without retalliation. Hence it is, that we perceive general satirists are universally detested and despised, as vermin who breed in the wounds of society, or hypocrites, who insinuate their own purity, by aspersing and defiling the rest of mankind.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That vanity's the food of fools ;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

SWIFT.

THE rapid sale of a publication will sometimes induce the author to believe every purchaser

chafer becomes a deponent in favour of his cause, or an admirer of his virtues and learning, when in fact the avidity with which people read ludicrous works, whether in prose or of metrical composition, only arises, as Puff says in the Critic—*because they ought not to read them.*

“ And each sworn fool, I swear, has his sworn brother.”

THESE remarks, though prematurely given, may serve as the criterion of most of our hero's *hasty* productions—but not of his *serious* ones.

THE R-y-l Register, Nocturnal Revels, the Bevy of Beauties, Sketches from Nature, the Abbey of Kilkhampton, the Diabo-lady, Modern Characters from Shakespeare, and from the Beggar's Opera; the Tête à Tête, the Cabinet, the Hackney Coach, and such-like strictures on the conduct and foibles of individuals, are more acceptable to the bulk of common readers than the works of Gibbon, Hume, Robertson, Moore, Dalrymple, Wraxhall, Burney, Beattie, and the many other learned and ingenious authors of our time. One would imagine from the universal taste for detraction and malevolent censure, that we were all bred up in the “School for Scandal.”

But, train'd to ill, and harden'd in its crimes,
The pen, relentless, kills through future times.

OF the many essays, political and fatirical, which the press, and bookseller's shelves now groan under, few of them are directed by any other motive than party-spirit, or assassination of character, and, excepting *Anticipation* by the lively pen of Mr. T—l, and the *Abbey of Kilhampton* by Mr. F—, none of them have literary merit; yet these wasps of folly and dissipation, fancy themselves borne, like blazing stars among the clouds, to the admiration of the gazing multitude :

And up he rises like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper;
He singing flies, and flying sings,
While from below all *Grub-street* rings.

SWIFT.

BUT, to have done with the *London* dealers in scandal, we must return to the narrative of DICK MERRY-FELLOW, who, we pronounce, was as happy at the knack of writing lampoons, advertisements extraordinary, sneers, hand-bills, sarcasms, allarms, songs, squibs, and electioneering rattles, as any of the short-lived heroes of attic abode,

“ Who deal out libels—wholesale and retail.”

The

The following S O N G,

Wrote by DICK MERRY-FELLOW about the year 1754, is the most perfect copy of it we are able to procure.

TO you, fair LADIES of the field !
 We SPORTSMEN now indite ;
 To you our morning pleasures yield,
 And think of you at night :
 Tho' *hares* and *foxes* run a-pace,
 'Tis beauty gives the finest *chace*.

II.

The morning rose, and with a fog,
 Inclos'd the heath all round ;
 So thick we scarce could see a *dog*,
 Ten yards upon the ground :
 Yet we to ELDEN took our way,
 True SPORTSMEN never mind the day.

III.

Like VENUS (if she was so fair
 As antient poets feign,
 With coral lip and golden hair,
 Just rising from the main)
 We saw the lovely BELL appear,
 Nor miss'd the sun when she was near.

IV.

At ELDEN, on a trail we hit,
 And soon the *hare* we found,

When up she started from a pit,
 And stretch'd along the ground :
 Hark forward ! all the SPORTSMEN cry'd,
 Hark forward ! hills and dales reply'd.

V.

Quite cros the country, and away
 She fled in open view ;
 Our HUNTSMAN was the first to say,
 “ She ran not but she flew :”
 Whilst BILLY GRIGSON rode and swore,
 “ 'Twas old MOTHER ROGERS gone before.”

VI.

With pleasure GREENE the *chace* purfu'd,
 Nor wish'd for music then ;
 But often as the *bare* he view'd,
 In raptures he began :—
 “ Tell me, ye gods ! if any sounds
 “ Be half so sweet as t' hear the hounds.”

VII.

Thus for an hour, all in full cry,
 We nimbly tript along ;
 Nor thought that MADAM was to *die*,
 Nor we to have a SONG :
 Says SLAPP, “ though now she runs so fast,
 “ Brave boys ! we'll put her down at last.”

VIII.

Kind fate indulg'd an hour more,
 And back she turn'd again ;
 Such sport sure ne'er was seen before,
 But all her turns were vain :

For *Butler*, foremost of the *pack*,
And *Frolick* seiz'd her by the back.

IX.

To THETFORD then, our sport being done,
In spirits we repair ;
Where GARDINER a song began,
In honour of the fair :
And as the merry chorus rise,
We all to Shadwell turn'd our eyes.

THIS juvenile song, though descriptive of a chace, in which DICK was not only in pursuit of *pleasure* but of *profit*, is, by no means, a poetical composition of merit, either in harmony of numbers, or aptitude of fancy : its being local rendered it a favourite air at the time it was wrote, but it is now little known, and less admired, when put in competition with his latter productions.

FROM the year 1754 to the 27th of March 1757, we are at a loss to say, precisely, what was our hero's pursuit, but suppose it in the service of his country, a line of life he seemed most attached to, and every way qualified for ; and though we may not have an opportunity of recording him as a Marleborough, a Eugene, a Saxe, a Berwick, a Granby, a Prussia, a Wolfe, or a Washington, whither in respect to

E 3

discipline,

discipline or general tactic, or, in what is more valuable than either—SUCCESS.

———— *Militavi non sine gloria.*

H O R.

Yet we must allow him the merit of *meaning well*, which is as much as is usually said now a-days, of any officer who is not as *intrepid* as a Tarleton, as *indefatigable* as a Cornwallis, as *determined* as a Prevost, as *cool* as a Washington, as *bold* as a Wallace, as *modest* as a Parker, as *brave* as a Pearson, and as *lucky* as a Rodney :—to be *rich* and *politic* are stubborn arguments in favor of a great officer !

THIS three years of lapse in our memoir, is a *hiatus*, according to Doctor Bently's expression in his criticisms, *non valdè deffendus* : however, this pause, if we may so call it, shall not be filled up *by us* with imaginary occurrences, as is frequently the case in history of guess-work, which is delivered down to posterity little better than

“ A tale told by an ideot.”

SHAKESPEARE.

ON the 27th of March, 1757, DICK MERRY-FELLOW was promoted from being Lieutenant of Granadiers in the 12th regiment of foot, to
a com-

a company of marines. This 12th regiment was the famous patriotic regiment which, when commanded by James II. either to lay down their arms, or to use them in support of measures unconstitutional, arbitrary, and contrary to the religion, the laws, and liberties of this Kingdom; to the great disappointment and confusion of the King, all to a man laid down their arms!

“Rome boasts her sons, a race of stubborn fools,
“To virtue train’d by grey-beard Cato’s rules:”

HERE we have another *hiatus valdè defensus*, till the ever-glorious year 1759—an æra of British history which will be admired as long as the annals of this Country can be read!

And sure that tale for Britons must have charms,
That shews you France subdu’d by British arms:

IN this ever-memorable year, our hero commanded a detachment of marines on board the *Rippon* man of war of 60 guns, Captain Edward Jekyll, at the siege of *Guadelupe*, when that ship was opposed to two strong Batteries of the French in the capital town of *Basse-Terre*, was on shore during the whole of the engagement, which lasted ten hours, and once on fire: the ship in that action fired 1300 great shot, and the marines 2000 cartridges; so great was the ardor

of the men, that when all the grape-shot on board, and wadding for the canon was expended, the seamen and marines made wadding of their shirts and jackets, and fired them away at the trenches of the enemy.

THE *Rippon* was also engaged, but a few days before, at *St. Pierre's*, the capital of Martinico, or *Martinique*, against four batteries of canon and a bomb-battery, which continued throwing shells for four hours, few of which fell at a greater distance than thirty or forty yards from the ship: many of them burst in the sea along-side of the *Rippon*, which appeared like boiling water, and one in particular fell between the barge and yawl.

OF this expedition to the West-Indies, against Martinico and Guadelupe, and other the Leeward Islands, subject to the French King, CAPTAIN MERRY-FELLOW wrote a very clear and circumstantial account,

*Versas ad Littora Puppæ
Respiciunt, totumque allabi classibus Æquor.*

VIRG.

Imperi

Porrecta Majestas, ab Ortu

Solis ad Hesperium Cubile

Custode Rerum CÆSARE.——

HOR.

a third

a *third edition* of which, in quarto, English and French, was published in 1762.

THE dedication to the Queen, is dated at Lincoln, where he then resided, February 6, and is a modest and elegant composition; on presenting of which he had the honor to kiss her Majesty's hand, being introduced by the late Earl Delawar.

THIS journal commences about the latter end of October, 1758, when Captain Hughes in the Norfolk, with a squadron of men of war and a fleet of transports, sail'd from Spithead, and, owing to contrary winds, did not join the ships and transports from Plymouth Sound till November 15, lat. $49^{\circ} 40'$, when the whole squadron consisted of the following men of war and bomb vessels, with 60 sail of transports.

Norfolk	74	St. George	90	Berwick	64
Panther	60	Burford	- 70	Rippon	- 60
Lyon	- 60	Winchester	50	Renown	30

Bomb Vessels.

Infernal, Granada, King's Fisher, Falcon.

IN the transports were the following regiments, with a detachment of the artillery from Woolwich, Old Buffs, Duroure's, Elliot's, Barrington's, Watfon's, Armiger's

ON board the several men of war, the marines were augmented to the number of 800, and were intended to be formed into a battalion, under the command of a Lieutenant-Colonel and Major, in order to land with the troops, and do duty in the line, but this disposition was expressly disapproved by Commodore Moore at Barbadoes, who refused to land the marines.

THE general officers employed on this expedition were Major-general Hopson, commander in chief; Major-general Barrington, Colonels Armiger and Haldane, and Lieutenant Colonels Trapaud and Clavering, as Brigadiers.

AFTER a passage of seven weeks and three days, without any very material occurrences intervening, the armament appeared off the Island of Barbadoes on Wednesday, January 3, 1759, and came to anchor in Carlisle Bay, N. lat. $13^{\circ} 5'$, long. W. 59° .

IN this, our epitome of DICK's expedition to the West-Indies, we do not mean to trouble the reader with nautical observations, natural history, and the dull routine of description by navigators, but simply to follow our hero in chronological order.

AT Barbadoes the squadron received a reinforcement of 200 Highlanders belonging to the second battalion of Ld. John Murray's regiment, and forty Negroes, on board each line-of-battle-ship. With this force, considerably impaired by sickness, not exceeding 5000 effective men, the Commodore and General set sail from Carlisle Bay on Saturday, January 13, and stood for the Island of Martinico, distant about forty leagues, which they made next morning, N. lat. $14^{\circ} 30'$, long. W. 61° .

The whole fleet entered the Bay of Port-Royal on the 15th, and the marines from the *Rippon* and Bristol land. Next day the first attack was made, and Fort-Negro carried, in which Dick had a sprig of the laurel! As the squadron approached Port-Royal, the garrison of the citadel began to throw large shells from mortars, at two miles and 1174 yards fall; and the troops were landed without opposition, but on the day following were re-embarked.

VARIOUS have been the reasons assigned for this very precipitate retreat from Martinico,—for it since appears that the enemy were not in force, and that we had only one officer and 22 men killed, and two officers and 47 men wounded, in the attempt.

JANUARY

JANUARY 18th, the squadron weighed, and next morning made into the spacious bay of *St. Pierre*, with a westerly wind, a circumstance so very uncommon in this latitude, that the enemy here, and afterwards at Guadelupe, on the English fleet having the same advantage of wind, declared, "it was a judgment from heaven, and that the English were sent to punish them for their sins." Somewhat like what is reported to have been said by a British officer formerly, at the siege of Calais, who being asked by an insolent Frenchman, on the surrender of the town to the Duc de Guise, "when he intended to cross the sea back, and take possession of it again;" replied, "when your sins are greater than ours."

*"Nous y rentrerons, quand vos pêchés seront plus
Grandes que les notres."*

*O! nimium Dilecte Deo! cui Militat Æther
Et conjurati veniunt ad Classica venti.*

CLAUDIEN.

THIS thought is beautifully exemplified in Mr. ADDISON's simile of the *Destroying Angel*, applied to the Duke of Marleborough, in the celebrated poem of the CAMPAIGN.

As when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land;
(Such as of late o'er pale *Britannia* past)
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast:

Calm

And pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

THESE elegant lines DICK endeavoured to render into *Latin* tho' infinitely below the original.

*Sic Raphael divina ferens Mandata per Auras,
Impia cum Quatiat surgentibus Arva procellis,
(Qualis in Angliacas nupèr descevit Oras)
Subridens mediâ nimborum in Nocté coruscat,
Lætitiâ exultans; Divoque jubente, tremendo
Turbine fertur Eques, cohibetque furentis Habenas.*

R. G.

The *Rippon* being ordered to silence a battery one mile and a half north of the town, about two o'clock let go her anchor within half a cable's length of the shore, in thirty-five fathom water, and engaged the Fort and smaller batteries for four hours and a half pretty *warmly*. During this action, DICK MERRY-FELLOW offered to land with the marines under his command, but was refused permission by Captain Jekyll; the consequence of which had liked to have proved fatal to the ship, as the enemy returned to their guns and rack'd her fore and aft, in so much, that it was thought advisable to cut her cable and return to the fleet.

IN

IN the morning of the 20th, the Commodore made sail, and next day was joined off Dominica by the Amazon and two transports from Antigua with 200 men of Colonel Ross's regiment; as did also the Spy sloop, N. lat. 15° , long. W. 60° . On the 22d, the squadron appeared off the Island of *Guadelupe*, N. lat. 16° , long. W. 61° , and in the evening, the plan of attack on the citadel and batteries of *Basse-Terre*, was given out in orders by the commander in chief, to commence upon a signal next morning.

AT half past seven, on the 23d, the men of war ran down close along shore, and at nine the general attack was made by all the ships, with great spirit, judgment and success. The *Rippon* engaged the *Morne-Rouge*, a battery of six guns, but having run in too close, on letting her anchor go, she tailed the shore and stuck fast. Thus exposed to the fire of *Le Morne-Rouge*, and a seven-gun battery on her starboard-bow, she cut the cable and hawser, and continued engaged with great disadvantage, till reinforced by the Bristol of fifty guns.

AT three o'clock, the militia of the island brought up an eighteen pounder, which played upon the *Rippon*, in the way of *batterie en barbe*, for two hours. Many of the men being killed or wounded, the ship on fire, occasioned by a large

large box, containing 900 cartridges, having blown up, and the grape-shot and wadding being expended, the *Rippon* was obliged to fling out a signal of distress, when the Bristol came to her relief, and at twelve at night she hove off.

AT ten o'Clock, the town of *Basse-Terre* blazed one general conflagration, by the shells and carcasses thrown from the four bomb-vessels which were ordered close in shore as soon as the batteries had been silenced, and continued to play upon the town and citadel all night. During the engagement of this day, the squadron sustained but little loss of men. The *Rippon*, upon the whole, suffered as much as any ship.

NEXT day, the Commodore anchored in the road, and in the afternoon the troops were landed and found the town and citadel abandoned, which they took immediate possession of. We were now joined by the Buckingham of sixty-four guns, and other ships from Barbadoes.

JANUARY 25, the enemy appeared to the number of 2000, throwing up intrenchments with a design to defend the Governor's head-quarters, and the *Dos d'Ane*, to the last extremity. A flag of truce was sent the day following to *Le Chevalier Nadau Dutriel*, the Governor, offering him terms, which he refused in a very spirited answer,

fwere, and had it succeeded to a gallant defence of *Basse-Terre*, could not have failed of doing him honour. Had he been really brave, he should have acted like another *Turnus*,

Rapit acer,
Totam aciem in teucros, et contrâ in littore fissit.—

Utro occurramus ad undam,
Dum trepidi, egressisque labant vestigia prima.

ÆN. 10.

THIS was the time to have displayed undaunted resolution and obstinacy of defence; for if it was true, that the possession of the metropolis became so easy an acquisition to the invaders, to whom was it owing, that it was not made more difficult? menaces of resistance *jusqu' à l'Extremité* are noble, but it is then only when they are thrown out sword in hand, the bayonet pointed, and not the pen; the shore disputed inch by inch, and the approaching enemy defied in arms at the water's edge, not by letters at a distance. His epistle was therefore considered by the English officers, as the fanfaronade of a man who had not a heart to execute, if a head to design, and in whom timidity would render abortive, whatever understanding might inspire.

IN consequence of this refusal to come into terms of capitulation, the inhabitants of *Basse-Terre* suffered great hardships, and the troops burnt the
canes

canes and scoured the country for many days, during which time frequent skirmishing ensued.

FEBRUARY 6, a strong naval force, with two bombs and three tenders, with a large detachment of marines from the other ships, failed to the eastward for *Grande-Terre*, and on the 10th the Panther was sent as a reinforcement. On the 13th, Fort Louis, at *Grande-Terre*, was taken after a severe cannonading for six hours, and the enemy drove from their entrenchments by the marines and Highlanders with fixed bayonets.

FEBRUARY 14, the *Rippon* and *Spy* sailed this morning, with 500 sick and wounded from the regimental hospital on board of eight transports, for St. John's Town, Antigua, North lat. 17° . long. W. $61^{\circ} 20'$. The *Rippon* having performed this service, returned and anchored in *Basse-Terre* Road, on the 22d, where DICK found affairs much in the same posture he had left them eight days before.

THE French, on the island, tried every stratagem they could devise to draw our men out into the sun, whose meridian rays they well knew were fatally powerful on European constitutions, and by these artifices they vainly flattered themselves to weary out the English troops: we had

F

indeed

indeed 1800 men of the army sick or dead at this time.

MAJOR General Hopson died at head-quarters on the 27th, when the command devolved on Major General Barrington. The same evening the Rippon and Bristol were ordered to cruize off the island of St. Eustatia, to prevent *our good friends* the Dutch, from supplying the enemy with provisions, &c. which they had constantly done from the time the English took possession of *Basse-Terre*.

EARLY in March, the batteries were blown up and destroyed, the whole army embarked on board the transports, leaving the English Governor and a garrison in the citadel, and a naval force to cover it; the Commodore with the fleet sailed for *Grande-Terre*, where they anchored on the 11th, and found the marines in possession, but very sickly. On the 13th, our squadron sailed for Prince Rupert's Bay, Dominica, distant nine leagues, in consequence of hearing that eight sail of the line and three frigates, under *Monsieur Du Bompar*, was then at Port-Royal. This retrograde motion of ours was of infinite advantage to the enemy's privateers, who took not less than between eighty and ninety sail of English merchantmen, which they carried into Martinico, after the cruizers (the
Rippon

Rippon and *Bristol*) were called in, in eleven weeks.

BUT, to pass over all these after-thoughts, we shall briefly add, that affairs wore a gloomy aspect at *Basse-Terre*, where the French often engaged the attention of the garrison, and our Governor, Lieut. Colonel Desbrisay, * and Major Trollop, were both blown up by a powder magazine, while they were reconnoitering the enemy with a telescope.

THE English after this, seemed to gain some partial advantage here at and *Grande-Terre*, by sallies from the garrison, but we afterwards failed in an attempt on the *Guadelupe* side of the island.

April

* This gallant commander was a Captain of foot at the battle of *Rocoux*, near *Liege*, in 1746; where being wounded, and lying upon the ground amongst the slain, he was run through by a French officer, whose unmanly example was immediatly followed by the platoon he commanded; all, or most of them planting their bayonets in different parts of his body: of about thirteen wounds which he received, eight were judged to be mortal: being afterwards at table with the *Marechal* Count de Saxe, of whose politeness as an enemy, many honourable instances were given in the course of that war, he was strongly solicited by the *Marechal* to tell him “ who the officer was “ that used him so unlike a soldier, threatening to dis-

April 12, a detachment of 1300 men, under Brigadier Clavering, &c. landed and carried a strong entrenchment, with the loss of one officer and nineteen men killed, and two officers and thirty-two men wounded: this advantage was so effectually improved, that with the assistance of Captain Uvedale of the Granada bomb, he took the fort at *Petit-Bourg*, of *Mabant*, of *Guoyave*, of *St. Mary's*, &c.

At this time, April 19, the bravery of our troops had got the better of every obstacle, had forced the enemy in all their entrenchments and strong passes, had taken fifty pieces of canon, and had advanced as far as the *Capesterre*, the only remaining un-reduced part of the country. This at last brought the French to terms and articles of capitulation, which were signed on Tuesday, May 1, 1759.

“ grace him at the head of the regiment;” but *Desbrisay*, though well acquainted with the name, the commission he bore, and the corps he served in, most generously declined it; contented with letting his Excellency know, that he was not a stranger to his person, and begging his excuse from being obliged to point him out. So magnanimous an instance of British worth, deserves to be recorded to posterity! as it reflects honor on the memory of a good christian and soldier.

Monfieur

Monsieur Du Bompar, with a force from Martinico, landed in another part of the island, but hearing of its surrender, re-embarked his men and retreated to Port-Royal, whilst the English fleet lay inactive in Prince Rupert's Bay, Dominica. DICK MERRY-FELLOW very freely censures the conduct of Commodore Moore, in not *looking sharp* to the motions of the French fleet. "Certain it is, that if he had *kept an eye* upon them, (not to be suspected of a pun upon this occasion) it was not an HAWK's eye."

MAY 2, our fleet left Dominica, and next day were off the island of Marigalante, in lat. 16°. N. For four days we were in chace of the French, much inferior to us, who got into Port-Royal on the 6th, and we returned to Prince Rupert's Bay on the 7th, having never seen each other, which occasioned it to be ludicrously said by the people of Dominica, on our return, "that the English went on one side of the island, and the French on the other, for fear they should meet."

MAY 9, The island of *Desseada*, or *Desiderada*, (the desirable island) the *Santos*, and little island of *Petite-Terre* surrendered to General Barrington, and on the 14th *Marigalante* submitted.

JUNE 3, the squadron returned to Guadelupe, where the rendezvous of the men of war and transports returning to England was fixed at *Basse-Terre*. On the 15th, the *Rippon* was ordered to look into Granada, lat. $11^{\circ} 45'$ N. and on the 17th, discovered *Monsieur Du Bompar* lying there, with seven ships of the line, “ Had Commodore Moore, says Dick, on this “ occasion, luckily failed with his whole squadron “ in quest of *Monsieur Du Bompar*, this campaign had gloriously ended with the DESTRUCTION of the FRENCH FLEET in the WEST-INDIES, and the CONQUEST OF GRANADA, which “ must have fallen of course.”

Soon after this the transports, with the troops and convoy, sailed for England, and the squadron for Antigua, where they anchored, June 29. From thence they made Barbadoes, St. Christopher's, and St. Eustatia. This latter island being at this time (1781) a subject of general conversation, we shall give Captain MERRY-FELLOW's description of it, in his own words.

“ ST. EUSTATIA, is a small island belonging “ to the United Provinces, and lies three “ leagues from St Kitt's, W. by N. of all the “ *Carribees*: it seems the barest and least fertile, “ notwithstanding the *Dutch* carry on a very “ powerful trade in the *West Indies* from it, and

it

“ it has been for many years the market of
 “ *Europe* : being poor and naked in itself, and
 “ in all appearance like a ragged rock, it
 “ thrives by borrowed commodities and a clan-
 “ destine traffic with the powers at war ; trans-
 “ porting the produce of one enemy to another,
 “ under the pretence of neutral bottoms. The
 “ town is badly built, and the houses very in-
 “ different ; it stands lofty, and has one hill in
 “ particular of a very great height, which is
 “ called *Tumble-down Dick*, and serves as a land-
 “ mark at a distance.

“ WHEN the *Rippon* was cruizing off the har-
 “ bour, there was a *Dutch* man of war, several
 “ *French* privateers, and a great quantity of other
 “ shipping lying there. It is an island of *smug-*
 “ *glers*, and the common receptacle of all the
 “ *thieves* in Europe. There are several forts in
 “ *St. Eustatia*, and a governor constantly resides
 “ there : the present one is *Mynbeer De Wynd*,
 “ who is stiled Governor of *St. Eustatia*, *Saba*,
 “ and *St. Martin's*, though the last belongs to the
 “ *French*.”

AFTER touching at Bermuda, or the Summer
 Islands, in N. lat. 32°. 20'. and long. 65°. W.
 part of the fleet arrived at Plymouth, Sept. 27,
 and the convoy at Spithead, October 5, 1759.
 Thus ended an expedition of great importance

to the public, in which the *English* arms acquired a reputation, even from the enemy. Speaking of the intrepidity and zeal of the officers on this service, and the dangers of climate and mode of receiving the fire of armed Negroes, lurking undiscovered behind woods, &c. DICK says, that the officer commanding, was in the situation of *Virgil's Rutulian Captain*,

*Sævit atrox VOLSCENS, nec teli conspicit usquam
Auctorem, nec quo se ardens immittere possit.*

Æn. 9.

BUT the APPROBATION of the SOVEREIGN, says DICK, is the most GLORIOUS reward a foldier can acquire!

REGE incolumi mens omnibus una est.

WE cannot conclude this account of our hero's *Expedition aux Indes Occidentales*, which he also printed in *French*, without adding his beautiful remark on the treatment of COLUMBUS by the Europeans, who, after all his discoveries and conquests, seeing himself neglected at court, on his return to Spain, he retired to *Valladolid*, where he died of a broken heart, *Anno Dni. 1506*, aged 64.

*Por Castillo y por Leon,
Itala Nuevo Monde Halt9 Colon.*

“ THIS

“ THIS GREAT MAN was perhaps the most re-
 “ markable instance of disregarded merit the
 “ world ever knew; whose consummate know-
 “ ledge first conceived, and whose unprece-
 “ dented courage afterwards executed, designs
 “ and projects beyond all the achievements of
 “ the most celebrated and illustrious conquerors
 “ amongst the antients, beyond almost the capacity
 “ and valour of a mortal; launching out into un-
 “ known seas in quest of an unknown earth, col-
 “ lecting wealth and riches from kingdoms and
 “ countries no where heard of; a sovereign of his
 “ own creation, who first obtained a sceptre, and
 “ then found out a world to sway it in. Variety of
 “ fortune he endured; at one time loaded with
 “ honours, at another sent for home in chains;
 “ this day HIGH-ADMIRAL of the *Western* seas,
 “ and LORD of all the *Western* globe, the next
 “ a suppliant for mercy, and pleading his cause
 “ for life and liberty; insulted by his inferiors,
 “ and disgraced by his king: then issuing forth in
 “ splendor and in power, adding dominion to do-
 “ minion, and continent to continent; till worn out
 “ with age and repeated services, he returned to
 “ *Europe* in a private station, and died universally
 “ regreted and admired, but in the territory of
 “ the prince he had aggrandized, and the country
 “ he had enriched *.

* *Columbus* was by birth a *Genoese*.

“ THEN

“ THEN at last a magnificent monument was
 “ erected to his memory, the only return made
 “ him by that ungrateful nation, which derives
 “ its greatest influence at this day, from acqui-
 “ sitions made by his penetrating mind, and his
 “ invincible arm : in a word, *Columbus* should only
 “ have lived in the reign of such a Prince as
 “ *Alexander*, who wished for nothing so much as
 “ a NEW WORLD to conquer.”

*Un us Pellæo Juveni non sufficit orbis
 Æstuat infelix Angusto limite mundi.*

Juv. Sat. 10.

How soon after DICK MERRY-FELLOW's arrival in England did he receive the hand of Ann, only daughter of Benjamin Bromhead, Esq. of Thurlby near Lincoln, in matrimony, we are not any where told, but suppose it to be sometime in the year 1761, as his eldest son, now Lieutenant of a Royal Independant Company at Chatham, was born October 21, 1762.

IN 1761, he raised a company of foot at the breaking out of the Spanish war at a great expence, but was not allowed to sell his company of marines, a priviledge granted to several *Scotch* captains in the marines, and who sold their companies for a thousand guineas, at the same time obtaining

obtaining the rank of field-officers, of Major, or Lieutenant-Colonel,

——— No place of office or command,
Not of the greatest, shall be bought or sold;
Whereas too often honours are confer'd
On soldiers and no soldiers.

DRYDEN and LEE's *Duke of Guise*.

AT the infamous * peace of Paris, February 10, 1763, his company was reduced in the May following, and he was put upon half-pay.

AFTER this, we imagine DICK retired to Swaffham, a neat and healthy town in Norfolk, where he might enjoy those happy moments of domestic felicity inseparable from the conjugal state, and which he had but lately tasted, though now in his fortieth year. Here also, he had time and solitude to indulge his passion for the muses, and an opportunity of acquiring social and respectable friends: being a man of the world and a man of letters, his company and conversation was, no doubt, on every occasion, acceptable: he had learning enough to qualify him for most speculative conversation, and experience of mankind sufficient to direct it with success: he was not yet mad enough to follow a fox at the hazard

* DICK's own expression.

of his neck, nor bit with the rage for murdering what is called *Game*, yet he would chearfully sit down with those sons of Actæon, or of Nimrod, “roar a catch,” and “set the table in a “roar!” nor would he refuse a pint-bumper

To horses sound, dog's hearty, earths slept, and foxes plenty!

HE was what the fraternity esteem—A GOOD MASON; and as he was a principal agent in constituting a lodge, of which he was the *first* MASTER, at Swaffham, we shall subjoin his own account of masonry there.

“ In this church was formerly an organ, which
 “ was broke when the church fell down, but was
 “ repaired at the sole expence of SIMON BLAKE:
 “ he also gave forty pounds towards erecting a
 “ new steeple; and employed, at his own volun-
 “ tary charge for one whole year, a FREE-MASON
 “ to re-edify the church: this church is there-
 “ fore indebted to *free-masonry* for its present
 “ beauty. The old church fell down in the
 “ reign of Edward IV. and the new one began
 “ to be erected about the year 1480, the 20th
 “ of the same reign; and by various contribu-
 “ tions, with the tower at the west end, was
 “ finished in the year 1510, the first year of
 “ Henry VIII. By this it appears that the noble
 “ art of *free-masonry* flourished in great perfec-
 “ tion at Swaffham, during the reigns of Ed-
 “ ward

ward IV. Edward V. Richard III. Henry VII.
and Henry VIII.

“ It was revived in England with great splendor in the reign of GEORGE I. by the Dukes of Montague, Buccleugh, and Richmond, under whose patronage very magnificent buildings were carried into execution in different parts of the kingdom by the extraordinary skill of the fraternity of *free-masons*; many of whom were excellent ARTISTS; and in the year 1764, there were no less than 328 regular lodges in Great-Britain. The art extended itself also to Ireland, where a Grand-master was appointed, and many of the first nobility of the kingdom presided, and were members of the numerous lodges held in the different counties of that kingdom: it flourished greatly in France, though attempted to be suppressed by government, but the authority of the king and ministers, however absolute, were ineffectual, and *masonry* triumphs there, and in Germany to this hour: the King of Prussia is a *mason*, and a powerful patron of this noble art.”

By MASONS ART th' aspiring dome
In various columns shall arise;
All climates are their native home,
Their god-like actions reach the skies.

Chorus.

Chorus.

HEROES and **KINGS** revere the name,
Whilst poets sing their lasting fame.

Great, generous, virtuous, good, and brave,
 Are titles they most justly claim ;
 Their deeds shall live beyond the grave,
 Which some unborn shall loud proclaim.

Chorus.

Time shall their glorious acts enrol,
And LOVE with FRIENDSHIP charm the soul.

“ In the year 1764, *free-masonry* was revived
 “ at Swaffham, and the great lodge at the Crown-
 “ Inn constituted by authority of the Right
 “ Honble. Lord Blaney, Lieutenant-General of
 “ his Majesty’s forces, **GRAND MASTER** of **MA-**
 “ **SONS**, being the 329th lodge in Great Britain.
 “ Benj. Nuthall, Esq. Alderman of Lynn-Regis,
 “ was appointed to instal the new master, **RICH-**
 “ **ARD GARDINER**, Esq. and on the 17th of De-
 “ cember, the day appointed for the installation,
 “ a grand procession of *masons*, consisting of the
 “ master, wardens, and members of the Duke’s-
 “ Head and White-Lion lodges at Lynn, and
 “ many members of the lodges at Norwich,
 “ was made from the Crown-Inn to the church
 “ at eleven o’clock in the morning, where di-
 “ vine service was performed by the Rev. John
 “ Warren, Rector of Harling, and an excellent
 “ sermon

“ sermon on the occasion preached by the Rev.
 “ Charles Chadwick of March in the isle of
 “ Ely; after divine service the new master was
 “ installed with the usual ceremonies, according
 “ to the manner of *Masons*, and an elegant enter-
 “ tainment was prepared at the Crown. In the
 “ evening there was a brilliant assembly of
 “ ladies to celebrate the constitution of the new
 “ lodge. In a few months the members of the
 “ great lodge were considerably encreased, and
 “ many of the first gentlemen of the county were
 “ admitted into the fraternity.

“ The year following, 1765, the Lynn com-
 “ pany of comedians coming to Swaffham, the
 “ members of the great lodge were requested to
 “ bespeak a play, and on May 6, they bespoke
 “ the Comedy of LOVE FOR LOVE, which was
 “ performed to a crowded audience; the mem-
 “ bers walking in procession, properly cloathed,
 “ to the temporary playhouse (a barn) where a
 “ building on the stage was erected for their
 “ reception.”

The Officers of the Lodge were,

RICHARD GARDINER, Esq. MASTER.

William Pawlett, Esq. *Deputy-Master*.

William Mason, Esq.

Sir Henry Peyton, Bart.

Sir Clement Trafford, Bart. *Treasurer*.

} *Wardens*.

After

After the play, the following occasional Epilogue was spoken by Mrs. Dyer.

Wrote by the MASTER.

WHILE royal splendor, and theatric state,
On Princely BARRY and King GARRICK wait,
How little can we hope our humble stage,
Void of all pomp, can your applause engage!
For which amongst you, Ladies, can discern
A Covent-Garden in a Swaffham barn?

Yes, 'tis a Barn—yet fair ones, take me right,
Our's is no Play—we hold a LODGE to night;
And should our building want a slight repair,
You see we've Friends amongst the BRETHREN there.

[Pointing to the *Masons* on the stage.]

Reply the * SCALDS, with MISERABLE frown,
“Masons repair!—They'd sooner pull it down—
“A set of ranting, roaring, rumbling fellows,
“Who meet to sing OLD ROSE AND BURN THE BEL-
 LOWS:
“Champaign and claret, dozens in a jerk!
“And then—O Lord! how hard they've been *at work!*

“Next for the SECRET of their own wife making,
“HIRAM and BOAZ, and Grand-Master JACHIN!
“Poker and tongs! the sign! the word! the stroke!
“'Tis all a nothing, and 'tis all a joke:
“Nonsense on nonsense! let them storm and rail,
“Here's the whole hist'ry of their MOP and PAIL;

“ For ’tis the sence of more than half the Town,
 “ Their Secret is—a BOTTLE at the *Crown*.”

But not so fast, ye enemies to LIGHT,
 I, tho’ no Mason, am their friend to night;
 And, by your leaves, ’tis something strange, I trow,
 To slander that, which none of you can know.
 We Women, tho’ we like GOOD *Masons* well,
 Sometimes are angry that they will not tell;
 And then we flaunt away from rout to rout,
 And swear, like you, we’ve found the SECRET out:
 But O vain boast! to all enquiring eyes,
 Too deep the MINE where that bright JEWEL lies!

That *Masons* have a SECRET is most true,
 And you, ye Beauties, have a *Secret* too:
 Now if the *Masons* are so rigid grown
 To keep THEIR Secret to themselves alone,
 Be SILENT in your turns, ’tis that allures,
 SILENCE! and bid the *Masons*—find out *your’s*.

Thus far conjecture in the comic way,
 But let not Fancy lead your thoughts astray;
 The ties of HONOUR only, *Masons* bind,
 Friends to each other, and to all mankind:
 True to their KING, and for their COUNTRY bold,
 They flew to battle, like their Sires of old;
 Banish’d the TROWEL for the barbed spear,
 And where loud cannons thunder’d, *form’d the square*;
 Gallant and gay at MINDEN’s glorious plain;
 And the proud MORO storm’d, alas! in vain!
 In peace, with honest Hearts they court the fair,
 And most they triumph, when they triumph there:
 Their actions known, their bitt’rest foes approve,
 For all that *Masons* ask, is—LOVE for LOVE.

“ THE noble art of FREE-MASONRY, though
 “ acknowledged to be very old, was not revived
 “ in Europe till the seventh century; at which
 “ time the famous Abbot St. Alban, introduced
 “ it into England, and first constituted a lodge
 “ at the city of Verulam (the very spot where
 “ the town of St. Alban’s in Hertfordshire now
 “ stands) of which he was very fond, and re-
 “ commended its continuance at his death.

“ THE ridiculous societies of *Bucks, Pandemonians, Cousins, Antediluvians, Gregorians, Albions, Ubiquitarians, Lumber-troop, Antient-Britons, Botherems, Free and Easy*, and a thousand other nonsensical institutions, have since been established, either to serve a party, or in a vain imitation of the antient and honourable society of *Free-Masons*, which have their day and their decline.”

O! imitatores, servum pecus!

HOR.

“ And life itself’s a drama—play’d by fools.”

OF Mr. MERRY-FELLOW we have nothing to record from this time, May 1765, till about August 1767, when the *natural* dissolution of Parliament had rendered a general election of representatives in Parliament a matter of course, the ensuing spring. At Lynn-Regis, where Dick now resided, the “ offer of services” and a
 canvas

canvas had been made so early as December 12, 1766.

HITHERTO we have accompanied our hero through those vicissitudes of fortune, and variety of character, so well expressed in the following lines, on the ærial scheme of *castle-building*, a palladium of architecture, of which he was virtually GRAND-MASTER MASON !

“ The plodding dull material mortar-man,
 “ Spends half his life adjusting of his plan ;
 “ The other half he is perplex’d to find
 “ Matter and situation to his mind :”

HE had partook of the sweets of Prosperity, and tasted of the bitter cup of Adversity ! In the presage of life, he rose superior to his years, and by an easily-conceived combination of genius and application, gradually acquired a knowledge of the classics, reputable to those seminaries of learning (Eton, Cambridge, and Gottingen) where he studied, and very flattering to his friends, but, according to the old adage, “ all is not gold that glitters.”

No sooner did he enter into the busy world, than a certain fatality, sometimes merited and sometimes otherwise, attended each action of his life, and seemed to justify his own remark on his old flame, *Miss-Fortune*, who contrived to

defeat him in all his promised joys. " This, " says he, was her usual trick, having often " prevented his success when his hopes most " flattered him, by some *untoward* accident, and " blasted all his views and designs, when *nearest* " the *height* and summit of enjoyment, so that " he might be said, in some measure, to be like " the stone of *Sisyphus*,

————— ἀλλ' ὅτε μέλλοι

*AKPON ὑπερβαλέειν, τότ' ἀποσρέψασκε Κραταῖς,

*Αυτὶς ἔπειτα πέδονδε Κυλίνδετο Λᾶας ἀναιδής.

ODYSS. L. II.

THUS, so early as at the age of thirty-one years, had he a confirmed opinion of that *equivoque* of fortune which never forsook him, and at last left him " a bankrupt in every thing—but " experience."

WE have seen him the cloud-capt fop of learning at college, talking of having " *Peripatetic* " footmen, a *follower* of *Aristippus* for a *valet de* " *chambre*, an *Epicurean* cook, with an *Hermetical* " *Chymist* (who are good only at making fires) " for a scullion." Next, he struts the heart-killing *Martinet* of fashion, who, according to Shakespeare, " knows no more of the division of " a battle, than a spinster," for mere regimentals

no

no more create a soldier, than the cowl makes a monk.

What knows the stripling of the soldier's trade,
Beyond his regimentals and cockade?

A sudden transition from scarlet to sable produces him a spruce *parson* of six-and-twenty, so be-powder'd, so dressy, so gallant, and so vain!

" I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
" And entertain a score or two of taylors
" To study fashions to adorn my body."

SHAKESPEARE.

HE was, notwithstanding, a good canonical in the pulpit and surplice; and although we cannot contemplate him in a doctor's scarfe, pudding-sleeves, starched band, and feather-top grizzle, yet he was not one of those irrational beings who think,

To spring a covey, or unearth a fox,
In rev'rend sportsmen—is right orthodox.

AGAIN he figures in the *military* line, and not only tendered his services in the field of Mars, but at the shrine of Venus.

Beauty was next my theme, and love sincere,
All potent love! whose influence reigns confess:—
While bloated wars from pole to pole wide sweep.

IN the republic of letters, our hero was not less a devotee to fame, than to passion ! but

Practice alone must form the writer's head,
And ev'ry author to the trade be bred.

OF what the *Reviewers* say of PUDICA, see page 23 of this memoir ; and of his other works, take the following account.

IN the Monthly Catalogue for February 1754, of the MONTHLY REVIEW, we find this article among the poetical. “ *An Elegy on the death of*
“ *Lady Asgill, lady of Sir Charles Asgill, Knight,*
“ *and Alderman of the city of London. To*
“ *which is added, an Epitaph on the late Sir*
“ *Edward Bacon, Bart. of Gillingham, in the*
“ *county of Norfolk. By Richard Gardiner, Esq.*
“ *folio, 6d. Cooper.*” The elegy we have never seen, but the epitaph is inserted in pages 29 and 30 of this memoir.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW of November 1759, hath “ *An Account of the Expedition to the West-*
“ *Indies, against Martinico, Guadelupe, and other*
“ *the Leeward Islands ; subject to the French King,*
“ *1759. By Richard Gardiner, Esq. Captain of*
“ *Marines on board his Majesty's ship Rippon,*
“ *on the expedition : 4to. 2s. 6d. Stuart.*” — with the following sensible *critique*.

“ THE tumult of war has been generally thought most unfavourable to the progress of literature. Late experience, however, evinces the contrary. During the war in which we are at present engaged, the pen has more than kept pace with the sword; and every single expedition has produced a number of publications. Several military gentlemen, after having sheathed their swords, which they wielded for the honour and service of their country, have brandished their pens for the public information and entertainment. But among the various candidates who have courted reputation in this two-fold capacity of warrior and writer, the martial author of the account now before us, claims pre-eminence in point of erudition. This very sprightly and learned piece is so profusely embellished with classical decorations, that it is very difficult to discover the ground of the work, for the thickness of the embroidery. We Reviewers, however, who are not dazzled by the brilliance of quotation, endeavour to do justice to an author's intrinsic merit, abstracted from his borrowed ornaments.

“ WHEN we consider the professed design of this performance, we are concerned to say, that the writer does not seem to have succeeded in the execution. His preface informs us, that “ the design of submitting to the public the follow-
 “ ing

“ing sheets, is principally owing to a variety
 “of aspersions thrown out upon the *British officers*
 “employed on this expedition.—Some,” he continues,
 “cried out vehemently against the retreat
 “of the troops from MARTINICO, whilst others
 “as loudly exclaimed against the capitulation of
 “Guadelupe.—It was, therefore,” he concludes,
 “in regard to these virulences, that he became
 “determined to draw a little account of all the
 “material movements of the fleets and forces,”
 &c. &c.

“THIS intent is, no doubt, laudable. But how does this little account remove the virulences; especially with regard to the retreat from *Martinico*? after having described the efforts made for the reduction of that island, and the promising appearance of success, which flattered the troops with a speedy conquest of the metropolis, in the very next paragraph the writer subjoins, that General Hopson sent to acquaint the Commodore, that he found it impossible to stand his ground, unless the squadron could give him assistance, by landing some heavy cannon, &c. at the Savanna; or, that the Commodore would attack the Citadel in the Bay, at the same time he did it on the shore; both which, he adds, were judged to be impracticable; upon which the General re-imbarked.

HERE

“ HERE, however, we naturally look for reasons *why* it became impossible for the General to maintain his ground, after such flattering appearance of success : and if any virulences have been vented, on account of the retreat, they certainly will never be removed by barely repeating the fact, without an attempt to justify the proceeding.

“ NEVERTHELESS, this writer, though not conclusive in point of argument, is specious, and not unentertaining. He appears to have a lively imagination, and his style, though too flippant for the subject, is free and sprightly. It would be injustice not to acknowledge, that there is something picturesque in his imagery, of which the following description of the appearance of Barbadoes, may serve as a specimen.

“ As the ships approached, the island rose
 “ gradually out of the sea, with a delightful
 “ verdure, presenting a most inviting prospect of
 “ the country all around, which looked like a
 “ garden ; the plantations were amazingly beautiful,
 “ interspersed at little distances from each
 “ other, and adorned with fruits of various colours ;
 “ some were spread out in fine open lawns, in others the
 “ waving canes bowed gently to the wind, from hanging
 “ mountains, while the continual motion of the sugar-mills,
 “ dispersed

“ dispersed in every part, and working, as it
 “ were, in concert, enlivened the engaging scene,
 “ and made it infinitely striking to eyes long
 “ accustomed to the unentertaining range of sky
 “ and water only.”

UPON DICK's leaving the amphibious service
 of *Marine*, and entering again into the foot, he
 sacrificed in the temple of Hymen to the god of
 love, and became *the married man*, though no
Benedictine.

SUBTLE irony and keen satire was his *forte*,
 in which he was sublimely liberal, and we have
 seen this unfortunate son of Apollo, mounted on
Pegasus, ride full speed up *Parnassus*, brandishing
 the barbed spear of defamatory satire o'er the
 heads of a host of adversaries, each trembling
 as

“ The wretch, with not a virtue of his own,”

which, like the eel, a non-generant, sprang up
 from the dirt and filth thrown from him.

AND now, having brought our hero into the
 political zone, we shall proclaim him a PATRIOT!
 of the first water;—in the zenith of his conse-
 quence, and so

Politic, as if one eye,
 Upon the other was a spy.

IN

IN the contested election for the borough of Lynn-Regis, and for the county of Norfolk, 1768, DICK MERRY-FELLOW readily embraced what is called *the country interest*, and entered heartily into the business of declamation and abuse;—weapons now so hacked as to loose their edge.

“ His saws were toothless, and his hatchets lead.”

It is not to be expected that we should follow the candidates, or their adherents, through the multiplicity of electioneering advertisements, squibs, reasons, strictures, queries, answers, &c. published on the occasion, nor swell this memoir with a minute detail of transactions; for, we agree with an author who says, “ *a great book is a great evil*,” our chief intention being to preserve the songs, epigrams, &c. wrote by our hero; in doing which, we mean no offence to the parties:—truth, and the nature of our present work, obliges us to render this—*a Repository of all his metrical compositions*,

By “ the LYNN MAGAZINE; or a collection
“ of papers, published during the contest in that
“ town,”

“ *Undique Clamor Tollitur.*

VIRG.”

we find, that the candidates and state of the poll were as follows,

The Honble. Tho. Walpole of London	200
Sir John Turner, Bart. of Warham	— 174
Crisp Molineux, Esq. of Garboldisham	159

whereupon the two former were declared duly elected, March 21, 1768. In 1774, Sir John Turner declined offering himself, and Mr. Molineux was chosen along with Mr. Walpole; and again in 1780.

At the time of this contest, the legality or illegality of GENERAL WARRANTS* was the political hobby-horse, and the criterion of political principles: of this the writers on either side availed themselves, and decided on its merits, even before that very important question came before Parliament, or the gentlemen of the long-robe in Westminster-hall. DICK MERRY-FELLOW was a declared enemy to every member or candidate, who had been, in any shape, an advocate for the *arbitrary* and *unconstitutional* power of the Star-chamber; as also to the administration of Lord Bute; but whether this aversion to the Scots Premier, arose from sentiments of true patriotism, or the circumstance of Dick's narrow

* General Warrants were publicly burnt at Lynn-regis, in 1765, John Cary, Esq. Mayor.

escape from being trampled on by the horses and carriage of that nobleman, we will not take upon us to determine; but certain it is, that Dick gave the coachman the following mild rebuke.

Drive on, friend John! all envy thee thy station,
Since thou drives him—who drives the K—g and
nation.

Dick having thus thrown down the gauntlet, as the avowed champion of the *country interest*, no wonder that we find him so much neglected by the *Court*, with respect to military preferments; and this conduct of administration, we are bold to say, hath deprived Great Britain of the services of many able officers, and created many warm oppositionists, both in and out of Parliament.

ALONG with the torrent of abuse and calumny that overwhelms the plains of decorum and freedom of election, a *stony* truth will now and then tumble forward with the current, and make its way to the feelings and judgment of the honest electors;—for *truth* is pleasing in any dress:

Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.

AGREEABLE to our plan, we shall pass over the addresses, letters, replies, rejoinders, &c. and begin our poetical farrago, with

The

The CASE of the Honourable LYNN MERCHANT,
most circumstantially stated :

By a Friend.

THE *Creoles* all grieve that their friend *Jemmy Spitter**
Has lately been put in a *damnable* twitter,
For the loss of his *plumbs* and *onions* from port,
Which, among the *Lynn* wits, makes excellent sport.
Demand on demand he made for his *onions*,
The land-waiters humm'd him, those saucy *rascallions*.
He then *condescended* to the *Dep. Col.* to write,
The *Dep.* condescended—no reply to indite.
Jemmy then sent *reproaches* for want of behaviour
To a merchant so *potent*—so full of—pallaver—
With his *plumbs* he had plann'd th' wives palates to please
Of M-l-n—x *freemen*—day nor night had he ease—
He *dreamt* of his *plumbs*—in his dreams gave direction
To disperse the *sweet boxes* to his friends of election.
He propos'd a snug treat to these M-l-n—x *honies*,
And wanted his *onions* to smother some *Conies*,
He waited and waited 'till the rabbits grew stale,
So now is determin'd to give *beef* and *Star ale*,
And tiff'd out in his *Spencer* to tell his sad tale.
How wretched and restless, *thrice* he sent to VAN-
COUVER,†
That *little vagary*—*harlequino* all over—
What meant you *Dep. Col.*?—to eat all his *plumbs*?
Zounds!—VAN—were they mine, I'd cut off—your
thumbs,

* Mr. James F-sh, the Merchant.

† Deputy Collector of the port of L-*nn*-R-*g*-s.

Nay, your legs too to boot, for your giving no answer,
I'd spoil you for ever from being a *dancer*—

Jemmy farther declares—tho' the *duty* be offer'd,
And full eighteen-pence conscientiously proffer'd,
Instead of receiving this *duty* for *King*, Sir !

They gave only a *protracting*, *evasive*, *fly answer*.

Jemmy Spitter thus *piqu'd*, and no *plumbs* could he get,
Well might his eyes twinkle, and he foam in such pet.
But the worst's still to come—tho' he wrote to the Board,
For these *plumbs* and these *onions*—there's not come a
word

Of the least satisfaction—no more than from VAN—
This stroke's then a proof—what they *think* of the *man*.

LYNN, July 11, 1767.

The above paper is a feeble attempt to ridicule a memorial delivered in to the Commissioners of the Customs, by an eminent *Lynn* Merchant, complaining of an unjust seizure at the port of *Lynn*; but the poetaster, whoever he was, sinks far beneath the weight of the following pen, which, we doubt not, was *Dick's*.

N. B. We have inserted the former merely to *set off* the latter.

On reading a late *Poetical Publication* at the
Custom-House.

NOW, by St. Paul ! as Richard swore of old,
True sterling wit exceeds true sterling gold :
Verse from the *Custom-house* ! see, townsmen, see !
And what is stranger still—'tis *duty free* :

All given gratis to each soul who enters,
 And ready as the coin that pays debentures :
 No more shall party-feuds distract our town,
 These lines shall beat all opposition down.
 No more that grating sound to T-RN-R's ears,
 The name of M-L-N--x, alarm our fears :
 No longer wanted in the streets to Hector
 Sir J-HN's great bulwark strut, the great C-ll-ct-r,*
 While little VAN his happy stars shall bless,
 And not one soul shall wish him to be less :
 Ev'n GEORGE † pacific grows, and shall he spit,
 It shan't be venom, but it shall be wit ;
 GEORGE, who, at all times, truth alone has spoke,
 Ne'er forfeited his word, nor promise broke.
 W-LP-LE shall poll, and willing freemen vote,
 And not a M-L-N--x shall change his note ;
 All parties shall alike admire the strain,
 And F-SH ‡ shall press the bard to write again :
 Blest poet ! who so early could assuage
 All private rancor, and all public rage,
 To thee the peace of this great town we owe,
 Who made the pride of T-RN-R stoop so low.

LYNN, July 16, 1767.

* Ch-rl-s T-rn-r, Esq. brother to Sir J-hn, and Mayor at the election.

† Mr. G—rge H-gge, a wealthy merchant of L-nn-R-g-s.

‡ This gentleman was so remarkable for the singularity of his temper and actions, that he was generally called, an *Odd Fybb.*

To the H-gh-Sh—r-ff.*

EPIGRAM.

NO! your coach, Mr. *Sheriff*, now the *Treasury's* gone,
 Instead of *WILL. M-xS-N*, may serve poor Sir *J-MN*.
 And O! what a fall! how is grandeur incog,
 When the *T-RN-RS* bow down, at the foot of a *H-Q*!

LYNN, July 26, 1767.

The Adventures of TRISTRAM SHANDY, August 31,
 1767.

— — — — — so as we were riding over the marshes,
 a good round trot, *Simpkin* first, I, of course, following;
 I happened to be ruminating on some domestic affairs of
 my own, my right hand loosely holding the bridle, and
 my wife *Dulcia's* new-lashed hand-whip, my left bearing
 upon the saddle, to prevent its chaffing my scarlet velvet
 breeches, with my eyes fixed on my left foot, which had
 the silver-studded spur on, to protect *Dapper* from the pe-
 netration of that unweildy weapon; when, with a sudden
 jerk, *Simpkin* stopped his *Ruby*: *Dapper* being close to
Ruby, and not aware of the stop, ran her head against
 his flourishing tail; which so irritated him, that he kicked
Dapper over the chest, and flung neighbour *Simpkin* out
 of his saddle into the dirt: *Dapper*, receiving so unexpected
 a blow, turned short off to the right, and caused me, vo-
 luntarily, to stick the rowels of the spur into her side;

* C—p M—x, Esq. of G—m.

no sooner did she feel a smart so uncommon to her, than she set off, galloping, kicking, f--t--g, &c. and notwithstanding I let fall the reins and the new-lashed whip, and clung fast to the mane and the saddle pommel, I rode not ten yards, before the scarlet velvet breeches were rent open between the legs to such a degree that - - -

- - - - - : well,—I was so frightened, that I let go my hold and fell plump into a ditch, as wide and as deep as that which Mrs. *Flouncer* calls the hoh ! hoh ! at the bottom of 'Squire *Randolph's* terrace-walk. By that time I had crept out of my cold bath, neighbour *Simpkin* had remounted *Ruby*, having only the addition of a little dirt on the back skirt of his coat, &c. But, O ! ye gods, that preside over the dirty roads of MARSHLAND, defend me from such another fatality !—Well, neighbour *Simpkin* found my whip, (though the lash was a little daubed) caught *Dapper*, and after I had pulled off that cursed spur, I mounted again, dragged as I was, scarce knowing whether I was male or female, but by the slit - - - . As we jogged on, pray, neighbour, (says I) what might be the occasion of that sudden stop, which has proved so unlucky to us both ?—look ! *Trisram*, look ! says he, seeming to recollect himself, see yonder how the streamers fly at the top-masts heads !—then, clapping spurs to *Ruby*, he rode furiously forward, without giving me time to answer.

- - - - - Be sure, master *Buckram*, that you mend the slit in my scarlet velvet breeches judiciously ; “ Sir,” says the taylor, setting his arms a-kimbo, “ I am a *freeman*, and work for the CANDIDATES, and surely I can stop a slit.”

There's

There's great rejoicing in town to day; pray what may be the reason? "Reason!" says the landlord, shaking his head, "I see no reason in it, neither do others that see at all; some rejoice through *prepossession*, others through *opposition*; some take a serpent by the head (forgetting the sting) to annoy others with the tail: but if you walk down to the water-side, near the place where you landed, you will see such a scene of stupidity, absurdity—well, God preserve us from arbitrators and arbitration!"—Away went I, as directed by the landlord, not doubting but I should find neighbour *Simpkin* amongst the *rabble*; I was right, there was he in the midst of them, aboard of a ship lying a-long-side of the quay, dirty as he was, (though by the bye, there were others there as *dirty* as himself): so I thought I would see what they were doing ashore before I went aboard. - - - - -

- - What are those casks there?—"O Sir," says the woman, "*Sir JOHN* and his friends, God bless them! are giving away *ale* to his friends and well-wishers."—"Avast! avast! you d—n'd lying b—h," says a sailor, who lay with his legs and arms extended on a piece of timber, "d—mn *Sir JOHN* and his friends, I say!—ale? small beer and jalap.—Freemen?—slaves! slaves! not Englishmen, Scotsmen, d—mn 'em, *Scotsmen*!—well-wisher?—no, no, I can contradict that; for I myself would steer him in a cockle-boat a thousand leagues to sea, if I might then have the pleasure of—O the gripes!—Damn GENERAL WARRANTS," says he, jumping up and running to a convenient corner, in order to join several others who were discharging *Sir JOHN*'s benevolence in a rather unseemly manner; and as I advanced towards the ship I scarce saw any thing but distorted features; occasioned, I suppose, by the intestine commotions which the particles

of air conveyed into the *abdomen* with each draught of the yet fermenting liquor, had excited, and my ears were continually saluted with the confused exclamations of “*M-l-n-x for ever!—d-mn Sir JOHN and his belch!*”—*Sir JOHN? Sir JOHN?* cried I to myself, feeling whether all were right about the breeches (forgetting that they were my landlord’s best buckskin) as I was going aboard, for I was willing to go decently, how far soever I might acquiesce with the absurdities of the rest when there. - - -

- - - - - So, neighbour *Simpkin*, you outride me, and to some purpose, if one may judge of things by *outward* appearances. “*Hush! hush!*” says he, “that is *Sir GEORGE:*” *Sir GEORGE? Sir GEORGE?* says I: why, the devil is in the people sure!—nothing but *Sir JOHN* ashore, and *Sir GEORGE* aboard; why sure, a *Quixotical* spirit has possessed them, and turned them all into knights and baronets!—“*Sir,*” says the man, who sat on the capstern, “if you will be a silent spectator with me, and attend to their discourse, you’ll soon find the occasion of this *ridiculous meeting.*” - - -

- - - - - Come, I’ll give you a toast; here’s the *M-y-r el-et!*” and why not the *M-y-r-s* too? says I to my friend. “*Softly!*” says he, “there is none, the *M-y-r el-et* keeps * * *”—*We* have the majority already, says *Sir GEORGE:*—“The minority, I’m sure then,” says my friend to me; “for whatever he affirms *to be*, is ever found *not to be.*”—Oh! ho! this is *electioneering* in every *bad* sense of the word, says I, jumping off the capstern and walking ashore. - - -

- - - - - Your servant, Mr. *Simpkin!* hey! hey! what, neither drunk nor mad?—“*Neither*” says he; “the distemper that raged aboard was not contagious, at least it did not affect

affect me any longer than while I bore a part in the action:" Well then, says I, I'll send to know whether the scarlet velvet breeches are mended, and in the mean time I'll give you the reigning topic of those people in the kitchen.—They all agree that *Sir JOHN* did not act with honour. "But what is honour?" says another; so honour ran throughout the whole assembly undefined; at last, up starts a gardener, and said "he knew what *supported* honour; and he believed, *Sir JOHN's* honour:" "What? what?" says the rest of the assembly; "vegetables," "says he: "for an Englishman is a *scurvy* fellow unless he eats vegetables; now a *pea* is a vegetable, therefore I affirm a *pea* to be a *part* of the support." Then up jumps a taylor, and urged "that trade, generally speaking, supported English honour; and in ours, added he, honour is entirely relied on; therefore," putting myself in *Sir JOHN's* stead, "if I can, for a yard, charge an *ell* with impunity, it is the *ell*, gentlemen, the *ell* that is a material support of my honour in the world." "Silence! silence!" says a shabby-looking fellow, who was playing at *All-fours* with another in a corner of the room, "all statesmen and gamblers!—rank gamblers! gentlemen—now we are statesmen," says he to his partner, "playing for * * * *, you are eight" "so am I,"—"hearts is trumps, and the knave is turned up"—"play away"—"there's the king;" "aye, but there's the *ace*—now I insist upon this *ace's* supporting my honour, I can *play again*."—So I summed up their opinions on the support of that honour which actuated *Sir JOHN*, just in the manner I took them down during the debate, thus,

The Gardener	-	-	-	-	A	P
The Taylor	-	-	-	-	L	
The Gamester an	-	-	-	-	A	C E.
<hr/>						
Total	-	-	-	-	A	P L A C E.

“ So, as the scarlet velvet breeches were just come from the taylor’s, I wished neighbour *Simpkin* a good night.”

THIS ADVENTURE flowed from the lively pen of DICK MERRY-FELLOW, and is replete with vigorous traits of the *Sbandian* portray. The incidents are well-woven, and the circumstance of the *rent breeches* natural ; though the whole story is founded only on Mr. G—— H-gge’s giving a barrel or two of beer to the populous on board one of his own ships in the harbour. The political satire is ingenious and truly comic, and the critical analyzation of *A PLACE* is figurative and humorous ; and though this *bagatelle* be incongruous with our avowed intention of not inserting *prosaic* essays, we could not resist the temptation of admitting it.

EPIGRAM upon the TIMES.

I.

WHEN M-L-N—x came first to town,
 With colours and what not ;
 “ See ! where the rebels come, see there !”
 Exclaims an angry Scot,

II.

II.

“ Rebels, quoth *John*, I’ve often seen
 “ At *Tyburn* where they hung ’em;
 “ Why, *Sawney*, look ! in all this crowd
 “ There’s ne’er a *Scot* among ’em.”

*To the AUTHOR of the EPIGRAM, addressed to
 RICHARD MERRY-FELLOW, Esq. accusing
 him of poverty. Dated Lynn-Regis.*

O Force of poignant satire ! known before :
 ’Tis granted, RICHARD MERRY-FELLOW’s *poor*:
 Of fortune’s gifts, he never made his boast,
 He never *smuggled* on the N-rf-lk coast :
 He ne’er by rapine made his road to gold,
 No parish *church-rates* in his coffers roll’d,
 Nor for a *crown* his brother’s honor sold :
 Sign’d no *debentures*, then, foul deed of shame !
 Implored his servant to *erase* his name.
 Oppression, ruin, never mark’d his way,
 He left to grow the LETTICE * of the day :
 No hoards by fraud of every kind acquir’d,
 Each honest heart with indignation fir’d :
 No injur’d innocents who beg their bread,
 Loud, as he walks, vent curses on his head :
 Around, and unappall’d he casts his eye,
 By him no widows starve, no orphans cry :

* Mr. Lettice, a merchant at Lynn — “ how could it be
 “ otherwise ? was it possible for a *Lettice* to take root under
 “ the nose of a *H-g*.

By foul extortion squeez'd he scorns all wealth,
 Yet lives in spirits, and yet lives in health ;
Poor tho' he was, he ne'er refus'd to lend
 In time of need ten ducats to a friend ;
 A * noble friend ! pattern to peers alive !
 Who but three days before denied him——five.
 By no vile arts encreas'd his scanty store ;
 What SOLDIER ever blush'd for being *poor* ?
 Who serves his country, acts the noblest part,
 He's rich enough who has an HONEST HEART.

Yet stand aloof ! ye slaves ! ye venal tribe !
 Whom T-RN-R *bullies*, and whom H-GGE can *bribe* !
 H-GGE ! that mean wretch, whose dirt-collected bags
 Arose from *gaping cockles* fold in rags :
 Down to thy dunghill, *muckworm*, and be dumb !
 Thou son of infamy, tho' worth a plumb !
 All ranks shall scorn thee, most when in thy pride,
 That is, when Sir J-HN T-RN-R's by thy side.
 The muse, though *poor*, that mongrel herd disdains,
 Who cringe to tryants, and who covet chains ;
 Who, meanly passive, in one fatal hour
 May doom themselves and children, slaves to pow'r ;
 Cowards ! too base to form the patriot stand !
 And sacrifice to *thieves* their native land.

LYNN, Dec. 11, 1767.

* Lord T——, at the Hotel de Flandres, April, 1744.

A NEW SONG, sung at Mr. W-LP-LE's meeting
at the Crown-tavern in *King's-Lynn*, on Thurs-
day, February 25, 1768.

I.

COME, cheer up my boys ! and to liberty sing,
To W-LP-LE and O-F--d, true friends to the *King* ;
Let party-distinctions raise up or pull down,
Here's a health to the *king*, and his friends to the *crown*.

*Hearts of oak are we still, and true honest men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
And a W-lp-le, a W-lp le shall ever be in.*

II.

When W-LP-LE, a name to this town ever dear,
Shall have gain'd his election, and rides in the chair ;
Our choice will have shewn what true Britons should be,
Our choice will have shewn that LYNN dares to be free.

Hearts of oak are we still, &c.

III.

When party ran high, in the reign of the *Queen*,
And *Jemmy's* staunch friends at the council were seen ;
Sir ROBERT stepp'd forth, to the honour of LYNN,
And King GEORGE he soon after in triumph brought in.

Hearts of oak are we still, &c.

IV.

May GR-FT-N long flourish the nation's delight !
Boasts the crown of *Old England*, a jewel more bright ?

May

May the tools of oppression be all kept in awe,
And C-MBDEN preside at the head of the law!

Hearts of oak are we still, &c.

V.

From WILLIAM the *Norman*, from JOHN, *King of LYNN*,
Who gave us our *Charter*, we *Free-men* have been ;
We are true to our *king*, yet will fight for our *laws*,
And will cheerfully *die* in our *country's* cause.

Hearts of oak are we still, &c.

VI.

Come, fill up a bumper, and round let us stand ;
Old England's our toast, take your glasses in hand ;
May *loyalty, liberty*, flourish in LYNN,
And a W-LP-LE, a W-LP-LE for ever be in.

Hearts of oak are we still, &c.

LYNN-REGIS, Feb. 25, 1768.

On a most extraordinary PROTEST made on *February 15, 1768*, at the time a writ of Mandamus was served by Mr. *Carlos C-ny*, Attorney, on the Mayor and members of the corporation, for having refused *William Peacock*, the younger, his *freedom*.

STRANGE contradiction ! how *protesters* vary,
From AL--RS-N the gruff, to driv'ling C-RY.
This *very man* for whom they make such rout,
Years since they set aside and voted out—

The very *Cafe* now wrong, before was right,
 And that must now be black which then was white ;
 Your *point* by this *Mandamus* you'll ne'er reach,
 So, good *Don CARLOS*, * with it wipe your breech.

LYNN, Feb. 25, 1768.

The KING'S BENCH *Musick*, or the WESTMINSTER
Hornpipe.

YE! idle triflers of the present day !
 Ye! *printer's devils*, slaves to *George's* pay !
 Ye! *knights* and *doctors* ! who *correct* the *press*,
 And make yourselves, though little, yet look less !
CARLOS, long us'd your malice to disdain,
 From prose or verse feels not a moment's pain ;
 He boasts no *privilege*, wants no *protection*,
 Sneaks to no *cousins*—*bribes* for no election :
Mandamus-arm'd, Lord MANSFIELD in his hand,
 He enters boldly, bids *oppression* stand :
Twelve freedoms strait attends his just request,
 W LP-LE and CRISP got twelve, Sir JOHN—the rest ;
 The mayor turns pale and trembles at the *hall* :
 For *sal volatile* the Serjeants call !
 While conscious virtue, with distinguish'd grace,
 Sits ever smiling on the brow of C-se.
 See ! *CARLOS* laughs, Sir JOHN looks grave and *snuffs*,
 The *Doctor* quibbles, half-bred *Jemmy* huffs :
 The *Doctor* quibbles ! that I never heard ;
 FR--M-N-avers, he cannot—break *his word*.

* Mr. Carlos C-ny, commonly called *Lawyer C-ny*.

Tags all abroad ! Sir GEORGE is at a stand !
 Then sends for comfort to *sagacious* BL-ND :
 A-DL-Y's *lack-lustre* eye completes the scene
 He takes a lesson, to divert his spleen,
 Of Polly V—NC—T, his dear *dancing queen*.

O ! Doctor, Doctor, let the press alone,
 And do not *first* begin to *throw*—a stone ;
 To GEORGE and H-M-LT-N * the types resign,
 GARRET'S † best friends ! and let true *genius* shine.

LYNN-REGIS, Feb. 26, 1768.

A CHARACTER.

LONG tainted with a lustful goût,
 And long indulg'd with *J-nn-y* too !
 A brazen front—and figure trim,
 A perfect spruce—in air and whim ;
 Conceited—to a high degree,
 Flippant—absurd—disgustful free :
 Affecting knowledge—vain pretence !
 Without the dawn of common-sense ;
 To other's merit—wilful blind,
 To his dear self—how vastly kind !
 Nay, loves his punk so very much,
 None but himself * * * * * must touch ;
 “ Right *Seignior Glistler*—who so true
 “ Could fix the pipe, and squirt it too ?
 “ ’Twas kindly done—your *J-nn-y*, sure,
 “ Must love you long for such a cure.”

PASQUIN.

LYNN-REGIS, Feb. 29, 1768.

† Scots Physician,

* Printer,

As

AS YOU LIKE IT! *addressed to the Author of the*
CHARACTER.

O! PARTY what a merry *queen* art thou?
Poets to make of *pipers*, heav'n knows how!
For tho' the *Doctor's* much inclin'd to hear,
The *Caledonian hum* still grates his ear.
Sweet music travels, and the *waits* go round,
O! should they play on some *forbidden* ground!
Name it not, ye *chaste* stars! *chaste* T-RN-R cries;
Then dabs with *lustre-water* A-DL-Y's eyes.

If SWIFT of *nice* men true description gives,
Our poet is the *nicest* man that lives:
And what to prove the definition true
Will more amaze you, he's a *Scots-man* too!
Who from his window never yet sent down
God's gifts, at second-hand, to *cleanse* the town.
But papers in his hair, so spruce and prim,
Steals out to take a peep at *Jenny's Whim*.*

Doctor! Sir J-HN! ye B-TE-directed bands!
'Tis time to change, and also *wash* your hands:
Sir GEORGE's poets! ye white-liver'd crew!
CARLOS still laughs, and more, still laughs at you:
He stole no *cockles*, and he never smuggled;
Cring'd to no *Scot*, nor, *Scot-like*, trick'd and juggled:
He robb'd no *cousins*, *plunder'd* no man's *heir*,
His heart is easy, and his honour clear.

LYNN-REGIS, *March* 1, 1768,

* A place of public entertainment near Chelsea.

The COUNCIL.

Confedere duces et vulgi stanti corona surgit ad hos—

ALL hands were pip'd : to them up rose Sir J--N,
With eye dejected, and with visage wan :

“ Friends ! tradesmen ! bl-cks ! you who through thick
and thin,

“ Dast deep and muddy all, *to bring me in*;

“ What thanks your zeal and ardor shall repay,

“ Should fortune smile on that auspicious day,

“ When *sweet* oppression claims your patriot aid,

“ And LAW and LIBERTY shall low be laid ;

“ Lo ! *Magna Charta*, bubble in the air,

“ Blown by old fools to make young madmen stare !

“ Ask deep-read W-DEH--SE*, or his *wisdom* B-C-N*,

“ They'll tell you GENERAL WARRANTS were *mistaken*;

“ They're *constitutional*, and useful things

“ To make good subjects to good British kings :

“ Or, if authority you want still better,

“ Ask the *true-blue scribe* of B-XT-N's letter.

“ What said DE G--Y, your *freeman* at the hall ? †

“ That *you were wrong*, he told you, *one and all* :

“ *Your cry was* LIBERTY he knew full well ;

“ But what it was—not *one of you* could tell ;

“ Ev'n stamp-act T--NSH--D, *cyder-barrel* P--r,

“ Safe from QU-B-C, and now no danger near,

“ Will roar for B-TE and *pow'r* from morn till night,

“ And challenge you—unless *he knows* you'll fight.

“ *Passive-obedience* to the rule of kings

“ And *ministers*, alone true quiet brings :

* Members who voted in favor of general warrants,

† September 29, 1767.

" Does it to rabble or to mob belong
 " To hold discourse of what is *right* or *wrong* ?
 " To descant on what suits the common weal
 " As they shall reason, and as they shall feel ?
 " Grant me success, ye heav'ns ! but on the day,
 " I'll teach the *ragged casuists* to obey.
 " Shall *freemen* vile, presume our thoughts to scan ;
 " From *outward* actions judge of *inward* man ?
 " Shall *Robin BODHAM* all our projects smoke,
 " And *Pescod* cut his *dry* licentious joke ?
 " Shall stubborn *Crispin* to his promise hold
 " Full *twenty pieces well* and *truly* told ?
 " O ! for a rod of iron to take down
 " Each saucy knave that meets me with a frown !
 " Who from his stall most impudently breaks,
 " And keeps his *bat on*—while to me he speaks !
 " Where is the arm of pow'r ? for that's my plan :
 " Without *despotic power*, what is man ?"
 He ceas'd : his speech for approbation call'd ;
 GEORGE smirk'd—CL-RKE cock'd his chin—and ELS-
 D-N squall'd.

But not so M-X-Y ALL-N ; he abhorr'd
 Oppression, tho' he found it in a lord.
 " Sir J-HN," says he, " that we are somewhat *mir'd*,
 " Have waded through *bad* roads till we are *tir'd*,
 " (Shame to us all) I own it is most true ;
 " But who could think, to hear it, Sir, from you ?
 " Nay, do not frown at me, for I'm not hurt ;
 " I say, you brought us into all this dirt.
 " I hate oppression, I detest your plan
 " Of pow'r, and so must ev'ry *honest* man.
 " Yon call us *Bl—cks*, but I the fact deny ;
 " Sir GEORGE may be your *Bl—ck*, Sir, but not I."

" O yes !" cries Sir GEORGE, and gives a sudden start;
 " I'll be your *Bl—ck*, Sir J—HN, with all my heart.
 " BUCKHORSE and I (for I shall bring him down)
 " Will *grub* in ev'ry sink-hole of the town :
 " We'll do your business for you in a trice ;
 " I hate such friends who are—so very nice :
 " Let 'em say what they will, let GARDINER write,
 " Let EV—R—RD sing, and E—SH and C—RY bite;
 " I put no value on an *empty name*,
 " BUCKHORSE and I—*feel* pretty much the same."
 He spoke, loud peals of laughter rend the air,
 The Council rose, and *Lawless* left the chair ;
 Smil'd to *himself*, as near observers tell,
 But swore Lord CHATAAM ne'er spoke *half so well*.

In times of yore, e'er he became so big,
 GEORGE was, we all must own, a *pretty pig* ;
 Till fortune, dame capricious, and wild chance,
 Sent him to Paris——there to learn to dance.
 He hunted with the *King*, the *King* admired,
 And the first *princes* of the *blood* retired.
 In rapture GEORGE replough'd the azure main,
Jack-boots, *bag-wig*, and hat of *pointe-d' Espagne* :
 Down *Chequer-Street* he prances in his *geers* ;
 Old *Glout* beheld and——*pull'd him by the ears*.

Did ever *genuis*, returning home,
 Exalted and improv'd, from *Greece* or *Rome*,
 Endure a shock like this ? he died away !
 His foreign trinkets and his *French* array,
 Shatter'd and shiver'd all, in one short hour !
 The dire effects of arbitrary pow'r !

LYNN-REGIS, Feb. 15, 1768.

THIS

THIS last poem is not disgraceful to Dick's muse, who, we must acknowledge, oft times from the attic descended to the scullery, where being drudge,

Rough repetition roar'd in rudest rhyme,
As clappers chinkle in one charming chime.

IN the *Lynn-Magazine* (which is avowedly of Dick's compilation) he labors hard to account for the conduct of the electors, as well as of the candidates, and the different interests on which they stood : but all in vain ! neither Dick's *coaxing* nor *jostling* could prevail with the freemen to think *as he did*. The following "*list of the horses and colours of the riders, which entered for the town plate at Lynn-Regis in Norfolk, on Monday, March 21, 1768 ;—rode by gentlemen ;*" is a metaphorical relation of the contest and its issue.

- " Mr. *Walpole's* pye-bald colt, No-BODY, *J. D—e*,
rider in black, and yellow, - - - 1st.
- " Sir *John Turner's* beautiful Highland poney,
GENERAL WARRANTS, *C. T.* rider, in black-
and-all-black, - - - 2d.
- " Mr. *Molineux's* bright bay horse, LIBERTY,
J. F. rider, in blue and orange, - - - dist.

" GENERAL WARRANTS took the lead, and
" went off at three-quarter speed, but pulled in
I " upon

“ upon perceiving LIBERTY lying by ; and No-
 “ BODY appeared to be *double-distanced* at first start-
 “ ting, having *no legs to run upon* : in the middle
 “ of the heat, the odds against No-BODY were ten
 “ to one, then twenty to one, and soon after an
 “ hundred to one, when, all on a sudden, LIBERTY
 “ stopp’d running, suffered No-BODY to pass by
 “ him, and *walked* over the course the remainder
 “ of the heat, to the great mortification of the
 “ whole company present, and the *knowing-ones*
 “ were completely *taken in* ! GENERAL WARRANTS
 “ observing LIBERTY to give up *running*, permit-
 “ ted the colt to slip by him too ; the *rider* know-
 “ ing his *master* as well as himself had a regard
 “ for No-BODY.—N. B. Many were of opinion the
 “ *winning* horse owed his success to his *rider only*.”

BEFORE we leave the *Lynn-Magazine*, we must
 extract from it, DICK’s humorous account of a
 speech made on the day of election by the late
 Sir W——m B——ne, Knight, M. D. “ Mr.
 “ P——dge was seconded by Sir W. B. whose *rhe-*
 “ *toric* was *amazing* : if the Recorder’s unusual
 “ eloquence surprized the audience, Sir W.’s
 “ *transported* them beyond all bounds. His *tropes*,
 “ his *figures*, his *metaphors*, were *birds of passage*,
 “ perfectly at his command ; they *flew* and *flapped*,
 “ and *flapped* and *flew*, from bench to table, from
 “ table to bench, and so round the hall ; now here,
 “ now there, that every body had them, though
 “ none

“ none could hold them : *natural interest*,—Liberty,—*Joe Sparks*,—now *Folkes*, now *Turner*—
 “ Such a transition ! such volubility of *prancing*
 “ periods ! such a variety of *beautiful inconsistencies* !
 “ such a *sweet reconciliation* of *jarring* sounds ! (all
 “ true *music* being built on *discord*) such a swelling
 “ majesty of language, uttered from a voice
 “ so *perfectly harmonious*, and from lungs so irresist-
 “ ibly strong, charmed his hearers to a pitch of
 “ *exquisite* delight, so that not a single Common-
 “ council-man or Alderman was free from *agita-*
 “ *tion* ; every *body* and every *part* of a body, was
 “ in action : *nods, winks, noses, fingers, toes, eyes, and*
 “ *tongues*, were all in *spontaneous emotion*, marking
 “ applause and admiration wonderful ! ” &c.

AT the same time that our hero was busily engaged in the controverted election for Lynn-Regis, he was equally assiduous for his friends, Sir EDWARD ASTLEY and Mr. WENMAN COKE ; who, in opposition to Sir ARMINE WODEHOUSE and Mr. DE GREY, were declared candidates for the County of *Norfolk* ; and it may be truly said, that *he had two irons in the fire*. Sometime after the county election, which happened on March 23, 1768, he collected the most material papers, in prose and verse, published during the canvas in 1767 and 8, and printed the same in a octavo pamphlet of 148 pages, called THE CONTEST.

Votum,

*Votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.*

JUV.

*Nec enim levia aut ludicra petuntur
Præmia.*—

VIRG.

FOR reasons very obvious, we do not mean to exhibit the various manœuvres and electioneering tactic employed during this campaign of the *paper war*, in which DICK MERRY-FELLOW proved himself an able, zealous, experienced officer: diligently observing the motions of the enemy, taking every advantage of ground, bringing up fresh artillery, and attacking his adversaries in the most vulnerable part—with their own weapons, GENERAL WARRANTS! *Liberty* of the press! Court influence! Pensions! Places! and a catalogue of other grievances; real and ideal!

HE ever held an opinion, that “an idle man “is a blank in the creation,” and that “the line “of *neutrality* at elections, had been, in general, “exploded, and laughed at by men of sense.” To this maxim he religiously adhered on most occasions, and to this cause may we ascribe all those petulencies and feuds that so frequently overshadowed his understanding, and left him bewildered in difficulties and dislike,—even with the parties he had warmly espoused:—but, *private vices, are public benefits!*

PARTY.

PARTY-spirit is a certain contagious distemper which rages with greater violence in England than elsewhere : and must not the source of this malady, asks a writer, arise rather from the *heart* than from the *head* ; from the different operations of our passions, than of our reason ?

*Furoræ cæcus, an rapit vis acrior,
An culpa ?*

And this will always be the case, whilst there subsists so powerful an *influenza*—as personal interest ! What were DICK's purest motives ; his after-conduct will best explain ? perhaps he wished to become of more importance, and public estimation ; than his natural sphere of life would admit !

“ Now to the utmost all his labors charge,
“ To shew his mighty consequence at large.”

Or, perhaps, he had an eye to the *leaves and fishes* ? But he was that strange, inconsistent heterogeneous, *outrée* being, which “ all men knew and no one regarded”—longer than he was useful.

THE day of nomination was on Thursday, October 8, 1767, but the day of election was not till Wednesday, March 23, following ; in which time, a term of six months, the canvas was warmly pushed on both sides, *secundum artem* :

“ And

“And declamation roar’d, while passion slept.”

And that rebellious teasing ulcer of poetical effusion, the *cacoethes scribendi*, had taken such possession of the minor bards, as threatened a total dissolution of rhyme and reason !

All human race would fain be wits,
And millions miss for one that hits.

SWIFT.

WE have already observed that that political hydra, GENERAL WARRANTS, was the butt and inflammatory rage of party. “General Warrants are illegal ! General Warrants are unconstitutional ! General Warrants are rods of iron for the chastisement of the people of England !” says a Norfolk freeholder ; and he adds a list of those members who voted *against*, and of those who did *not* vote against, General Warrants.

Two very humorous *Letters*, giving an account of the meeting on the nomination day, and the speeches of *Hurlo-Thrumbo*, the prize-fighter, and of *Bullet Blunder*, of Sir *John Quicksilver* and Mr. *Quorum Porcus*, are clearly of DICK’s writing.

*Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu composita quiescunt.*

VIRG.

But we only extract the following note:

IN.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

Caricatura-Hall, July 7, 1766.

“AT a public meeting this day held, the *County of Dereham* came to a final and unanimous resolution of putting in *nomination* two Candidates to represent the *Borough of Norfolk* at the next general Election, after a previous harangue in their favor, delivered with astonishing eloquence by the learned Recorder of *B—ry in Suffolk*.

“HE recommended, in the course of his oration, the *re-election* of the *old* members, *who were both present*, and dwelt with *singular* propriety on the *great popularity* they had acquir’d by their *steady* and *uniform* support of GENERAL-WARRANTS, and their inflexible opposition to the *Repeal* of that invaluable *Magna-Charta* for *North-America*, the STAMP-ACT : he closed all with observing their spirited endeavours to *extend* the Laws of EXCISE already found so beneficial to the *trade* and *commerce* of these kingdoms.

“LORD CARICATURA spoke a great deal on the occasion, but *said nothing*, it being his lordship’s opinion, “that a PEER ought not to *influence* the election of a “COMMONER:” His lordship therefore *contented* himself with taking down the names, and *taking off* the *faces*, of the whole company ; of the latter of which he has since formed a very *curious* collection, to be hung up in the *grand saloon* at the *Castle of QUEBEC*.

N. B. The *County of Dereham* had all the honor to dine with his lordship this day, and the two *old* members to *kiss* his ———”

May General Warrants North-Briton’s enslave,
And O ! may they fetter each time-serving knave !

But

But you, ye free souls, who for liberty look,
Huzza ! with loud voices for ASTLEY and COKE.

Jan. 14, 1768.

WHO first began to puff and crack and boast
From *Yarmouth, Wells*,--and down along the Coast ?
HOLKHAM's *rich heir* ? or *sweet* Sir ARM—E, say ?
Imperious AST—Y ? or the *meek* DE—G—Y,
Whose gentle carriage steals all hearts away. }

“ ILLEGAL and not warranted by Law,”
Who from these Words could different Meanings draw ?
HOLKMAN's *rich heir* ? or *sweet* Sir ARM—E, say ?
Imperious AST—Y ? or the *meek* DE—G—Y,
Whose gentle carriage steals all hearts a way? }

AMONG the fugitive pieces, here selected from
Dick's publication of the *Contest*, none was more
openly avowed than the following Song ; which,
for ridicule and pointed satire, is equal to any
produced on the occasion : and if we may judge
of their feelings by the severity of the lampoon,
this line, from the *Bath guide*, is not inapplicable
from the parties to the author.

You come like an impudent wretch, to attack us !

Or, in the words of *Juvenile*,

———*Monstrum nullâ virtute redemptum*
A vitüs. — — —

SONG.

S O N G, wrote by R-CH--D G-RD-N-R, Esq.

R--NH-M IN THE DUMPS; or, a *Quo War-ranto* against the constitution.

Tune, "The Archbishop of Canterbury."

I.

ONE morning early, Sir ARM—E went
 To R--NH-M in great forrow;
 Some folks relate 'twas with intent
 To bid the *peer* good morrow;
 When at the door a *tall boy* stood,
 All dres'd in buff and black, Sir!
 Who stop'd him short, and said, "Sir Knight,
 "As you came you may go back, Sir!"
Fol de rol lol, &c.

II.

"I know thee well, the *Knight* reply'd,
 "A *Colonel*—so am I, Sir!
 "And with your leave, good *Colonel Bluff*,
 "I must, and will pass by, Sir!"
 "O! no, O! no! the *Colonel* he said,
 "Tho' I am the *great DE-G—Y*, Sir!
 "My *Lord* sees none but pimps and fools,
 "And *J-mmy J-n-s*, to day, Sir!"

III.

While thus the heroes parlying stood,
 Flew ope' a door, and lo! Sir!
 The first came *J-mmy J-n-s*, and next,
 The pimps all in a row, Sir!

My

My *Lord* he bow'd, my *Lord* he scrap'd,
 My *Lord* he pull'd his cheek, Sir !
 And twirling his neck and head about,
 He thus vouchsafed to speak, Sir !

IV.

“ O woe is me ! alack ! a day !
 “ Poor *Ch-rly* * is no more, Sir !
 “ And I, alas ! am no body now,
 “ Who was but little before, Sir !
 “ Sir ARM—E you, and you DE G—Y,
 “ And on you, *J-mmy J-n-s*, I call, Sir !
 “ O ! weep with me, O ! weep—for why
 “ Lord B—CK—NGH—M sees me fall, Sir !

V.

“ What ! tho' I'm scamp'ring over sea,
 “ Chief Constable to the K—g, Sir !
 “ My ears will morning, noon, and night,
 “ With C—KE and ASTL—Y ring, Sir !
 “ I'm cut to the brain, stand off ! stand off !
 “ For I am mad outright, Sir !
 “ Of GENERAL WARRANTS I think all day,
 “ And I dream of Lord B—TE all night, Sir !

VI.

“ Much injur'd shade of L—IC—ST—R see !
 “ Thy full revenge is taken,
 “ From *Luttrell* and from *Alb-marle*
 “ I scarcely saved my *Bacon* ;

* Surely our Hero does not mean *Ch-rly Stu-rt* ? if he does
 he deserves a —————

- “ And now Sir EDW—RD, gallant Knight,
 “ Is hitting me hard knocks, Sir !
 “ O what the Devil had I to do
 “ With Sir EDW—RD and his Fox, Sir ?

VII.

- “ Come, Justice *R-sh*, come aid me now,
 “ His fury for to check, Sir !
 “ Bring all our *sons of terror* down,
 “ O ! bring them from QU—B—C, Sir !
 “ QU—B—C ! harsh sound ! it tortures me,
 “ W—LFE put me on the flanks, Sir !
 “ When M—RR—Y stood where I should have been,
 “ In front of all the ranks, Sir !

VIII.

- “ Where’s B—C—N ? here ! where’s T—RN—R ?
 “ here !
 “ All right good men and true, Sir !
 “ Pluck out the *Orange* from your hats,
 “ And flip, in the *plaid* and *blue*, Sir !
 “ *Norwich* shall storm, and *Lynn* shall rant
 “ And roar for the *constitution*,
 “ We’ll drink Lord B—TE upon our knees,
 “ And d-mn the revolution.

IX.

- “ Cheer up, my *militia* bully-backs !
 “ Look big ! and never fear ’em ;
 “ For what can C—KE and ASTL—Y do,
 “ When we have the *county of Dereham* ?”

So saying, he kiss'd the W—RH—M *Knight*,
 Sir ARM—E and DE—G—Y, Sir !
 And off they went quite happy all,
 And sure to win the day, Sir !

Fol de rol lol, &c.

Nov. 4, 1767.

To the Author of the Epigram in the Norwich
 Mercury of January 9, ending with the follow-
 ing line in favor of an old member.

“ As a foldier profess'd, goes before a recruit.”

E P I G R A M.

OLD foldiers who desert their country's cause
 And fight against its *freedom* and its *laws*,
 No corps admit to take their post again,
 But young recruits become the front-rank men.

Swaffham, Jan. 9, 1768.

S O N G,

Addressed to Sir EDW—RD ASTL—Y, and WENM—N
 C—KE, Esq.

Tune—“ The women all tell me I'm false to my lass.”

I.

YE sons of fair freedom assist a good cause,
 Defend from oppression, your rights and your laws ;
 Those blessings so mighty, are blessings divine,
 And toast them each night in a bumper of wine.

Those blessings, &c.

II.

II.

Despise all *Scotch* tools, who your interest crave,
They mean nothing else, but yourselves to enslave;
Then O! give your votes, at sweet liberty's shrine,
And to *ASTL-Y* and *C-KE* fill a bumper of wine.

And to Astl-y and C-ke, &c.

III.

No time-serving sycophants ever believe,
Their boasting is selfish, they mean to deceive;
But with men of true honor all heartily join,
And wish them success in a bumper of wine.

And wish them success, &c.

IV.

Remember fam'd *WILKES*, who to exile was sent;
Black rancor and malice both join'd the intent;
He suffer'd for freedom; then let us combine,
And wish him redress in a bumper of wine.

And wish him redress, &c.

V

May *GEORGE* long reign over us, peace on us smile,
And a free trade and commerce distinguish our isle;
May our senate be just, and in liberty shine,
And we drink applause in full bumpers of wine.

And we drink applause, &c.

The following Verse, as it relates to DICK MERRY-FELLOW, we insert from a Song called *Measure for Measure*, published by the adverse party.

BUT when debauch'd by *merry* DICK,
The muse herself miscarried,
We much deplor'd the naughty trick,
For DICK you know is married :
O prithee DICK ! no longer roam
In search of foreign pleasure :
With Mrs. G-R-D-N-R stay at home,
She'll Measure give for Measure.

K-mb-rley G H O S T.

I.

'TWAS at the awful noon of night,
When ghosts and goblins meet,
There stood a pale and lanky spright
Close by Sir ARM—'s feet,

II.

Wak'd from his late Lethæan cup,
The *Knight* began to start,
With looks aghast,—and rising up,
He faintly said,—what art ?

III.

Thy *brother* comes, the phantom cries,
Thy conduct to upbraid ;
Which must thy living friends surprize,
And e'en alarm the dead.

IV.

IV.

Our kindred ghosts are in amaze
 To hear this wond'rous change,
 The friends of your late happier days,
 H—RE, ASTL—Y, and L'ESTR—NGE.

V.

In *nobles* O! put not your trust,
Divide and *rule's* their aim;
 Recal past times, and know you must,
 There is no help in them.

VI.

Think on the glorious *thirty-four*,
 When I this honor gain'd,
 Against that domineering pow'r
 Which now *you* call your friend.

VII.

Such friends that veer and tack about,
 Deceitful are I ween;
 And if they could not keep *me* out,
 They ne'er can bring *you* in.

VIII.

But hark!—the cock—I've but one word,
 One parting word, to say,
 Beware of *R—m's* faithless *Lord*,
 Nor trust too far DE G—Y.

IX.

The *Knight* at first with horror shook,
 And trembling every limb,
 Takes t'other nap, and when he woke,
 Mistook it—for a DREAM!

C I N D E R E T T A;

A Mock Pastoral. *Detur Digniori.*

DOWN dropt her *brush*; the *dish-cloth* thrown aside,
 And lost was all the *kitchen's* silver pride;
 Scarce would the deep majestic *bellows* blow,
 The lab'ring *jack* would hardly, hardly go;
 Dull was the *brass*, unwash'd her *earthen-ware*,
 And *Tabby* slept neglected in the chair:
 Love wrought the change, 'twas love that had betray'd,
 When thus in doleful dumps bewail'd the maid:
 ' Go, gentle gales! and bear my sighs away,
 ' Ah! why so long does *Hurlo-thrumbo* stay?
 ' Why form'd dame nature woman's love so strong,
 ' Or, why art thou so tempting and so long?
 ' Refound my *tubs*, my hollow *tubs* refound;
 ' Ah me! that love should give so deep a wound!
 ' Why in that *House* * shouldst thou so strive to shine,
 ' Is it more *clean* or better *kept* than mine?
 ' Alas! I'm told (but they are lies, I ween)
 ' That *dirty* house no mortal yet could *clean*:

* Parliament.

* *Rub*

‘ *Rub* as they will, and *polish* as they can,
 ‘ *Pensions* and *bribes* will iron-mould the man :
 ‘ Go, gentle gales ! and bear my sighs away !
 ‘ Ah ! why so long does *Hurlo-thrumbo* stay ?
 ‘ Why seeks my soldier forts or city-walls,
 ‘ When I can make, my love—less hurtful *balls* ?
 ‘ Why, to the camp must *Hurlo-thrumbo* fly,
 ‘ When I can raise, and you besiege—a *pye* ?
 ‘ If thou must fight, for thou art born to wield,
 ‘ Oh ! fight—in *passe*—the heroes of the field :
 ‘ When yester-morn I turn’d my *jack* around,
 ‘ The *salt-box* fell portentous to the ground :
 ‘ Thrice mew’d the *Cat*, and thrice he flew on *Trays*;
 ‘ Oh ! think on this, and thy election-day !
 ‘ Die, CINDERETTA ! ease thy hateful smart,
 ‘ Ambition’s now the mistress of his heart :
 ‘ Ah me ! each object that these eyes can view,
 ‘ Brings to my mind some pleasing form of you :
 ‘ When in this hand the *polish’d spit* I hold,
 ‘ Thy shape is here, for thou art *long* and *cold* :
 ‘ If I the *cleaver* take, the *joint* to part,
 ‘ Thy absence then is cleaving of my heart :
 ‘ Or, if I strive the *kitchen-fire* to mend,
 ‘ Those eyes are flaming at the *poker*’s end :
 ‘ Go, gentle gales ! and bear my sighs away !
 ‘ Ah ! why so long does *Hurlo-thrumbo* stay ?”
 Thus wail’d she, tearful, to herself alone,
 The hollow *tubs* re-echoing every groan :
 When lo ! her much-lov’d hero stood to view,
 And her heart flutter’d as he nearer drew :
 She sought the *garret* for her Sunday’s pride,
 Pinn’d on her *nims* *, and brush’d the *fleas* aside.

* Shift sleeves.

The busy Sylphs attend the dressing fair,
 This clears the *scurf*, and this *pork lards* her hair :
 This with its breath reduc'd her tear-swol'n eye,
 Another fans the pouting nostrils dry.
 Down came the damsel with superior grace,
 With all the *stew-pan's* radiance in her face :
 So *dredg'd*, so finish'd, and so soft her look,
 Now trips a goddess, and now smiles a *cook* :
 Flies to her hero, with resistless charms,
 And clasps the *long, cold C-L-N-L* in her arms.

March, 18, 1768.

The foregoing burlesque pastoral, is wrote in an easy flow of characteristic, and much humor. The following heroic is rather labored, and too severe;—in some parts unjust: but an election-muse, like a good hunter, must not stop at any thing, however hazardous.

The Battle of DEREHAM, or the Annual
 NORFOLK-JIG *, as it was exhibited before
 Lord *****.

—————*Hæ Nugæ seria ducant*
In mala.—————

I.

N E A R *Dereham* riding t'other day,
 I saw the *troops* in proud array

* See Hogarth's print of the Times,

With

With looks so *fierce* and big,
 I was afraid they'd come to *blows*,
 Till ***** bade the triple-rows
 Begin his *Norfolk-jig*.

II.

Heavens! with what tremendous air !
 The *subalterns* began to stare !
 The *captains* led the *van* :
 The *major's* horse was seen to prance:
 The *drums* to skip, the *fifes* to dance,
 They caper'd, jig'd, and ran !

III.

Up hill and down, o'er hedge and ditch,
 Regarding neither head nor breech,
 In eager thirst of *glory* :
 Trust me, not faster could they fly—
 To *battle*, were the *French* as nigh
 As *Scarning-wood* before ye.

IV.

To number, O! 'twould be in vain
 How many cocks and hens were *slain* !
 Here sprawl'd a bleeding pig !
 The cackling geese before them fled,
 There many a wadling duck lay dead,
 Crush'd in the *Norfolk jig*.

V.

Three turkey-cocks in *ambuscade*,
 View'd with disdain the *havoc* made,

They swell'd, with hostile ire;
 They swell'd, as thro' the bushes green,
 Their scarlet gills were flaming seen,
 And nigh they drew and nigher.

VI.

Appal'd at once the martial band
 Halt at the *General's* command,
 In wild amaze each rank;
 The toe projected 'gan to quiver,
 To flutter much the heart and liver,
 And visages grew lank.

VII.

So on that ever-glorious plain,
 Where *England's* warlike son was slain,
 True *soldier*, great in all!
 — the conquering *troops* could check,
 In full pursuit and save *Q—c*,
 From instantaneous fall.

VIII.

For he observ'd, though void of fear,
 That *Bougainville* was in the rear,
Wolfe dead! the *French* advancing!
 'Twas time to set all matters right,
 He thought, and so he stopp'd the *fight*,
 As now he did the dancing.

IX.

The *Dereham* chiefs, the battle done,
 With the same speed and spirits run

To

To dine, and take their *pay*;
First from their *gaiters* wipe the mud,
And from their reeking *swords* the *blood*,
Such slaughter was that day !

X.

Vain fleeting joys ! the month is past,
To other arts our *warriors* haste ;
The *annual jig* is o'er ;
Thus the mock-heroes on the stage,
“ Strut out their hour in empty rage,
“ And then are heard no more.”

FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

Norwich, March 19, 1768.

Though we find the following very excellent song among Capt. MERRY-FELLOW's collection, we do not esteem him as the author ; neither do we believe it was *wrote for any electioneering* purpose, nor aimed at any of the gentlemen to whom he has thought proper to address it, but is a general satire on the militia——*of that day.*

Sir DILBERRY DIDDLE, Captain of Militia;

Humbly inscribed to the Right Hon. L. T. Sir
A. W. Bart. and T. De G. Esq. Colonels in or-
dinary of Militia.

OF all the *brave* captains that ever were seen,
Appointed to fight by a King or a Queen ;

By a Queen or a King appointed to fight,
Sure never a Captain was like this brave Knight.

Derry, &c.

He pull'd off his slippers and wrapper of silk,
And foaming as furious as—whisk-pated milk ;
Says he to his Lady, “ my Lady, I’ll go—
“ My company calls me, you must not say no.”

Derry, &c.

With eyes all in tears, says my Lady—says she,
“ O cruel Sir *Dilberry* ! do not kill me !
For I never will leave thee, but cling round thy *middle*,
And *die* in the arms of Sir *Dilberry Diddle*.”

Derry, &c.

Says *Diddle* again to his Lady, “ My dear !
(And with a *white* handkerchief wip’d off a tear)
The *hottest* of actions will ever be *farce*,
For sure thou art *Venus* !” says she, “ Thou art *Mars*.”

Derry, &c.

A while they stood fimp’ring, like Master and Miss,
And Cupid thought he would have given one kifs ;
’Twas what she expected, admits no dispute,
But he touch’d his own finger, and *blew a salute*.

Derry, &c.

By a place I can’t mention, not knowing its name,
At the head of his company, *Dilberry* came ;
And the drums to the window call every eye,
To see the *defence of the nation* pass by,

Derry, &c.

Old *bible-fac'd* women, through spectacles dim,
With hemming and coughing, cried, "Lord it is him!"
While the boys and girls, who more clearly could see,
Cry'd, "Yonder's Sir *Dilberry Diddle*—that's he!"

Derry, &c.

Of all the fair ladies that came to the show,
Sir *Diddle's* fair Lady stood *first* in the row;
"Oh, *charming*, says she, how he looks *all in red*!
How he *turns out his toes*, how he *holds up his head*!"

Derry, &c.

Do but see his *cockade*, and behold his *dear* gun,
Which shines like a *looking-glass* held in the *sun*;
O! see thyself now, thou'rt so martially smart,
And look *as you look'd* when you *conquer'd my heart*.

Derry. &c.

The sweet-sounding notes of Sir *Dilberry Diddle*,
More ravish'd his ears, than the sound of a *fiddle*,
And as it grew faint, that he heard it no more,
He soften'd the word of *command* to—*encore*.

Derry, &c.

The *battle* now over, without any *blows*,
The heroes *unarm* and strip off their clothes;
The *Captain* refresh'd with a sip of *rose-water*,
Hands his *dear* to the coach, bows, and then steps in after.

Derry, &c.

John's orders were special, to drive very *slow*,
For fevers oft follow *fatigue*, we all know;
But prudently cautious, in *Venus's lap*,
His head under *her apron*, brave *Mars* took a nap.

Derry, &c.

He dreamt, fame reports, that he cut all the throats
Of the French, as they landed in flat-bottom'd boats :
In his sleep if such dreadful destruction he makes,
What HAVOC—ye gods ! shall we have when he wakes,
Derry, &c.

The GHOST of KIMBER.

Tune—"Hofier's Ghost."

I.

AS at midnight, half distracted,
Poor Sir ARM—E weeping laid ;
Hurt to think how mad he acted,
And the *dupe* he had been made.

II.

All his hopes and friends declining,
All his *cash*, so idly spent ;
Loud he curst that day of joining,
When to RAIN—M first he went.

III.

Thus opprest, with thoughts so horrid,
Lo ! aside the curtain flew,
When a Ghost, with low'ring forehead,
Stood presented to his view.

IV.

Brother ARM—E, thou art doing
(Said the shade) no honest part ;
Can'st thou seek thy *cousin's* ruin,
Led away by T—NSH—D's art ?

V.

V.

Know! I scorn thy hateful measures,
 And thy junction do disown;
 Has not *M-l-n* spent its treasures,
 When our *father* sav'd his own?

VI.

What is HONOR when neglected?
 On my best of friends you frown;
Hun-ston too you know, protected,
 And they pull'd Sir ROBERT down.

VII.

But O! ARM—E, pray remember
 What an injur'd Ghost declares,
 T—NSH—D loves not you, nor KIMBER,
 Nor would stir to save your ears.

VIII.

But farewell! the cock is crowing,
 I must, now, no longer stay;
 Stop those tears, which now are flowing,
 For thy lost *election-day*.

IX.

For when ASTL—Y rides victorious,
 And the happy day be won,
 You shall shrink away, inglorious,
 Unsupported, and undone!

LYNN, Feb. 5, 1768.

On Sir ARM—E's suddenly growing *blind* and
deaf, upon hearing the voice of *Truth*,

THE *voice* of *Truth*, of old how great,
 Our ancestors declare;
Eyesight it gave unto the *blind*,
 And to the *deaf* an *ear*.

In our degenerate days, alas!

A sad reverse we find;

Those who could *hear* before are *deaf*,

And who could *see* are *blind*.

NORWICH, *March* 16, 1768.

ON Wednesday March 23, 1768, the election
 for Knights of the shire came on at the Castle of
 Norwich, and next morning the High-Sheriff
 declared the state of the poll to be as follows:—

Sir Edward Aftley, Bt. of Melton-Constable,	2977
Thomas De Grey, Esq. of Merton,	— 2754
Sir Armine Wodehouse, Bt. of Kimberley,	2680
Wentham Coke, Esq. of Holkham,	— 2610

and that the two former were duly returned to
 represent the County of Norfolk in parliament.

THUS were the strenuous exertions of *Country*
 and *Court* interest brought to an issue, and each
 had cause to triumph in the choice of a member;
 yet

yet the following state will shew that the Country interest was the strongest *in point of numbers*:—

Votes for Sir Edward Aftley and Mr. Coke — 5587

Sir Armine Wodehouse and Mr. De Grey 5434

153

THE old party-distinction, *Whig* and *Tory*, was not unsuccessfully revived, and the consistency, or inconsistency, of political sentiment in the several candidates and their adherents, was played off with the usual climax. Rhetorical lightning flashed from figure to trope,—from trope to figure, and the impetuosity of writers ran on in that *ti-tum-ti* insipidity which rather palls than awakens, and disgusts rather than convinces: But “pleas’d with a feather, tickled with a “straw,” they are insensibly lead on, whether in consequence of feeling a *goût* or of touching a *doceur*, it matters not—so that they divert the current of popularity into its proper channel.

THAT the liberty of the subject is infringed by an extension of power, or a misapplication of authority? is a trite but melancholy truth, verified by daily experience; yet those *in office* are blind to the evil, and deaf to the cure: And happy, themselves, in the *sanctum sanctorum* of Majesty, they are callous to the distresses of others, and totally insusceptible of that general PHILANTHRO-
PHY

PHY which extends from the center, *self-love*, in circles to universality, so finely described by Pope :

Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human race.

As every poison carries with it an antidote, so may the people remedy that very evil, *once in seven years*, of which they complain during that period ; but their infatuation is such, that the only use they make of their short-lived *liberty*—is, to apply an old plaister to a fresh wound ; and, as if by fascination, bring on themselves that imbecillity and contempt, which the successful candidate of a certain borough had the *sincerity* to shew his constituents : “ I bought you, and I “ will sell you ! ” In this medium of venality and folly may we, like “ Patience on a monument smiling at Grief,” remain till, according to Milton, we see “ Golden days fruitful of golden deeds,” or in words more to the present purpose, see “ virtuous days fruitful of virtuous “ deeds.”

Few instances of that honest spirit congenial with public faith, are to be met with. Modern patriots profess a great deal—but mean very little ; and that regard due to their country is swallowed up in party-feuds and corruption. Not so the
worthy

worthy Yarmouth-representative in 1681: "You
 " have chosen me *freely*, and I will *serve you* faith-
 " fully."—Not so the member for Chichester, on
 " offering his services again: I found you *free*,
 " and so, for any act of *mine*, you remain."

WE ought not to measure men's intentions by
 their *success*, for it is cruel, in the extreme, to con-
 demn a legislator, or a military commander,
 merely because he is over-powered by numbers.
 His abilities and integrity may be brilliant tho'
 his efforts may lack lustre: *the race is not to the*
swift, nor the battle to the strong: but, alas! the
 nation hath recently had such fatal experience
 of this disposition, not only among the people,
 but in administration, that when our confidence
 is no longer in men of merit, we ought not to be
 surprised at finding the army-list full of adventur-
 ers and desperadoes; who are not actuated by
 principle, nor limited by interest; whose necessities
 force them into the service, and whose sense of
 honor is not scrupulously high. The service
 becomes no longer the *primum mobile* of all human
 distinction, when a *commis**, an obscure fellow†, or
 a traitor‡, is put at the head of a corps; or, when
 the bold, just, hardy veteran, must give rank to a
petit maitre, who probably has nothing to recom-
 mend him but a taste for *dress*, or his being the il-

* F—ll—n, &c. † Mc. C—k, &c. ‡ One Arnold.

legitimate

legitimate of a profligate peer, or court sycophant. The nature of the service at sea, shields the navy from being contaminated by men of this description; but that shameful and iniquitous partiality which is, on every occasion, exercised by the ***** of the *****, hath driven many, very many, able and experienced Commanders *a-shore*. From this digression we shall return to our hero, who we find discussing electioneering politics with that short-sighted perspicuity so well expressed by Mr. Burke in the House of Commons :

When so much sense and skill go hand in hand,
The more we read, the less we understand.

This *extempore* and well-applied couplet brought to his mind the observation of Horace, *simatura negat, facit indignatio versum*.

CLACKCLOSE * TRIUMPHANT.

Hic cæstus artemque repono. VIRG. *Æn.* 5. l. 434.

YE *Clackclose* freeholders, so honest and hearty,
Whom nobribes, or threats, could e'er turn from
your party,

Now the CONTEST is over, may sing and rejoice ;
See the man whom you love is your country's choice !
See the honor of *Melton* again rear her head,
And the *Knight*, at our bidding, retire to his shed.

* A hundred in Norfolk.

O! C-KE! what a triumph, hadst thou been but join'd!
 Whilst I feel for our loss, I honor your mind,
 To good or ill fate, alike calmly resign'd. }

Ye heroes, inroll'd in the *goose-pye* cantata,
 May give them plain truth for their lying sonata;
 For, in spite of their jesting on ASTL-Y and C-KE,
 'They had found, to their cost, this alliance no joke!
 Had we known but our strength, 'tis a matter quite
 certain,

We had quell'd both the *knight*, and the *dragon* of
M-rt-n.

Let us then, pay due merit to those worthy men,
 Who have felt, unprovok'd, the scratch of their pen.
 With the lord of *Stow-hall*, see! the village refounds,
 Who feeds every day the poor—not his bounds:
 Distinguish'd by fortune, by family great,
 And a soul as enlarg'd as his ample estate.
 See *Riston's* old Sire join the patriot train,
 And forget for a while, diseases and pain!
 His two gallant sons the first summons attend,
 And with vigor support their relation and friend;
 Ever swift on the wing to defend and assail,
 Where their own party shrink, or the adverse prevail.
 See ST-LEM-N the honest, the theme of each voice,
 Who shines, in his circle, the true *man* of *Rofs*:
 To old age and want always opens his door,
 The steward himself of the helpless and poor!
 See good-humor'd SAFF-RY, active and bold,
 And ready to face them in all their strong hold!
 Ever cheerful and willing to help those who need,
 Where friendship demands, or distress wants his aid.
 Let a brave *half-pay officer* bring up the rear,
 Who, tho' something to hope for, has nothing to fear;
 Who

Who, took up his *pen* when he laid by his sword,
 And dares to speak truth, tho' his subject's a L—d;
 That sword, which in youth his enemies fled,
 'Tis hard, when he's old, should *scarce give him bread*:
 But learning and sense must prevail at the last,
 And, I hope, will reward him the wrongs that are past:
 Then, neighbours, farewell—do but steadfast remain,
 We'll be ready to meet them again and again.

Cambridge Chronicle,
 April 23, 1768.

Inscription for the Pedestal of the grand Obelisk
 to be erected in the Public Market-place at
 EAST-DEREHAM, in the County of NORFOLK.

LIBERTATI REVIRESCENTI
 S.

SEJANO adulatore septentrionali
 Cladem Reipublicæ
 Meditante
 Genti Anglicanæ
 Cui Maxime Infensus erat
 Per Septem Annos graviter Incumbente
 Regem Optimum Arroganti nimis Facilem
 Fallente Ludente
 Proceres Corruptente
 Amicitias Primorum Discindente
 Peste nusquam non Grassante
 Et O Rem miram et incredibilem!
 O Facinus Inauditum!
 Senatore Fortissimo
 Qui Leges Patriæ Labefactatas

In

In Scipio Violatas
Summa cum Animi Magnitudine
Sustentarat

In Exilium Misso
Amandato Proscripto
In tali tantoque rerum Discrimine

EDWARDUS ASTLEIUS,
Miles

Non a Militiæ Secretioribus Consilijs
Aut indomitis Catervis

Sed vir morum Integer sed Urbanus
Sed Strenuus

Cum Strenuorum Auxilio Tempus Egeret
Perquam Maxime

LEGATUS in Senatum venit
NORFOLCIENSIS
Consentientibus Bonorum Omnium Suffragijs
Renegante Servo tantum Pecore
Univerſo Populo Plaudente

OVANTE TRIUMPHANTE.

Superbam Hanc Columnam
In Honorem Familiæ
In Memoriam Facti

LIBERTATIS Vindices Acerrimi
Et Virtutis Publicæ Cultores incorruptissimi
CIVES DEREAMENSES

Una Voce
Extrui Voluerunt
ANNO MDCCLXVIII.

List of Pamphlets published during the
Contest.

- I. **A** LETTER to JOHN B—XT—N, of
Sh-dw-ll, Esq. on the Contests rela-
tive to the ensuing Election for the County of
Norfolk.

*Per Graum populos, mediæque per elidis urbem,
Ibat ovans, divumque sibi poscebat honorem. 1768.*

V I R G.

2. **A** LETTER from the Island of BARATA-
RIA, to the Author of a Letter to JOHN B—XT—N,
Esq. containing a short description of the true
characters of *Sancho*, the chief-governor*; *Caledon*,
the principal secretary†, Colonel *Promise*, Lieu-
tenant-governor‡, *Sancho's* jester, and speaker
of the island; Serjeant *Ruffin*, the prime serjeant
of the pleaders.

By RODERIGO, State-Physician.

*Cum sint
Quales ex humili magna ad fastigia rerum
Extollit, quoties voluit fortuna joculari.*

J U V.

N. B. This letter was wrote and printed in
Dublin, by the gentlemen of the committee for

* Lord V. T——d. † Lord F—c C——ll. ‡ Right
Honble. J—n P—by.

conducting.

conducting the press, and, with three other letters of the same size, were published in the paper called the *Public Register*, or the *Freeman's Journal*, at Dublin.

Dublin Epigram on the Irish Address upon the late Peace.

“ **Q**UOTH Teague to Paddy, in a tone outrageous,
 “ The devil burn their houses—advantageous !”
 Paddy, more cool : “ They know in England, brother,
 “ We Irish *spake* one thing, and *mane* another.”

3. A LETTER to the Author of a letter to
 JOHN B-XT-N, Esq.

*Non equidem hoc studeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis
 Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.*

P E R S.

4. REMARKS on the LETTER to JOHN
 B-XT-N, Esq.

*Falsus honor juvat et mendax infamia terret
 Quem ? nisi mendosum et mendacem ? —*

H O R.

On foreign mountains may the sun refine
 The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
 With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
 And the fat olive swell with floods of oil :
 We envy not the warmer clime that lies
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies :

L 2

'Tis

'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks, and her bleak mountains
smile.

Addison's Epistle to Lord Hallifax.

5. A LETTER to the Author of a Letter to
Mr. B—XT—N, in which it is proved, that
the design of that letter has been entirely mis-
understood, and that the author of it is the real
friend of Sir EDW—RD ASTL—Y and Mr.
C—KE.

Aut laudi simulatione detrahere aut vituperationi laude.

QUINT.

6. TWO LETTERS from a Citizen of Nor-
wich, giving an account of a parish meeting
held October 8, 1767, for the choice of offi-
cers for the year ensuing: also of the speeches
of *Hurlo-Thrumbo*, the Prize-fighter and Church-
warden, and of *Bullet-Blunder*, the Steward of the
manor, and deputy Writing-master; with other
curious anecdotes.

By Mr. NO GHOST.

*Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu composita quiescunt.*

V I R.

7. The HONEST ELECTOR's Proposal for
rendering the votes of all constituents throughout
the kingdom, free and independent.

By C. W.

*Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis affuescite bella;
Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires!*

V I R G.

8. The

8. The COUNCIL.

9. The BATTLE of DEREHAM; or, The ANNUAL NORFOLK JIG; as it was exhibited before M——r G——l Lord Viscount
*****.

Hæ nugæ seria ducunt

In mala ———

10. The CONTEST; or a collection of the most material papers, in prose and verse, published during the controverted election for the county of Norfolk in 1768. Containing, amongst other things, reasons for not voting for Sir E. A. and Mr. C. published the Saturday before the election, with *contre* reasons for doing it, not before published; a short account of the transactions on the day of election, with a general view of the poll, and strictures on the admired speeches of Sir W. B——ne, and T. G——ne, Esq. interspersed with some anecdotes of a noble L——, taken from the remarks, &c.

The following song is the only piece which Dick is said to have wrote on the contested election for the city of Norwich, which came on, Saturday, March 18, 1768.

OLD NIC on a SECOND VISIT to NORWICH,

A NEW SONG,

Tune, "The Archbishop of Canterbury."

OLD NIC put out of his road one day,
 By ill-defigning people,
 Flew up to see whereabouts he was,
 And perch'd on NORWICH *steeple* :
 The D—n who was at St. *Andrew's* hall,
 In Gr—y-le's scarfe and gown, Sir !
 By chance espied him light and ask'd,
 If he would not venture down, Sir !

Fol derol lol, &c.

Swift as an arrow from a bow,
 He shot upon the ground, Sir !
 The D—n he took him by the hand,
 And turn'd him round and round, Sir !
 Ah ! Mr. *Satan* ! time I find
 The devil himself will alter ;
 For, like my *predecessor*, Sir !
 I took you for Doctor S—lt—r.

Fol derol, &c.

Time, Mr. D—n, the *Devil* replied,
 Our *optic* nerves will weaken,
 For 'twas but t'other day I vow,
 I pass'd for the A—h-D-c-n :
 For that *white-liver'd* p—p and p—ft,
 Believe me, I was taken,
 As from a *midnight* rout I stole,
 And supping with NED B-C-N.

Fol derol, &c.

The

The Pope of St. Giles's just was come,

From giving *extreme unction*,

He prefs'd me hard to go to *Hunn's*,

And *spirit* up a *JUNCTION*:

O! no, said I, in plots I choose

A *Protestant* divine, Sir!

My *very good friend* the D——n is there,

And he knows 'tis a *trick* of *MINE*, Sir!

Fol derol, &c.

The D—— he most obsequious bow'd,

And cried, " My Lord the *Devil*!

" Arch-D——'s and D——'s can do no good,

" Yet one way cures the evil:

" Do, BEEVOR, take *along* with *you*,

" I'm sure, I'm not mistaken:

" O! no! quoth the Devil, if *that's the cue*,

" I'll *fly away* with B——N."

Fol derol, &c.

March 1, 1768.

AFTER the bustle and convulsed state of men's minds, when that universal chaos and confusion, into which a contested election naturally involves us, hath returned to order, and that the poetic furor is almost exhausted by extraordinary exertion, we must not wonder, that, like two armies, debilitated by death and disease, who reciprocally enjoy a cessation, nothing of DICK MERRY-FELLOW's excentric labors appear till 1778,—a lapse of ten whole years.

HAVING so warmly embraced the interest of Sir Edward Aftley and Mr. Wenman Coke in 1758, against the prevailing *Tory* interest of the Court, he fell a victim to ministerial influence; and having in vain solicited that preferment and promotion which military men claim as a *right*, according to the idea of the army, after past services, abroad, and in an enemy's country, he at length retired "far from the din of war, "the rage of party, and the fury of religious "faction," having first (in 1773) been appointed Captain in the 16th, or Queen's regiment of Light Dragoons, to which commission, by the *King's letter and sign manual*, the rank of MAJOR by Brevet was ordered to be annexed, as to all Captains of a certain standing on their re-appointment to the army from half-pay: this commission he enjoyed but a short time, when with much difficulty and as a great favor, he was allowed the value of his half-pay, not equal to his company of marines, previous to his raising the company of foot, as mentioned in page 74, on the breaking out of the Spanish war in 1761.

"IN aggravation", says Major MERRY-FELLOW, "to these disappointments, I had the additional "mortification of finding myself neglected and "treated with base and deep ingratitude by those "very families to whom I had sacrificed my own
"interest

“interest, and that ambition which is the *life*
 “of a soldier:—a striking lesson to all others,”
 continues the Major, “hereafter, not to be
 “too busy in affairs of party, where, under
 “a specious and pretended love of their country,
 “public-spirit, and constitutional LIBERTY,
 “designing men advance their *private* ends,
 “totally regardless of their supporters, whom
 “they cherish warmly till their views are an-
 “swered, and then abandon with the coolest
 “and most unembarrassed indifference; for, as
 “Dean *Swift* truly observes, ‘party is the
 “madness of many for the benefit of the few.’”

WE heartily subscribe to Dick's reflections
 on the too frequent ingratitude of those who,
 having reached the summit of their ambitious
 desires, spurn with contempt and indifference
 the friend who has shewn more zeal than pru-
 dence in their behalf;—but it is the way of
 the world:

Virtutem incolumem odimus,

Sublatum ex oculis quærimus invidi.

WE do not, however, think that our hero had
 much reason to complain on this head; for, if
 those, who, in gratitude, and respect to his abi-
 lities and character, wished to do him service,
 had not been treated by him in a *hauteur* way,
 they

they had fulfilled their intentions to the utmost; but it was his misfortune, through life, always to set too high a value on those petite services he had rendered; and after exacting demands of a nature inadmissible, he would palliate an improper step at the expence of his own veracity, *i. e.* independent and *disinterested* principles! and the peace of families. Like the prodigal, whose passion for gaming will induce him to stake his whole worth upon a card at *vingt une*, or upon a *single* throw of the dice! Dick would hazard a *coup de main*.

“ But man, who knows no good unmix’d and pure,
“ Oft finds a *poison* where he sought a *cure*.

IN 1774, the parliament was unexpectedly dissolved, and Mr. De Grey declining a threatened contest, Mr. Wenman Coke was elected one of the knights of the shire, along with Sir Edward Aftley, without opposition, but dying at London, April 1776, while attending his duty in Parliament, his son and heir, Thomas William Coke, Esq. was unanimously returned in room of his deceased father, on Wednesday, May 8. On this occasion, a gentleman, *high* in office, delivered the following speech, which, we are well assured, was wrote by DICK MERRY-FELLOW.

* He acknowledges having received a handsome gratuity from the candidates he espoused.

“ Gentlemen,

“ Gentlemen,

“ The melancholy event that calls you together this day, is too well known to you all. You are met to consider of a proper person to represent this great commercial county in parliament; an object at all times important in itself, but rendered more so by the critical situation of public affairs at this juncture : it is now we want the abilities, the integrity, the unbiaſſed firmneſs of the late Mr. Coke, to protect the intereſts of the people : it is now we begin to feel the value of the faithful guardian we have loſt !

“ Your choice this day, I make no doubt, will fall upon ſome gentleman diſtinguiſhed by a large property in Norfolk, whoſe fortunes render him independent, whoſe inclination is to be ſo, and whoſe ambition will lead him to imitate that conduct in parliament which does honor to the memory of his predeceſſor, and who may ſucceed the late Mr. Coke in public virtue, as well as public ſtation.”

AFTER having trifled away about fifty years of his life, amongſt ſky-rockets and paper-lanterns, DICK MERRY-FELLOW began to think of the *utile dulci* ; and having purchaſed, at a very reaſonable price, a neat houſe, elegantly furniſhed, and a ſmall piece of land in the pariſh
of

of Ingoldisthorpe and county of Norfolk, he retired thither from all military and political employments, resolving within himself to avoid the extremes of soaring too high or sinking too low, having in the words of Virgil,—*Fanique bifrontes imago*, regulated his future conduct by the past.

In two-fac'd JANUS we this moral find;
While we look forward, we should look behind.

THIS house, which he called *Mount-Amelia*, in honor of the Princess of that name, is most delightfully situated on the brink of a hill which rises from the marshes that skirt the coast, at ten miles distance from the port and borough of Lynn-Regis, commanding an extensive prospect of the channel leading to that town, on which all ships and vessels passing to and fro, are easily distinguished. It was built in the year 1745, by the late John Davy, Esq. and stands, as it were, at the head of a large and spacious bay, with the sea in front, at the distance of about three miles, and which, viewed from the sea, has much the appearance of what the French call a *cul de sac*, in all their American islands.

Not far from this, at Castle-rising, Fœlix, a Burgundian priest, and the first Christian Bishop in England, landed about 625; and Hustanston-Cliff, a few miles northward, is famous for being the place where Edmund the Dane landed, who afterwards became King of the East-Angles,

Anno

Anno Dni. 857. The princely feat of that great *Whig* minister, Sir Robert Walpole, at Houghton, is but five miles from *Mount-Amelia*. In the vicinity of that hospitable roof, which had so often and so liberally sheltered the family of the MERRY-FELLOW's, we are not at a loss to account for DICK's frequent visits there, and the more especially, as well knowing that the noble lords of O—d have been great and munificent benefactors to his necessities, from his most primitive state to the moment of his dissolution; and this even when he was calling heaven and earth together in opposition to their natural interests in the county, and in the borough of Lynn-Regis: but, *quod liceat inter nos decere*, he conceived a *natural right* to their protection, under the most inimical circumstances whatsoever. Content to

——— “ Rove the paths of bliss, secure
“ Of total death, and careless of hereafter.”

he could not be brought to observe the vulgar maxim, “ *that the willing horse should not be too hard ridden.*”

HERE, as we before hinted, did DICK promise himself the enjoyment of declining life, amidst the felicities of domestic retirement and a few friends, and of remaining a mere spectator and auditor of the great *farce* of the world, yet
such

such is the instability of human nature, that, before one plan is put in execution, another crowds upon us.

And like the baseless fabric of a vision
Leaves not a wreck behind it.——

SHAKESPEARE.

WITH a rising family of two sons and one daughter, without any certain income to support and provide for his children, embarrassed in his affairs, and burthensome to his friends, and Mrs. G—'s relations, he conceived an idea of offering his services to T. W. C-ke, Esq. of H-lkh-m, in the capacity of AUDITOR-GENERAL, as he termed it, to which, after many pressing solicitations, Mr. C-ke yielded; and that, as much in regard to the opinion the late Mr. C-ke had of Dick's electioneering *services*, as a desire of rewarding them, by placing him in an office, rather nominal than active, in which he might probably be useful; but no sooner was our hero in possession of the appointment, under Mr. C-ke's hand and seal, dated August 1, 1776, than he gave a loose to his innate thirst of dominion, and under the authority of *Auditor-general over all Mr. C-ke's estates in Norfolk*, assumed the character and dignity of DICTATOR-GENERAL.

INNO.

INNOVATIONS were proposed in the household; tenants were threatened with raised-rents, or expulsion; the trustee of Lord L—r's will awed; farms new formed; novel arrangements, under the sanction of œconomy, were to be adopted; the state and pleasures of genteel life restricted to the most rigid rules of *plain-sailing*, and a new set of visitors to H-lkh-m H-ll—*of the Auditor-general's choosing*: nay, Mr. C-ke's kindred, friends, and intimate acquaintance, were to be prescribed - - - - on pain of displeasure, and the representative of the county of Norfolk, with ten thousand a year in this, and almost as much in other counties, was to dwindle into an obscure country 'Squire, with a joint and dumpling every day, and a bottle of port to treat the parson with on Sundays: and all this to be done *according to act of fancy, in pericranium assembled!*

REFORMATION is at all times, and in all states, desirable, but take care, that the remedy be not *worse* than the disease. Had the *Auditor-general* been less officious, or accompanied his advice by plain and rational demonstration, submitted with respect, and coolly considered, it is probable Mr. MERRY-FELLOW might have enjoyed the *sinecure*, as intended, during life; but, unfortunately for himself, he thought Mr. C-ke's youth and inexperience would correspond with Shakespeare's dupe of fortune.

Who

Who will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are. —————

BUT Mr. C—ke found him so incorrigible, that he was under the disagreeable necessity of dismissing him, with a gratuity of two hundred pounds, in February 1777 : this abrupt dismissal DICK took in so much dudgeon, that he never afterwards forgave it.

IN March 1778, he published *A Letter to Sir Harbord Harbord, Bart.* who, he had prepossessed himself, was the adviser of Mr. C—ke's conduct on this occasion. This letter, which is printed on 93 pages, octavo, 1s. 6d. is so enveloped in invective as to render the *denoûement* rather mysterious. After reciting the engagement with, and dismissal from, H-lkh-m, with the several letters, *in confidence*, that passed between him and Mr. C—ke, he proceeds to charge Sir H. H. with being the sole cause of his deposal from the *honorable office of Auditor-general*, by letter, dated March 5, 1777, in which he recapitulates his appointment, schemes of improvement, want of ostensibility at the audit, *and coup de maitre* by Mr. C—ke, in terms of great mortification. Speaking of himself, “ he had a barren sceptre placed
“ in his hands by Mr. C—ke, which commanded
“ no authority, and a power in his pocket which
“ challenged no respect, so that he saw plainly
“ he was only made a tool of, and was looking
“ over

“ over farms, making calculations, and forming
 “ plans for the improvement of Mr. C-ke’s
 “ estates, for Sir *H-rb-rd*’s surveyors and artificers
 “ to reap the benefit of:” Again he says, “ I will
 “ take upon me to say, without vanity, for I can
 “ prove it, that I know more of the *H-lkh-m*
 “ estate, and the true value and condition of
 “ it, than any other man in the county, and
 “ can do Mr. C-ke more effectual services.”

“ ’Tis a strange fatality attending me,” continues DICK, “ that after having served so many
 “ gentlemen in this county in their interests oc-
 “ casionally, and having received no *very* particu-
 “ lar favors from any of them, that no sooner
 “ does any occurrence take place, that may pro-
 “ mise advantage or credit to the small abilities
 “ I possess, or the anxious zeal I exert, but mis-
 “ constructions and misrepresentations crowd in
 “ upon me; though at the same time fortified
 “ with the friendship and good-will of many of
 “ the first people of the county.”

To this private letter to Sir *H-rb-rd* from Mr. MERRY-FELLOW, he received an explicit answer, dated March 11, 1777, disavowing any interference with Mr. C-ke, to DICK’s prejudice, at the same time freely conveying the sentiments of Mr. C-ke’s friends, and indeed of the whole county, on the impropriety of vesting so extra-

M.

ordinary

ordinary a power in his hands : “ that you have
 “ steadily and uniformly endeavoured to serve
 “ Mr. C-ke and his father, I have not the least
 “ doubt, and as far as my knowledge goes, I
 “ am ready to bear testimony of, and I freely
 “ declare, that I wish Mr. C-ke to give proofs
 “ of his kindness towards you, but from my sin-
 “ cere regard for him, cannot help being con-
 “ cerned that he should do it in a way to *give*
 “ *offence*, or disgust any of his friends.” This
 candid, and we may add, friendly reply, so far
 from removing our hero’s suspicions, only served
 to aggravate his disappointment, which he resents
 in the most virulent terms his imagination could
 devise, as the motto to the printed letter bears
 sufficient testimony.

———— *Absentem qui rodit Amicum,*
Qui non defendit alio culpante —————
Hic NIGER est; hunc tu, ROMANE, caveto !

H O R.

Affassin-like, who *lurks* and stabs his friend,
 A *vile affassin* ! where he should defend ;
 Tho’ fools and *Shylack* of his virtues tell,
 Avoid him, ROMAN !—He’s as *black* as H—.

He that is not for me is against me ? faith holy
 writ, was an invariable maxim with DICK, nor
 could the most solemn assurance of *neutrality*
 satisfy him on any point : no wonder then that
 he

he persisted to his last moments in promulgating innuendoes and base calumny against those who were barely negatives. With these inflammatory compositions, our hero seems to threaten vengeance; "you may accidentally slide into some humorous song should you offend a man of poetical abilities,—*genus irritabile vatum*."

"Some humorous pages that perhaps might gall

"A *simple Simkin B—r—d* at S—i"

And he has the *hardiesse* to talk of retaliation, as mathematicians say, *in duplicata vel triplicata ratione*.

Know there are rhymes, which (fresh and fresh apply'd)
Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride.

POPE.

"Have not the greatest men and greatest wits
"of all ages trafficked occasionally in satire and
"ridicule, odes and epigrams, and often too
"in *private* censure and reproach!"

HE had flattered himself, *in golden dreams of state*, with an emolument of 600*l.* a year, *ex officia*; and we confess, that he had every apparent reason to consider himself as bountifully supplied *for life*. In his letter of July 3, 1777, to Mr. C-ke, he says, "If you do not mean, Sir,
"to persevere in your appointment of me as Au-
"ditor, *at least for some time*, you have done

“ me the most *irreparable* injury:” To this he adds some cavalier demands of explanation and *eclaircissement*, and concludes, that “ I may retire in “ such a manner as to do *honor* to *yourself* and “ me, and that you may at least leave me, *where* “ you found me.” To this letter succeeded an interview with Mr. C-ke, at which Mr. MERRY-FELLOW expressed himself fully satisfied with Sir H-rb-rd’s declaring, *upon his honor*, he was not amenable to the charge alledged against him on the part of our hero, with which he declared himself satisfied, *upon his honor*†; but the following letter blew up the latent sparks of malevolence to a furor which never after ceased blazing!

To R-CH-RD G-RD-N-R, Esq. *Mount-Amelia*.

“ Sir,

“ IT is with very great concern, that I find
 “ myself obliged to write to you on such a sub-
 “ ject; but after the very inconsiderate step you
 “ took at Norwich in regard to my friend,
 “ Sir H-rb-rd, subsequent to the explanation
 “ we had on this affair at H-lkh-m, with which
 “ you seemed so well satisfied, you cannot be
 “ surprized that I think it incumbent on me to

† Shakespeare says, “ if a man swears by that he hath not, then is he not forsworn.”

“ decline

“ decline receiving you any more into my
“ house, and demanding back the appointment
“ of Auditor-General, which I desire you will
“ return by the bearer.

“ From, Sir,

“ Your most obedient humble servant,

“ TH-M-S W-LL-M C-KE.”

H-LLH-M,
August 6, 1777.

To a man of Dick's high metal, this letter was a greater shock than that given by the Electrical Eel, or *Gymnotus Electricus*, or, even at Dr. Graham's temple of celestial brilliancy. His answer (August 23) to it is expressive of his feelings, but is a dull reiteration of transactions, couched in the most reproachful terms. “ You must excuse me, Sir, in *not returning* your appointment, though I *will never act* under it.” “ I considered your appointment of Auditor of your estates in Norfolk, as to continue for *life*, as a reward for past services, as a recompence for *lost promotion in the army*, or, at my years, I should not have undertaken it, I assure you.”

Ad populum provoco, was the celebrated appeal of the Romans, in all cases of injury and injustice, and according to the adage, *private injuries require public redress*, Dick submitted a circumstantial detail to the public eye. Whether it was

strictly “ a true one, not exaggerated or inflamed,” and that several damning proofs of ingratitude and ungenerous treatment were suppressed, we will not take upon us to determine ; but this we may venture to hazard an opinion upon, *that he had no just grounds of complaint against Sir H-rb-rd H-rb-rd* ; but, every one who had any sort of acquaintance at H-lkh-m *must* be dragged in to form the groupe, as the back ground or foiledge of the picture he intended to exhibit, *pro bona publico*. *Simple Simkin* or *'Squire Skallow* ; Mr. C—ll ; the *cream-coloured Recorder* of **** ; the *Derbyshire block-splitter*, or the *carpenter* ; and *Old Æthiops*, the *dragon* of G-nt-n, or *Shylock*, have each their ratio of conspicuity.

“ And every child hates *Shylock*, though his soul
 “ Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.”

BESIDES what appears in this *public* letter of Dick's§, many other manœuvres were made use of to draw Mr. C—ke into terms of arbitration, but our hero's demands were so exorbitant and prescribed, that no gentleman could be found willing to undertake an accommodation without a *discretionary* power.

§ A *second* and *third* edition made their way through the press ; in one of which, he styles himself, “ late Auditor-General of the Holkham Estates” in the county of Norfolk.

FROM the 21st of March till the 2d of May, Mr. MERRY-FELLOW triumphed in the rapid sale of his letter, and the total silence of the H-lk-h-m *cabinet*, as he termed the particular friends of Mr. C-ke, when the following address was published in the *Norfolk Chronicle*, and *Norwich Mercury*, of May 2, 1778.

“ To the PUBLIC.

“ HAVING waited to see the utmost efforts
 “ of Mr. G-rd-n-r’s Malice, and abilities for
 “ abuse; at length I think it incumbent on me
 “ to assure the public, that all his *assertions* of
 “ Sir H-rb-rd H-rb-rd’s having done him dis-
 “ service with me, are absolutely FALSE—and
 “ that all the discountenance I shew’d him
 “ during his continuance in my service, and my
 “ final dismissal of him from that service,
 “ arose entirely without *the advice, suggestion, or*
 “ *even knowledge of Sir H-rb-rd H-rb-rd, or any*
 “ *other of the gentlemen to whom it is imputed in*
 “ *his pamphlet.*—That his conduct, whilst in my
 “ service, being disapproved by me; I there-
 “ fore exercised that right, which, I apprehend,
 “ every gentleman has, and dismissed him with
 “ a gratuity of two hundred pounds—which he
 “ has not taken the least notice of in his publi-
 “ cation. The public bustle he made at Nor-
 “ wick in relation to Sir H-rb-rd H-rb-rd, after
 “ the

“ the *assurances* I had given, that Sir H-rb-rd
 “ H-rb-rd had never done him *any disservice with*
 “ *me*, I considered as implying his disbelief of my
 “ assurances, and consequently, as such, an affront
 “ to myself, that I thought it necessary to for-
 “ bid him my house. Some time afterwards,
 “ finding he did not think the gratuity ade-
 “ quate to his services, I proposed to refer the
 “ point to arbitration, which he at first refused,
 “ though I am informed he has since inclined to
 “ —but as he has now, by his CALUMNIES
 “ and FALSEHOODS, forfeited every claim to
 “ my favor, I shall leave him to try what the
 “ law will further give him.

TH-M-S W-LL—M C-KE,

H-lkb-m, April 26, 1778.”

THIS *Jeu d'Esprit*, as DICK affects to consider
 it, he read on Sunday the 3d, and although in
 great extremity of pain by the gout in both hands,
 both elbows, and both feet, he next morning
 dictated the following answer, which was trans-
 mitted by post to Norwich, to be inserted in the
 news-papers of Saturday the 9th.

“ LABORING under a severe attack of
 “ the gout, I must entreat the public to suspend
 “ their opinion of the advertisement in last Sa-
 “ turday's Norwich papers, subscribed Thomas-
 “ William

“ William C-ke ; to which a full answer shall be
 “ given, as soon as I am in health,

“ I HEREBY call on Mr. T—— W—— C-ke,
 “ to point out one single Calumny or Falsehood
 “ in my letter to Sir H-rb-rd H-rb-rd, through-
 “ out.

“ His declarations relative to Sir H-rb-rd, are
 “ no more than Sir H-rb-rd’s own declarations
 “ in his letter to me ; which were not the subject
 “ of the contest at the assizes :—It was the other
 “ part of Sir H-rb-rd’s letter to me that called
 “ for an explanation from him, and for which I
 “ *called him out* ; and whether I believed Mr.
 “ C-ke or him, in their assertions, was out of the
 “ question—I wanted an explanation to a passage
 “ in his letter to me, which I had a right to de-
 “ mand as a gentleman, and *still have*.

“ THE 200l. draft advanced by Mr. C-ke, and
 “ and the 100l. draft advanced by me, were not
 “ *omitted* in my letter to Sir H-rb-rd, but *sup-*
 “ *pressed* ; they were printed by themselves in a
 “ postscript to the letter, but were not publish-
 “ ed, on account of the arbitration proposed on
 “ the part of Mr. C-ke. I was not willing (un-
 “ less obliged) to tell the world, that H-lkh-m
 “ H—se was without the paltry sum of 100l. to
 “ pay

“ pay laborers, and to carry on family expences
 “ —Mr. C-ke has now *obliged* me to do it.

“ As to forfeiting his *favor*, which he seems
 “ to set so high a value upon, I *despise* his favor.
 “ —The favor and friendship of any person,
 “ in the line of conduct pursued by Mr. T——
 “ W—— C-ke, can do honor to no man.—I
 “ demand *Justice*, and not favour!

“ CALUMNIES and FALSEHOODS I detest as
 “ much as Mr. T—— W—— C-ke, and I dare
 “ him to the proof: in the mean time, and
 “ ’til my health returns, I thus publicly deny
 “ the truth of the advertisement he has put
 “ his name to, and hereby declare it to be totally
 “ and *fundamentally* false.

Mount-Amelia, May 4th, 1778.

R-CH-RD G-RD-N-R.”

THIS answer, for very obvious reasons, and for others no less cogent, the printers thought proper not to admit, which produced the following hand-bill, containing, also, the answer as above.

Mount

Mount-Amelia, May 10th, 1778.

To the P U B L I C.

“ WHEREAS an advertisement signed *Thomas-William C-ke*, appeared in the Norwich papers of Saturday, May 2. And whereas an answer, contradicting the same, was sent on Monday, May 4th, to the Norwich papers, against the Saturday following, May 9th, and was refused admittance, the printers being threatened with prosecution by the known agent of Sir H-rb-rd and Mr. C-ke: Major G-rd-n-r finds himself obliged to publish his answer in a hand-bill.

“ THE Major submits to the impartiality of the gentlemen of Norfolk, whether any thing can more strongly mark the badness of a cause, than to appeal to the public by advertisement in a news-paper, and then to shut the press against an answer.

“ THIS is the first instance ever known in Norfolk of an attempt to stop

The LIBERTY of the PRESS :

“ AND it is to be hoped the Freeholders of the County, and the Citizens of Norwich, will remember it at the next general election.

THIS

THIS brought on explanations from the printers, no way interesting to the public, but tending to clear Mr. C-ke of having made any attempt to *stop the liberty of the press*. About this time a paper, called, "Thoughts of a Norfolk Freeholder," was dispersed as a temporary explanation of the 200*l.* draft, mentioned in Mr. C-ke's address, and on June 1, 1778, a pamphlet of 48 pages, octavo, 1*s.* was published. *A Letter to Thomas William C-ke, Esq. of H-lkham; wherein a full answer is given to his advertisement published in the Norfolk Chronicle and Norwich Mercury, May 2, 1768.*

*Sunt quibus in satyra videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus - - - -*

H O R.

There are, I scarce can think it, but am told,
There are, to whom my satire seems too bold :
Scarce to "Sir H-rb-rd" complaisant enough,
And something said of "Simkin" much too rough.

P O P E.

*Si quis
Opprobrijs dignum latraverit, integer ipse ;
Solventur risu tabulæ, tu missus abibis.*

H O R.

In such a cause the plaintiff would be his'd,
My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

P O P E.

T H I S

THIS publication contains, in substance, the letters just given, with cursory remarks, in Dick's usual style of acrimony. "If I have those abilities for *abuse*, which you *compliment* me with the possession of, I have full scope to *indulge* them." "To forbid me your house by letter!" "Receding from a solemn act and deed, under your own hand and seal!" "The irretrievable injury you have done me!" "The public bustle," &c.

"Shake not your goary G-nt-n locks at me,

"You cannot say I did it."——

IT also appears that on Mr. MERRY-FELLOW's sending an account, *debtor* and *creditor*, and drawing on Mr. C-ke for a considerable balance, an arbitration was proposed on the part of Mr. C-ke, to which Dick positively dissented, but afterwards seemed inclined to. Here the matter dropt, and here we shall only add the last paragraph, which breaths more candor and moderation than the preceding pages seems to promise.

"Having now analyzed this extraordinary advertisement, [see page 167] which I by no means impute to you, Mr. C-ke, for you could never have put together a piece of writing so reprehensible in every part; and having given a detail of facts as they really passed, I shall submit to the world and to your own breast

"to

“ to make the application : I now take my leave
 “ of you, Sir ; and notwithstanding all hostilities
 “ that have been carried on between us, and
 “ which you have drawn upon yourself, either
 “ with or without the advice of others, I shall
 “ conclude this letter with a sincere wish, that
 “ you may never feel that anxiety, which you
 “ have, to so great a degree, and for so great a
 “ length of time, thrown upon the mind of,

“ Sir, your most obedient servant,

“ R-CH-RD G-RD-N-R.”

Mount-Anelia, June 4, 1778.

To animadvert on a fortuitous transaction, of
 which we have merely the *ipse dixit* of one party,
 would be rendering us liable to error and misre-
 presentation ; and indeed, as the matter has turned
 out not *quite* so interesting as it was at first appre-
 hended, we may spare ourselves the pain of writ-
 ing and you the trouble of reading more than is
 consistent with the plan of this memoir. The
 great Lord Bacon of *Verulam* thinks, that the true
 judgment of a writer may be formed by his
 epistolary letters, *EPISTOLÆ magis in proximo et ad
 vivum NEGOTIA solent repræsentare quam vel ANNALES
 vel VITÆ* : If so, how easy will it be for the very
 meanest capacity to decide on the character now
 before us.

OF all the abuse and *wormwood*, as Dick used to term it, under which the press groaned, he seldom left us to exclaim with the author of the Bath Guide,

What a scurrilous author ! *Does nobody know him ?*

Nor did he take much pains to conceal himself. He had little to *lose* and therefore little to *fear*. He wished the venom to operate in the most virulent manner, and was not stingy of the dose. He knew his own superiority, and felt more pleasure by giving others pain than a good christian ought. The musty sayings and maxims of the patriarchs he held in the same esteem with King Charles's rules,—the mere cant of hypocrisy ! *To turn one cheek when a man has smote you on the other* may be orthodox, but it is not literally applicable to human nature. *Passive obedience* and *non-resistance* is now exploded, and we seriously are of opinion, that, except the fundamental principles of religion and morality, the other regulations of life, which the complexion of the times renders necessary, should vary with the system of policy, learning, and disposition of mens minds : in short, according to the nature of things. * * * * *

WHILE this nation hath been so deeply engaged in a state of hostilities with the North
American

American colonies, on which various and violent opinions have been formed, we are not to wonder that Mr. MERRY-FELLOW also entertained a few political ideas: and although affairs of a still closer connection had engrossed his immediate attention, and that nothing in print conveyed to the public his strictures, yet we are warranted to say, that he was consistent in sentiment with those who are emphatically called PATRIOTS: and this, we presume, will be the more readily believed, when we reflect, that he all along acted and co-operated in principle with what are termed the *Whig*, or *Revolutionists*, now in opposition to the destructive measures so fatally and so successfully pursued by the influence and obstinacy of weak, if not wicked, men in power—to the total subversion of every interested and political administration for the common weal!

DISCLAIMING, ourselves, all bias of party, prejudice, or improper motive, we must do DICK the credit to say, that he never commended the scheme of coercion in America, but predicted, what most dispassionate men did, that, as the war was commenced in ignorance and impolicy, it would be carried on with imbecility and disgrace, and terminate in certain ruin to the landed and commercial interests of Great Britain: how well this *simple* prophecy is justified by recent events, the present posture
of

of affairs will *more* than prove. The most consummate *Quidnunc* of them all could not foresee the consequences in so dismal a light:—without one friendly ally; at war with France, Spain and Holland; and in enmity with every other power: (for we cannot esteem the petit carcase-butchers in Germany as friendly)—betrayed by some, duped by others, and laughed at by all! our marine disputed, the glory of the British flag *tarnished*, our brave hardy soldiers acquiring honor—but not victory! our dependencies in the East and West-Indies tottering; Gibraltar and Minorca attacked; the Baltic surrounded by neutral confederates; Portugal wavering; the Barbary states at a high price; America INDEPENDENT of this country, and Ireland ****: good God! how are we fallen?

AMONGST those domestic evils which distress and dissatisfaction broods over, are, manufactures and commerce limited, fleets of merchantmen unprotected, insurance high, taxation grievous, and the national-debt enormous; add to these, what is still more oppressive and illegal, the public monies improvidently squandered on places and pensions, inefficient and unmerited, and every idea of reformation and œconomy exploded by contractors—who, like cormorants and

N

locusts

locusts, are devouring the vitals of their country, So perilous, and so accumulated, is the cloud which now hangs over our heads, that nothing, within human comprehension, but the hand of providence, can prevent its bursting in all the fury and vengeance of irretrievable calamity! (*actem est; ilicet: peristi*, says Terence, ruin'd and undone!) which the degeneracy of the age and the nefarious conduct of our rulers justly draws down upon us.—*He that believeth*, saith the fifth chapter of the Chronicles of the Kings of England, *let him believe still; and he that doubteth, let him doubt and be damn'd!*

DESERTED by his friends, and impressed with the *forlorn* hope, our hero sat down sullen and inirritable; heartily wearied of that bustle which his restless soul ever hurried him into, he consoled himself in still possessing the *cacæthes scribe-rius*, which he could provoke by conception, as readily as others could by the most severe flagellation of Pegasus. Thus favored by the muses, we see him toying with the Comic, in the shape of an Epilogue,

An

AN OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE
TO THE
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Performed by the GENTLEMEN
Of the *West Norfolk* Regiment at *Southwold* in *Suffolk*,

Soon after the engagement with the *French* Fleet
commanded by Count D'ORVILLIERS and his
Royal Highness the Duc de CHARTRES, brother
to the *French* KING, July 27, 1778; and
the Honorable Augustus Keppel, Admiral of
the British Fleet.

Spoken by a LADY in the Character of Mrs. FORD.

Wrote by R-CH-RD G-RD-N-R, Esq.

WELL! Poor Sir JOHN was in a piteous taking,
And had enough, good truth, of *Cuckold-Making*!
What PATAGONIAN Female could be found
To *flirt* it with a Lover—TWO YARDS ROUND?
Who could endure, who, that had mortal Eyes,
A *Cecifbo* of such monst'rous Size?
'Twas not well-bred to *souse* him in a pool,
Yet serv'd to tease my jealous-pated fool:
And, Critics, it had set *you* all a grinning,
To see Sir JOHN pop up amidst *foul linen*.
Our *London Dames* to gallants are more tender,
For why? *Their* MACARONIES all are slender:
Should the dear youth some hideous husband scare,
A modern BELLE could hide him in her *hair*;
Or, take him in her hand, and wrapp'd about
In his *white* handkerchief, convey him out.

The scene is chang'd—*Intrigues* have lost their charms;
Now Female bosoms beat to WAR's alarms :

THE CAMPS, how brilliant with our *British Fair* !
Cockaded hats ! lac'd frocks ! and braided hair !
The CHARGING SQUADRONS our delight become,
“ The ear-piercing fife, the spirit-stirring drum ! ”

When bold DE RUYTER plough'd the wat'ry main,
And YORK, of heroes, led a gallant train,
Unheeded on our coast th' invaders stole,
And caught our Captains—dancing* all at *Sole* † ;
But rushing forth, and eager for the fight,
They made the *Dutchmen dance* the foll'wing night :
Repell'd th' insulting foe, whose chiefs no more
Hoisted a *Broom* ‡ to sweep the *British* shore.

Should *Frenchmen* sudden as the *Dutch* attack,
NORFOLK's bold sons are here to drive them back :
Once more refulgent on this little ISLE,
Our ARMS shine glorious, and our WARRIORS smile :
Brave as their Ancestors, and full as gay——
——I wish the *French* might catch them at our play :

* When the *Dutch* Fleet advanced, all the Captains of the
English Ships were at a *Ball* on Shore, but left it immediately
and went on board on the first advice of the Enemy.

† *Southwold*.

‡ In November 1652, during the Usurpation of *Oliver*
Cromwell, the *Dutch* Admiral, MARTIN VAN-TROMP, having
obliged the *English* FLEET under BLAKE, who was wounded,
to retire to the *Downs* and into the *Thames*, hoisted a *Broom*
on his Main-top-mast Head, “ as if he had *swept*, or would
“ *sweep*, all the *English* Shipping out of the Channel.”

O !

O! grant it, fortune! goddess, let me ask it!
 I long to *cram* young *Chartres* in a basket:
 Then launch him out to sea, and let him roam,
 "The Merry Wives of Windsor," waft him home!

This great engagement happened on May 28, 1672. The combined fleets of *England* and *France* lay at anchor in *Southwold Bay*. The Duke of *York*, Lord High-Admiral of *England*, commanded the *Red* squadron; the Count *D'Etrees* the *White*, and the Earl of *Sandwich* the *Blue*: the *Dutch* were commanded by *De Ruyter*, opposed to the Duke of *York*; *Bankart* to Count *D'Etrees*; and *Van-Ghent* to the Earl of *Sandwich*. The *Dutch* fleet consisted of 72 ships of the line, and 40 frigates and fireships: the *English* had 100 men of war, and the *French* 40.

In the *English* fleet were 20,000 men and 4000 guns.

In the *French* - - - 13,000 ——— 2000 ———

In all 33,000 men and 6000 guns.

In the *Dutch* - - - 22,000 men and 4000 guns.

In this desperate engagement Vice-Admiral *Van-Ghent* was killed; the Earl of *Sandwich* blown-up in the *Royal James*; and the Duke of *York* was obliged to shift his flag from his own ship, which was disabled, and hoisted it on board the *London*. The *English* were victorious! the *English* and *Dutch* fought well, but the *French* at a distance.

ABOUT this time, proposals were made for publishing a new and complete history of Norfolk in weekly six-penny numbers, by the first three of which (delivered as a specimen) it evidently appeared, that our hero had a considerable share in the compilation ; but, upon enquiry, we found, that he had only engaged to furnish the editors with his observations in two or three of the hundreds in the vicinity of *M—t—A——a*. Many of his remarks are judiciously pointed, but his panygeric is as fulsome as his censure is severe, and he seems, upon the whole, to be little adapted to a task, where precision and impartiality is necessary. Wherever he had an opportunity of displaying his own learning, wit, and martial employments, he never fails of introducing *something*, and indeed *we* are somewhat beholden to those hundreds for a part of this *memoir*, and for some excellent monumental inscriptions in our *addenda*. However valuable the assistance of a man of letters may be to a work of so much consequence, we are free to say, that without a proper idea of the *business*, improved by experience, his strictures may operate to its disadvantage. The history of a county is a very improper channel to convey spleen or ill-nature through : private transactions, unless of exemplary merit, are subjects too trivial for public record, and we are very happy to observe, that a timely check was put upon Mr. MERRY-

FELLOW's attempts to revive (in that work) the controversy between him and Mr. C-ke, in a manner indecent, and likely to be prejudicial to those persons who, at a very considerable expence have now, 1781, completed this arduous undertaking, in ten volumes, octavo, adopting for a motto the saying of that humane Roman Emperor, *Imp. N. TRAJAN CÆS. AV.*

Pro me: si merear, in me.

For me:—if I deserve it, against me.

To which we beg leave to add a motto of Lord Somers'.

Prodesse quàm conspici.

Useful—rather than conspicuous.

as indeed every publication of this serious nature should be.

DICK MERRY-FELLOW now lived retired, and almost forgot, at *M—t—A—a*, when his eldest son, July 20, 1778, received an ensigncy in the West-Norfolk regiment, commanded by the Right Honble the Earl of Orford, then lying on the coast of Suffolk. He, next day, had an opportunity of signalizing himself, as a volunteer, with a detachment of thirty soldiers and thirteen seamen, in an engagement with a smuggling schooner off Southwold, for which, he and the other officers on that service had a handsome silver sword presented to each of them, by the

commanding officer, for their spirited behaviour on the occasion. In 1779, this young gentleman was promoted to the rank of lieutenant in the said corps, then in a *camp volant* at Aldborough in Suffolk, the place where his great grandfather, John G-rd-n-r, Esq. resided, (*See page 2.*) In 1780, he was again encamped on Tenpenny Common, near St. Osyth in Essex, and from thence was appointed by his Majesty an Ensign in the 6th regiment of foot, cantoned at Lewis in Suffex, and in the December following promoted to a lieutenancy in a royal independent company, for which he raised 30 men at Norwich. November 17, 1781, he received a commission, as Captain of a company in the 102d regiment of foot, then going to the East-Indies: to this rapid promotion (being little more than nineteen years old) he fortunately succeeded by the assistance of a noble friend, whose munificence and benevolent disposition, on all occasions, is equalled only by his extensive charity, learning, judgment, and taste, for every polite and liberal art.

As he is descended from parents of a military turn, we doubt not but he inherits the martial prowess of his several friends. Those of his father we have before mentioned: by his mother's side he was also in the military line, having four uncles, who served abroad last war with great reputation.

putation in Germany, in descents on the coast of France, at Louisburg, Belleisle, Martinico, and the Havanna, in the 5th, 69th, and 34th regiments of foot. The eldest uncle, B-rdm-n B—m—h—d, Esq. is now Lieutenant-Colonel of the North-battalion of Lincolnshire militia; the second, B-nj—n B-mh—d, Esq. holds the same rank in the South-battalion, and the two others, J-mes and J-hn, are Captains in the said corps.

*Occasional PROLOGUE and EPILOGUE to THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE, performed at the Theatre in LYNN-REGIS by GENTLEMEN, “ For the BENE-
“ FIT of the Wives, Widows, and Families of
“ the IMPRESSED MEN for HIS MAJESTY’S SEA
“ SERVICE, belonging to the Town of LYNN,
“ and its ENVIRONS, on Monday, March 22,
“ 1779.”*

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by a GENTLEMAN.

A W’D to behold these radiant seats around,
Untrod before I trembling touch the ground;
Train’d to no stage, this night we humbly strive,
To keep for once, the Comic Muse alive.

Compassion gave those hints we here pursue,
And let Compassion plead our cause with you;
We claim the feeling, not the actor’s part,
Our wish to please, our aim to move the heart:

To

To ease the mind, to stop the trickling tear—
 For this we act, for this you come to hear :
 Whate'er our fate, however understood,
 We know—we feel—our motives to be good.

Far from these humble scenes, by nature brave,
 Our sons of Neptune mount the boist'rous wave :
 For Britain's weal they nobly stand to view,
 They play their parts for us, and we for you :
 Without their aid, the blessings of our isle
 Would soon drop off, and love forget to smile ;
 If, thro' their valor, we with comfort live,
 Returns are claims—'tis gratitude to give—

Should here some Critic lift his awful head
 To strike us young new-fangled actors dead ;
 Ladies ! from you, from you one single frown
 Will make all well, and strike the monster down :
 So when some envious cloud obstructs the day,
 The sun breaks forth and pours the cheerful ray.
 What heart-felt joy to see such laughing eyes !—
 When you are pleas'd we feel our spirits rise :
 Beauty has this peculiar art to please,
 You charm with rapture, and you kill with ease ;
 If ought this night, your nicer ears offend,
 Condemn the actor, but forgive the friend.

EPILOGUE

E P I L O G U E,

Spoke by Miss FRODSHAM, in the Character of
FANNY.

Wrote by R-CH-RD G-RD-N-R, Esq.

WHAT! GENTLEMEN turn'd Actors!—yes, 'tis
true.

And tho' to *us* it may be something new,
Yet noble spirits find a road to fame,
Unknown to titles, careless of a name:
When public virtue warms with genuine fires,
They lay aside *Knights, Justices, and 'Squires*:
Vain is all rank that one good act debars,
Or shrinks at any act for *British tars*:
Our gallant sailors, harden'd in the fight,
Will gain fresh courage from our scenes to night;
Though far abroad, on dang'rous seas they roam,
Their honest hearts still relish thoughts of *home*:
Heave the soft sigh for *little ones* behind,
Nor dream their countrymen are half so kind.

O! what a noble contest! glorious strife!
To aid the matron, helpless child, and wife!
These are *true* joys, and *lasting* pleasures yield;
For these, keen sportsmen quit the crowded field,
Where, breed of WATTON, fleetest greyhounds strain,
O'er WESTACRE's high mound, or WEETING Plain;
Or where the wily fox, at distance far,
Three of the QUORUM drops in WENDLING car:
Heels over head the rapid couriers turn,
And prostrate lie *three* rapid sons of BURN.

May

May heav'n preserve, if such diversions please,
 My good Lord OGILBY from sports like these !
 There was a lover, ladies ! in good truth,
 He wanted nothing—but a little *youth* :
 A CORONET ! a well-bred man ! a beau !
 There's something *awkward*—in a *gouty toe* :
 My father trail'd along his new canal,
 Those tender feet that ill endur'd the MALL.
 O ! had he strength to scour the rising plain,
 Hills should oppose, and cars obstruct in vain !

A gentle *Somerſet* is no disgrace,
 Our ſeamen, like our 'Squires, love a *chace* :
 They pitch and roll, and up they mount again,
 Then hoist VICTORIOUS colours o'er the MAIN :
 Or volunteers, or by ſome chance impreſt,
 All bold alike, chace *Frenchmen* into BREST.

Let critics cavil at our play that dare,
 For all who ſee us, all are *actors* here ;
 Each BEAUTY that is preſent *acts a part*,
 And claims a tribute from ſome grateful heart :
 THEY triumph moſt, and moſt deſerve applauſe ;
 Who DIE with pleaſure in their COUNTRY'S CAUSE :
 Whiſt KEPPEL's thunders rule the vanquiſh'd BAY,
 MAYORS ſhall addreſs, and GENTLEMEN ſhall play.

IN November 1779, our hero was attacked
 by a very violent fit of the gout, a diſorder to
 which he had frequently been obliged to yield,
 and to which he two years after fell a martyr.
 During this ſevere trial of chriſtian patience, he
 was ſeldom able to move without crutches, and
 for

for more than a twelvemonth was confined to his bed or chair; having had one of his feet laid open several times with the lancet, and above two ounces of chalk taken from it;—no less than six pieces were taken out by the probe on the morning of Sept. 18, 1780,

Nay, e'en in this unwelcome hour,
When GOUT exerts its crippling pow'r,

He could not resist the itch for scribbling. "He *must* have leave to speak that can't hold his tongue," says the old proverb, "Though he does not know how to stir his broth without scalding his vinegar." Proud spite and burning envy, the perplexities of mind and body, still kept possession of his soul, and yearn'd to try *one more fall* with the objects of his hatred: and to this indiscretion was he precipitated by the sudden dissolution of Parliament; an epoch which furnished him with a specious opportunity of discharging that venom, *ex parte*, which raged in him like the calenture.

"Where shall the self-tormented victim find
An antidote, to heal the poison'd mind?"

With the most intemperate zeal, and with the most bare-faced apostasy, did he imprecate an opposition to the very men, and measures he
had

had, but a few years since, espoused with a warmth bordering on madness! Hand-bills were distributed *by his direction* in different parts of Norfolk, strongly recommending the son of him who he had *grossly abused* in 1768, to represent the county instead of Mr. C-ke, whose father and family he had *supported* on three similar occasions: and this, not from any change of political sentiment *in them*, but from a vicious, malignant caprice *in him*—almost inexplicable.

“ Much may it humble human nature’s pride,

“ To mark how meanly HORACE chang’d his side.”

WITHOUT an ordinary portion of philosophic urbanity, nor actuated by the common-place maxims of religion and morality, our scribbling-finner wantonly dared to trample on those leading points, friendship, honor, honesty! and treat them as

“ Frolics, for men of spirit only fit,

“ Where rapes are jests, and murder is sheer wit.”

WITH the most sovereign contempt for every contingent that might militate to his advantage, and habituated to a lethargic soporific opiate, which had reduced the finer feelings of man to a vapid state, he gave a loose to those latent sparks of poetic furor which disease, poverty, and contempt had, for a time, obscured.

Not

Not the deep groans, the racking pains,
 That round the couch of *sickness* wait;
 Not the sharp sting of cold *neglect*,
 The bitter taunt of peerless *hate*;
 Not pining *sorrow's* weighty stroke,
 Or *poverty's* afflicting yoke :—

Not all these ills *united*, could 'move his choler! nor stay the viperous rancor of his pen! Not all the twinges of the heart, nor aches of the head, could wean him from the prostitution of those intellectual abilities he so eminently possessed. Whimsicallity and egotism are weak supporters of an indifferent cause, yet DICK MERRY-FELLOW saw not the fallacy of either, till it was too late. The idea of mortifying Mr. C-ke, and Sir H—d H—d, at this crisis, was to augur a renewal of life; but our hero, in this, as in most things, *reckoned without his host*; for those two gentlemen were re-chosen in a manner very honorable to themselves, and their constituents.

To effect his favourite purpose, DICK wrote the following fragment of a poem, which, amongst some illiberal, and some incomprehensible fallies of licentious wit, contains many just remarks on the monopoly of the game.

A FRAGMENT of a POEM:

(Never before in print)

Addressed to the FREEHOLDERS OF NORFOLK,
previous to the County Election;

On the MONOPOLY of the GAME:

By a FREEHOLDER.

*Non hic centauros, non gorgona, harpijsque
Juvenies, hominem pagina nostra sapit.*

MART.

Nor quail, nor partridge, is the Game I mind,
I shoot at MAN, and level at MANKIND.

- - - - -
- - - - -
- - - - -
- - - - -

How boasts *Prince Pinery* the game he breeds !
That game, alas ! his ruin'd tenant feeds :
Let the poor man but whisper, *he's undone*,
The keeper's sent to take away his gun ;
Should hares and pheasants spare the corn he grows,
He must not shoot, not even shoot—at crows.
The madman's hounds next take their summer-beat,
And hunt in *August* through the standing wheat.
And O ! ye gods ! shall this *bashaw* be sent
A senator to *Britain's* parliament,
There to preserve our liberties and laws,—
A peerless guardian in his country's cause ?

But

But now, freeholders ! let your strength appear,
 The year of liberty's—* the present year ;
 Your turnips now are safe, your corn may grow,
 And hares and pheasants die in ev'ry row.
 Let free-born principles direct your voice,
 The man of steady virtue be your choice :
 Whose public acts for sev'n years past have shewn—
 He loves *your* welfare—as he loves his *own* :
 Who courts your favor for no private end,
 Whose faith unshaken, ne'er *forsook his friend* :
 Like A—TL—y, has a mind of noble cast,
 The same good man in all his moment's past :
 Whose heart is honest, lads ! and in whose eyes
 Fair fame is more than all the game that flies :
 Who, like a father, by his tenant stands,
 And sees a gun with patience in his hands.

- - - - -
 - - - - -
 - - - - -

Let French invasions never fright your ear,
 'Tis our *domestic* tyrants we must fear.
 And shall we send them to the Commons' door
 And arm them with fresh pow'r to hurt us more ?
 No, contrymen, be firm ! this year agree,
 And shew you have the courage—TO BE FREE :
 Shew you despise their low *septennial* arts,—
 False promises, false oaths, and false hearts :
 Shew that you know them well ; and tho' before
 You have been dup'd, you will be dup'd no more :
 Be honest to yourselves ! fear no man's frown !
 And as you set them up, so pull them down.

* The French say, Englishmen are *free* only six weeks in seven years ; that is, during the time of a *general election*.

Ne'er give a vote to *Growl's* tyrannic heir
 Who makes you pay *five pounds* * to kill a hare :
 Whose heart's supremeſt joy is to diſtreſs,
 See! harpy *Shylock* hov'ring o'er the PRESS : †
 The printer's *devil* all his arts aſſail,
 Then call him *poacher*, and he's ſent to jail.
 * But hark! what ſhouts of joy! the poll is o'er:
 * And O! Sir *Growl's* a ſenator no more:
 * Honor in *THURLOW* is the people's care,
 * And ſee! a man of merit fills the chair.

* He made the landlord of an inn at *M-nch-ſt-r* (where he is equally as reſpected as in *Norfolk*) pay 5l. for a hare that a qualified gentleman gave him to dreſs for a public company, of which he was one: the gentleman ordered the landlord to charge the hare in the dinner-bill 5l. which diſcovered the affair, on which *young Sir Growl* returned the money, and abruptly left the room—in great confuſion.

† Alludes to the attempt made at *Norwich*, two years ago, to STOP THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS, by *profefſed patriots*.

**** The four lines with aſteriſms were to be omitted, if Sir H—— H—— came in for *Norwich*, and Mr. T—— loſt his election; and the following lines were to be added, after —*his gown*. See next page, line 2.

But now triumphant ſmiles on all he meets,
 And mobs tumultuous—*drag him through the ſtreets*.

Happy the man—O! how completely bleſt,

Whom all ſupport, and yet whom all deteſt!

When VIRTUE is no more the people's care,

WINDHAM muſt fail, and THURLOW loſe the chair.

Grim

Grim look'd Sir *Growl*, as when aſham'd to own
His brethren of the hall he caſt his gown.

- - - - -
- - - - -

Once more to K-mb-rley recal your eyes,
And genuine worth in W-DEH--SE learn to prize :
Fiſt, at his country's call, to take the field,
The ſpear to brandiſh, or the ſword to wield :
For him reſerve the honors of the ſtate,
Honors, due only to the brave and great !

- - - - -
- - - - -

To D-rby ſend the *Prince of Pines* away,
His father's friends to ruin or betray :
The wife indeed, are cautious to offend,
No foe ſo deadly as an injur'd friend !
Deep in the coal-pits plunge the *Tuſcan* down
To bring up colliers and parade the town ;
To D-rby ſend him back, where all agree
No coals nor colliers are ſo black as he.
Proud, but yet mean, affecting L--c-ft-r's ſtate,
Of ſoul too little, ever to be great !
Whom nor good faith nor gratitude could bind,
A hollow heart ! and a deceitful mind !
A diſpoſition grov'ling, baſe, and low,
While Arrogance ſits louring on his brow !
His dogs are from his table fed,—the *poor* *
Are driv'n like ſlaves from his luxurious door :

* In the time of Lady L——r, the poor at H-lkh-m always attended at the *Hall*, the morning after every *public day*, but they have been forbid for two or three years paſt, and the remnants of prodigality have been given—to the hounds.

To social joys by nature ne'er design'd,
 He only wants the pow'r to crush mankind.—
 WORTH MAKES THE MAN! on that we fix our eyes,
 And fools we laugh at first, and then despise:
 For know! in folly's wide eccentric round,
 Meaness and pride are oft together found.
 Groaning for bricks, the hot-house walls, and inn
 Stupendous! force ev'n travellers to grin.—

True greatness springs from high desert alone,
 Where virtue fails, 'tis lost upon a throne:
 Of ancestors a long illustrious race,
 Where virtue fails, but adds to our disgrace:
 The gilded palace, noise and nonsense rules,
 And H—lkh-m House becomes the nest of fools.

See! where he comes!—the precious *babe of grace*!
 Blest with a happy vacancy of face!
 His simp'ring tenants gather round and stare,
 His mouth so open, and so prim his air!
 His mouth is open, but he is so shy
 He never speaks—you know the reason why—
 No sense of honor nobly spurs him on,
 His hounds and horses' his delight alone:
 Feeling so little for the worst disgrace,
 He'd rather lose his *seat*—than lose a *chace*:
 To shew the *ruling passion* of his soul,
 His hounds and huntsmen must attend the *poll*:
 Th' election lost he cares not, so the pack
 Can find him out a fox in coming back:

Freeholders

Freeholders, then, in time observe your cue !
And make as light of him as he of you.

Worth, like Sir JOHN's*, shall merit your applause,
And W-NDH-M's eloquence protect our laws :
To men like these, ye sons of NOLFOLK, look !
And laugh at all such *Patriots* as C—.

SEPTEMBER 9, 1780.

THE election at Norwich for two citizens, came on on Monday, September 11, when, after a spirited exertion of the independent freemen, to counteract the nefarious machinations of a few leading men, the number of votes polled were as follows :

Sir Harbord Harbord, Bart. of Gunston	-	1382
Edward Bacon, Esq. of Earlham,	-	1199
John Thurlow, Esq. Alderman,	- -	1103
William Windham, Esq. of Felbrigg,	-	1069

IT is not to our purpose to enter into the merits of this contest; we shall, therefore, only add, that a more glorious struggle to emancipate a large and respectable body of citizens from the prevailing violation of their unalienable rights and privileges, is not upon record !

* Sir J-hn W-deh--fe of K-mb--ley.

THE election of two knights of the shire to represent the county of Norfolk in parliament, came on at the Castle of Norwich, on Wednesday, Sept. 20, when Sir Edward Aftley, Bart. of Melton-Constable, and Thomas William Coke, Esq. of Holkham, were attended to the hustings by about two thousand freeholders, and there chosen without opposition!—to the great disappointment and mortification of our hero, who was all this time brooding over the influence his feeble efforts might have in the choice of members.

*From the Cambridge Chronicle of Saturday, Nov. 25,
1780.*

E P I G R A M.

Occasioned by the late Hue-and-Cry! after a
Norfolk member at Westminster.

WHEN C-rnw-ll from Sir Fl-tch-r took the chair,
Where were your m-mb-rs, *Norfolk*, tell us where?
Sir EDW-RD, truth it is, was in his place;
But where's your other m-mb-r?—At a *Race*.
The race for SPEAKERS?—No!—on *Swaffham* ground,
Running a match, was t'other m-mb-r found.
If such the object of the public voice,
Say, was not Norfolk *jockey'd* in her choice?
Or, when elections once more stir the land,
Does C— for *Norfolk* or *Newmarket* stand?

From

*From the Morning Herald of Monday, November 20,
1780.*

SIGHS of the SILVER DISHES in a CHEST at a Banker's
Shop in Norwich.

E P I G R A M.

“ **W**E who fed princely L-C-ST-R and his bride;
“ Now feed, alas! the change, a Quaker's pride.
“ New-fashion'd by a FOP, then pawn'd, or sold:
“ Is the *new* fashion, better than the old?”

From the Morning Herald of November 23, 1780.

CRUMBS of COMFORT for the SILVER DISHES
in a Chest at a Banker's shop in NORWICH.

*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora.—*

OVID.

MOV'D by your sighs, dear DISHES! let me bring
Peace to your minds upon my halcyon wing:
My name is HOPE—already scenes arise
Fair for your fame before my wand'ring eyes.—
What were you at the princely L—c—st—r's feast?
Mere ministers of luxury at best—
Disgraceful state for your intrinsic worth!
Now sober Justice brings your merit forth;
And in just recompence has giv'n you pow'r
To feed upon HIS heir, WHO fed on you before.
It is not pride—I speak this to your shame—
But modest five-per-cent's the QUAKER's aim.
To shield your crests and shining sides from blows
And Isralitish sweats the law allows

'This just reward; and, sure I am, my *friend**
 Will for the law effect its noblest end:
 But if hard-hearted C-KE † full many a year
 Persists in thinking you beneath his care;
 The faithful ‡ Nasmith shall at last convey
 Your forms, uninjur'd, through a length of way,
 To happier Southern climes, whose genial flames
 Shall make you perfect on the banks of Thames.
 Stamp'd with the image, by a skilful hand,
 Of the lov'd, pitied, ruler of the land;
 All! all! shall then confess your use and pow'r;
 The wise shall court you, and the fool adore.
 But in your various visits thro' the town—
 Fail not—'tis on the peril of my frown—
 To call at fam'd Craig's-court—now mind my word—
 'Tis on your left hand up, at door the third—
 There shall you find the tuner of the lay;
 O! crown him with a better crown than bay!
 So shall the headlong multitude for you
 Join the calm plaudits of the virtuous few;
 And, spite of epigrams, or sung, or told,
 "NEW FASHIONS shall be better than the OLD."

* The Banker at Norwich.

† Supposed to be meant by the fop.—See Epigram.

‡ A good old true-blue Whig carrier.

*From the Morning Herald of Saturday, November 25,
1780.*

L I N E S,

Written on a Window, near a Banker's Shop in
NORWICH.

O! May the *orange-colour'd* fool I hate,
Affect to live in grandeur and in state,
While banker's clerks bestride his mortgag'd plate
Lumb'ring the shop, imprison'd in a chest,
To all who enter,—a true *standing* jest.

*From the Cambridge Chronicle of Saturday, December
23, 1780.*

E P I G R A M,

On a Norwich Alderman's exciting the mob profanely out of Scripture, "to fetch their King* back," at the late election.

TEXT—Murd'ring *Crocus*, circl'd in a ring,
Bawls out, "Go, Norwich men! bring back your King."

" 'Tis what we wish," replies an honest JAC,
"We wish to bring *our little Ch-rley* back."

* Sir H-rb-rd, who had *abdicated* and was gone.

THE COURSE: A SONG.

Addressed to the GENTLEMEN of the
NORFOLK COURSING MEETING.

NO more let wine, no more let hounds,
Engage the tuneful Nine:
I chuse a theme beyond them all;
The Course, the Course be mine.
*Then a coursing we will go,
Then a coursing we will go, will go,
And a coursing we will go.*

The well-breath'd greyhound o'er the plain,
Had long ago been fung;
But dreading the exalted theme,
Each poet held his tongue.
Then a coursing, &c.

The hunter who pursues his game,
From earliest dawn till noon,
Laughs at the courser's rapid joy,
Because 'tis o'er too soon.
Then a coursing, &c.

But is there not, my friends, a bliss
Extatic as the Course,
Of which no one has said, as yet,
For shortness 'tis the worse.
Then a coursing, &c.

Let

Let those who think the Course is dull,
 Attend at beauty's shrine,
 Where TOWNSHEND, PEYTON, grace the plain,
 And make the sport divine.

Then a coursing, &c.

Whether on *Weeting's* well-kept field,
 Or HAMOND's wide domain;
 Or at the stouter hares on *Smee*,
 Witch, Quince, and Laura strain.

Then a coursing, &c.

Or upon *Stonehinge's* bounding turf,
 Which e'en with *Norfolk* vies;
 Or over *ASTLEY's* well-stock'd heaths,
 The Wiltshire greyhound flies.

Then a coursing, &c.

How much misnam'd the Course by those
 Who beat each hedge with care;
 And pleas'd, if in the live-long day,
 They kill one hapless hare.

Then a coursing, &c.

No, let me see the well-train'd dogs,
 In VALE's unerring hand,
 Loos'd at an instant from the slips,
 And skimming o'er the land.

Then a coursing, &c.

With ORFORD of the gallant train,
 Deservedly the pride,
 His friends around him gladly throng,
 By worth, by sport, allied.

Then a coursing, &c.

Thus

Thus meet my friends, and twice each year
 Renew the charming sport;
 And whilst we've health and strength, my lads!
 Let's push about the port.
Then a drinking, &c.

Then fill each glass, a bumper fill;
 No day-light be there found:
 Drink, drink the Course; halloo! my boys!
 And let the toast go round.
Then a coursing, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT,

From the Cambridge Chronicle, Jan. 13, 1781.

In the month of February, 1781, will be published,
The Disappointed WIFE of NORFOLK:
 Or, the Drunken Phyfician ordering a separate Bed.

OH! that I had but remain'd a widow!
 All is not gold that glitters!
 It is a sad thing to have a nominal husband!

From the Cambridge Chronicle, January 20, 1781.

EPIGRAM,

On letters to the printer being charged, in Crouse's Norfolk Chronicle, as advertisements, by the Stamp-Office at Norwich.

SWORN foe to the press, like most of his betters,
 Old *Shylock* now squeezes a duty on letters?

“ Of

“ Of what use are *letters*, exclaims the old Jew,
 “ Unless C—ke and H—rb—d their alphabet knew ?
 “ But if *Crouse* prints *new* letters, I’ll forfeit my head,
 “ For I’ll mark them with *EADEM SEMPER** in *red* !”

E P I G R A M,

On bearing of a late intended duel in Hyde-Park.

THE TALL MAN of London, of prowess so stout,
 Lo ! sends to a *Justice of Peace*—when called out :
 “ And ’twas right,” cries Sir *Growl*, “ what can a man do ?
 “ I *once* was called out, and I sent unto *two*.”

E P I T A P H on a CAT,

That always begged when he saw any body eat.

DICK, when *alive*, gave joy to me,
 And comfort to the poor now *dead* ;
 Since nothing fatter was than he,
 And yet he always—*begg’d his bread*.

Hunstanton Cliff.

ORLANDO.

IN this rotundancy of poetic amusement did our hero move ; giving, as he thought, a *coup d’œil* by every line ; and although it cannot be said of him, as *Erasmus* speaks of *Skelton* the poet-lauret to Henry VIII. that he was “ the
 “ light and honor of the British learning,”
Britannicarum literarum lumem et decus, yet he was

* Motto on the stamp.

by no means an inelegant writer. He was not the *stricken deer* who sheds his tears in solitude and silence, nor the *phœnix* of the sect of Zeno ; his rhymes were rattles for children of a larger growth ; and the discovery of the longitude, or the philosopher's stone, nay, what is more problematical than either, the liquidation of the national debt, would have been an easier task to him, than a prohibition of this *play thing*.

IRONY is undoubtedly the keenest weapon of satire, but laughter is bought too dear, if it be at the expence of decency ; and “ want of decency, is want of sense.” Like the monster furious with a hundred heads,—*Bellua Centiceps*, of HORACE, he grinned forth personal invective with the most provoking vivacity and affectation of pleasantry. Pertinacious, vehement, invidious, impetuous, and somewhat ambidextrous, with penetration and strong natural abilities, we can give those persons, incurring his dislike, credit, who exclaim with *Horace*,

Vesanum tetigisse timent fugiuntque poetam.

Fly ! neighbours, fly ! he raves ; his verses show it ;
Fly ! or you're caught, you're bit—by a mad poet.

As Dr. *Fuller* says, “ if he was *ingenious* he was not *ingenuous* ; to every pound of wit he had hardly a drachm of good nature :” yet he had learning
sufficient

sufficient to tell a *Lexicon* from a *Latin Bible* : and, though we cannot rank him with *Aristippus* amongst courtiers and philosophers, whose character is so finely and so justly drawn in one beautiful line by HORACE,

Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res.

He had duplicity enough to suit himself to the tempers and capacities of those *few* who continued to listen to *his tale of woe* ; but, *audi alteram partem*, one story is good till another be told. When Philip of Macedon sat in judgment, he used to stop one ear, which, he said, he reserved for the defendant. This is an excellent rule, with respect to the different parties in all subjects of controversy and litigation. By suppressing some circumstances, and artfully varnishing others, falsehood may be made to bear the semblance of truth.

—— *Hic niger est : hunc tu, Romane, caveto.*

HOR.

This man's a knave ; therefore beware of him.

CREECH.

THE truth is, our hero either wanted sagacity to discover the strength of the power he provoked, or he had not virtue enough to decline a contest : maintaining, that a blot at backgammon

gammon, is no blot—till hit. With Voltaire's *Candide*, "All is for the best;" and, with our favorite English bard, "What ever is, is right."

*From the Norfolk Chronicle of Saturday, January 27,
1781.*

To the Memory of Miss TRYON.

SMOOTH run the verse that decks *Maria's* bier,
True as her worth, and as my grief sincere.
Fast flow the tears which fill *Maria's* grave;
Where friendship weeps, sure hapless love will rave!
For Oh! how oft' to rapture did she move
The ear of friendship and the eye of love!
How oft her wit, with winning smiles display'd,
Secur'd the conquest that her charms had made!
Cold are those limbs!—lost is that power to please
With faultless form and unaffected ease!
Vain youth! 'tis yours, to kindle with your breath
The lamp of Hymen, or the torch of death.
Yet still to soothe (if ought can soothe our woes)
At friendship's call the faithful canvass* glows.
Mark well yon portrait!—let the pleasing pain
Throb in each breast, and thrill thro' every vein.
Such *were* the features, that we all admir'd!
Such *was* the air, that nature's self inspir'd—
Here then her new existence we will date,
For *here* she lives beyond the power of fate.

* A portrait of Miss TRYON.

THESE pathetic lines were wrote by Mr. MERRY-FELLOW to the memory of a young lady, who died whilst on a visit to Edmund Rolfe, Esq. at Heacham, four miles from *M—t—A—a*. Youth and beauty had a charm to move the *tender* feeling, which even the honors of grey hairs and age could not resist.

“ Yet, what we can’t describe, we may adore ;

“ The gods allow us this,—and ask no more.”

To the PRINTER of the NORFOLK CHRONICLE.

S I R,

THE illiberal and unjust strictures on the much-admired rural poem of SEPTEMBER, that were exhibited in the *Critical Review* of last month, are a fresh conviction how little the public can depend upon the character given of any performance by the writers of that miserable compilation : indeed, for the most part, judicious readers are inclined to purchase a new work more readily if they see it condemned in the *Review*, as most probably the performance is not without a great deal of merit ; their censures are frequently found malicious and false, and to a degree ridiculous : so ridiculous indeed, that many people are of opinion, that they seldom read beyond the *title-page* of the work they criticise : where they *do* read farther, they appear illiterate beyond measure, and of course are sure to misrepresent the author whom they do not understand.

But a more glaring misrepresentation of any performance was never seen than what they have given of the poem in question, where as much true humor and wit, and just satire upon the inordinate passion for the *monopoly of game*, so prevalent amongst our *country Squires*, has been displayed, as this age has produced; wrote with great ease, and in defiance of all *reviewers*, in the true “spirit of poetry.” But to their remarks:

“The fresh-shorn fields, and *cowies* proud of wing:

“The pointers leaping at their master’s side.

“And *full-blown* sportsmen in their autumn pride.”

“The description of those *full-blown* sportsmen with their many diverting pranks forms the *whole business* of this important work.” The main object of the poem is to ridicule an excessive passion for game; to indulge which, many gentlemen of very amiable qualities in other respects fully a reputation that would acquire them the love of mankind, and who, though the greatest poachers themselves, become tyrants to all the neighbourhood about them; the poet endeavours to laugh them out of it: he holds up a *glass*, but the misfortune is, that if *twenty* look in it at once, a man sees every body’s face *but his own*.

“*Cowies* proud of wing.”

Notwithstanding the sarcastical italics of the *reviewers*, is a proper and very poetical expression:

Insolitos docuere Nisus.

HOR.

“*Comus*, dear droll! hold both thy sides and see

“Decripit threescore *turnip’d* to the knee.”

Turnip’d

Turnip'd to the knee, is very descriptive in this passage : it is not only intelligible to the *meanest capacity*, though the reviewers say, “ it is far beyond our comprehension,” but the painting is strong ; the whole passage indeed is beautiful, and a just ridicule upon *old sportsmen*, who pursue the diversions of the field beyond their years and strength.

If in *seven* hundred lines, not *two or three* hundred, as mentioned by the reviewers, (an instance of their great accuracy and attention to the work before them) they could only *pick out two* expressions to find fault with, it is submitted to all impartial judges, who know how ready they are to find fault, whether it is not a fair presumption, that the poem in question has no small degree of merit.

I am yours, &c.

Dec. 30, 1780.

CANDOR.

P. S. In the very next page to their remarks on *September*, the reviewers quote the following line from *Horace*,

“ *Difficile est proprie communia dicere.*”——

They render *communis*, old, “ *hackneyed*” subjects, whereas the poet meant directly the contrary : subjects that had never been handled before, that lay as it were *in common* for any man to take up : that had never been touched upon :

*Avia pieridum peragro loca, NULLIUS ANTE
TRITA PEDE.*—————

LUCR.

This was evidently the meaning of *Horace* in the word *communia*: such subjects as Gay's *Trivia*, Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, Congreve's *Ben the Sailor*, &c. The whole passage shews it plainly: *Horace* says, in his instructions to *Dramatic* poets, and it is to the drama this quotation from the poet is applied (the farce of "The humors of an Election.")

Si quid *inexpertum* scœnæ committis, et audes
 Personam formare *novam*, fervetur ad imum
 Qualis ab incæpto processerit et sibi constat;
 "Difficile est proprie *communia* dicere," tu que
 Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus
 Quam si proferres *ignota inditaque primus*:

Can any thing be more plain than the meaning of *Horace*? but you, reviewers, render *communia*, "hackneyed" subjects:

En! Quales fitis JUDICES!

PHOEDRUS.

It is pleasant sometimes, to read the diversity of opinions of the temporary critics. The *Monthly Review* speaks very handsomely of the poem of *September*; the *Critical Reviewers* declare, there is not one good line in the whole poem!

The above *critique on the critics* is a *friendly* and able defence of a poem, written by the Revd. J-r-m-n Pr-tt of W-tlingt-n in Norfolk, who has honestly, very properly, and with forcible arguments, exposed the absurdity and folly of pursuing the feathered *game* with that tenacious, inflexible, sanguinary disposition, so prevalent among

among the lords of manors—of all ranks and ages ! complexions and sizes !

“ Without a mind a MAN is but an ape,

“ A mere brute body—in a human shape.”

THE tenuity of this puerile and trivial passion for *cruelty** is ranked, among the votaries of TASTE, as the compendium or *summum bonum* of human perfection. The vague and indeterminate gusto among jockeys and hunters of the higher class hath found its way into *St. Stephen's Chapel*, where you'll find the *ins* and the *outs*—in the drefs and toils of *Newmarket*.

“ Go on, brave youths ! till in some future age

“ *Whips* shall become the senatorial badge ;

“ 'Til ENGLAND see her *jockey* senators

“ Meet all at Westminster—in boots and spurs ;

“ See the whole house, with mutual frenzy mad,

“ Her patriots all—in *leathern* breeches clad ;

“ Of *bets*—not taxes, learnedly debate,

“ And guide with equal reins—a *speed* and state.”

WARTON.

To the *extreme* relish for the field and turf may be added, the mental quixotism of the cabinet *connoisseurs* among pictures, books, prints, coins, relics, statues, terrasses, ha-ha's, and a

* HOGARTH'S Stages. Horse-racing, cock-fighting, bull-baiting, fox-hunting, coursing, shooting, hawking, fishing, driving, boxing, dueling, &c.

thousand whimsical *et cetera's* which come under the denomination of *Taste*.

- “ Blest age ! when all men may procure
- “ The title of a *Connoisseur*.
- “ When noble and ignoble herd
- “ Are govern'd by a single word ;
- “ Though, like the royal *German* dames,
- “ It bears an hundred Christian names ;
- “ As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, *Gout*,
- “ Whim, Caprice, *Je-ne-scai-quoi*, *Virtù* :
- “ Which appellations all describe
- “ TASTE, and the modern *tasteful* tribe.

Mr. TOWN.

From the Morning Herald of Friday, March 9, 1781.

EPIGRAM,

On the *Scotch Rebels* flying from the late Duke of CUMBERLAND, into Derbyshire, in 1745.

Written by an Officer.

COPE, when the rebel troops were near at hand,
 Took to the *sea* to fight 'em on the *land* :
 WADE, better thought he could not be too near,
 And so kept close *behind* the *Chevalier*.
 But the brave *Duke*, with many a gallant boy,
 That fear'd not fire nor sword at *Fontenoy*,
 Struck terror to the youth in one short week,
 And drove him—to the *Devil's-Arse-a-Peak* !

THE

THE following *epilogue* and *song*, were written by DICK MERRY-FELLOW, under the most excruciating pangs of the gout. His mind possessed a vigor and brilliancy of conceit, which neither disease, chagrine, embarrassment, reflection, nor the *maigre* support of panado, could damp. Pride is an ingredient in the composition of some men, which will buoy them up in a sea of trouble. The *frog-glutton* of the land of croakers, and the *two-legg'd consumer of oats* of the land of cakes, are, in the words of JUVENAL,

————— *Vivimus ambitiosâ*
Paupertate. —————

EVERY state of life, from the lowest peasant to the highest sovereign, has its sorrows and disappointments, and the most rigid virtue is not infallible. Vice is a gradual and easy descent; and it requires more sublimity of thought than comes to the share of many, to recover the inestimable blessing of happiness and peace, by contrition and imploring mercy,

Hos diri conscia fasti
Mens habet attonitos et furdo verbere cœdit
Occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum.

JUV. Sat. 13.

Not sharp revenge, nor hell itself can find,
 A fiercer torment than a guilty mind;

P 4

Which

Which day and night doth dreadfully accuse,—
Condemns the wretch, and still the charge renews.

CREECH's Juvenal, Sat. 13.

————— a time
Will come, (enquire not how) this is enough;
'Tis plain : a time there will be after death,
When God, as fit, the just from the unjust,
The guiltless from the guilty will select,
And give to ev'ry man his due reward.

Dr. GREY's translation.

WE do not mean to apply these sententious gleanings to our hero *alone*:—Let he whom the cap fits, wear it; for, with the poet, Dick used to say,

Let the gall'd jade go winch,
My withers are unwrung :—

An

AN OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE,

To the Tragedy of CYMBELINE, performed by Gentlemen, at the Theatre at LYNN-REGIS in Norfolk, on Easter-Monday, April 16, 1781; for the benefit of the company of Comedians.

Spoken by Mrs. KING, in the Character of IMOGEN.

S O! gentlemen again * upon the stage!
 O! when will cease this rank THEATRIC rage?
 See! soldiers†! sportsmen! all the humor suits,
 And tragic *buskins* triumph over *boots*!
 O! where is now that *fury* for the chace,
 That erst inflam'd old NIMROD's iron race?
 Turn'd *players* all, however strange the fact!
 But yet we never see their *ladies* act:
 And some, perhaps, it might not greatly vex,
 Like *Imogen*, for *once* to change their sex:
 To wear th' apparel, tho' but for an *hour*,
 That constitutes o'er man such *magic* pow'r;
 If *once* put on, it sometimes lasts for *life*,
 And the *fierce husband* grows a *pliant wife*!
 Dear *ladies*, try the drefs, and never fear it,
 For some are thought, and some are *known* to wear it:
 Come, one and all, and at the *Green-room* meet—
 You know our play-house stands in *Chequer-street* ‡.

* Alludes to the Comedy of the "Clandestine Marriage." performed by *Gentlemen* at the *Lynn* theatre, on Monday, March 22, 1779, and another play in 1780.

† Officers of the East Essex militia, and gentlemen who played the principle parts.

‡ Long distinguished in *Lynn*, as the quarter of the *Grays*.

Why, what a mad vain-glorious *mate* had I,
 My faith across the CONTINENT to try !
 Send an *Italian* too ! to find me out ?
 —Choice lovers came from *Italy* no doubt !
 The *gentle* youth did not *disturb* my rest,
 Content to *view*—the *mole upon my breast* :
 O ! had a *turban'd TURK* come in his stead,
 Who cou'd have answer'd for a *virgin's* bed ?

Then I must take a trip, poor fool, to WALES :
 —I've heard a *trip to SCOTLAND* seldom fails.
 But who would change *cork-hoops* and *petticoats*,
 To ramble 'mongst caves, and rocks, and goats ?
 Or *mountaineers*, to beauty BOTH so blind ?
 The *brutes* could not distinguish *woman-kind*.
 Had I from *Milford* cross'd the *Irish* main,
 Hat, coat, and sword, had been put on in vain :
 To those bright sons of *gallantry* and arms,
 No dress had *long* conceal'd—a WOMAN's charms !

Our play to-night corrects th' *historic* page,
 That gives up *Albion's* cliffs to Roman rage :
 Our sea-girt ISLE disdains a foreign foe,
 This *Romans* knew, and *French* and *Spaniards* know.
 GEORGE, like another *Cymbeline*, commands,
 And heads as warlike and victorious bands :
 Alike prepar'd to humble, or chastise,
France in arms, or treacherous *allies* :
 Whilst vengeance on their pow'rs *combin'd* is hurl'd,
 His thunders shake th' affrighted *western* world.
 No distant subject *unredress'd* complains,
 While RODNEY conquers, and while BRUNSWIC reigns.

The STRONG BEER of *Old England*: or,
The JOLLY TARS of LYNN.

A NEW OCCASIONAL BALLAD.

Sung upon the Theatre at Lynn-Regis in Norfolk, by Mr. HERBERT, in the Character of *Congreve's* BEN THE SAILOR, April 16, 1781.

To the Tune of, "O! the ROAST BEEF of Old England," &c.

COME, *meff-mates*, be jolly, and drive away care,
A fig for the DON, and a fig for MYNHEER!
Come, take off a Can of Old English STRONG BEER.
O! *the strong Beer of Old England,*
And O! *the Old English strong beer,*

True friendship and honesty pleasure imparts,
No COURTIERs are here with their sycophant arts,
To *smile* on the man whom they *hate* in their hearts.
O! *the strong beer, &c.*

No PARLIAMENT-MAN, who with cant and grimace,
Will give you strong beer—till he gets into *place*,
And then, like a churl, *throws his door* in your face.
O! *the strong beer, &c.*

Brave DRAKE, round the world, what enabled to steer,
And make *Spain, France, and Portugal* tremble with fear?
—Why, he din'd off ROAST BEEF, and drank nothing
but BEER.

O! *the roast beef, &c.* In

In London, *French* cooks and *French* turtles abound,
But where is the *PARLEZ-VOUS* cook to be found,
Like the *BRITON*, who knocks a fat *OX* to the ground?

O! the roast beef, &c.

Your *FOREIGN-BRED Englishman* turns up his nose
At a horn of *OLD STINGO*, too potent for *beaux*,
It may strain his weak nerves, or may spot his lac'd cloaths.

O! the strong beer, &c.

Let the *French* on our coast presume to appear,
Our *MILITIA* shall shew them the pow'r of beer,
Their *frogs* and *soup-maigre* will never do here.

O! the strong beer, &c.

Old *VERNON* we honor for giving us *GROG*,
To heave up our anchor, and heave out our log,
But what's to compare with a can of *GOOD NOG*?

O! the strong beer, &c.

Here's a health to brave *RODNEY*, and all his brave tars!
Who fight like old Britons in spite of old scars,
And make the *Van-Berkel's* to hang down their ears!

O! the strong beer, &c.

Let's never forget in his age and retreat,
THE MAN, who the *Monfieurs* so *DRUBB'D* and so beat,
Here's a health to *Ld. HAWKE*! and success to the *FLEET*!

O! the strong beer, &c.

Let *Shulldham*, *Howe*, *Keppel*, and *Harland* so brave,
Rofs, *Campbell*, and *Barrington*, stem the proud wave,
For these are the men that our country must *SAVE*.

O! the strong beer, &c.

STRONG BEER made our fore-fathers hardy and bold,
STRONG BEER makes the sons like their fathers of old !
All *true English hearts* love it better than GOLD.

O ! the strong beer, &c.

See ! HENRY, young Prince, to all *seamen* so dear,
What makes him so stout, such a stranger to fear ?—
—His *tea-cup* he chang'd for a CUP OF STRONG BEER.

O ! the strong beer, &c.

May KING GEORGE live for ever, he can't live too long !
May his STEERSMAN know always the right from the
wrong !

And may all LOYAL SUBJECTS drink nothing but STRONG !

O ! the strong beer, &c.

WE are now drawing to the most awful period
of our hero's existence. A few months of time
will emancipate him from a state of body and
mind,

“ Like sad Prometheus, thus to lie,

“ In endless pain, and never die.

YET, ever amidst the horrors of a couch, and
impending ruin ! “ When cares oppressive rack
the troubled soul ;” he felt the same itch for
scribbling as if he had had a salvo in his pocket
for every evil ; and was momentarily engaged
in a work, of which the following is his adver-
tisement, taken from the *Cambridge Chronicle* of
August 25, 1780.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in 8vo.

THE NAVAL REGISTER; or, An Historical Account, from authentic records and papers, of the most remarkable sea-engagements, expeditions, attacks, and sieges, and a complete list of squadrons and commanders, from the year 1739 to the present year 1781. To be annually published on the 1st of May, during the continuance of the present hostilities, or war of reprisals. To which will be added an appendix, containing a list of the Admirals, Captains, Lieutenants, and ships in commission of the royal navy of England, arranged and formed upon an entire new plan: with a list of the royal navies of England, France, and Spain, during the wars of 1740 and 1756, and an accurate account of the number of line-of-battle ships of France and Spain, now in commission.

By R-CH-RD G-RD-N-R, Esq.

Captain of Marines on board his Majesty's ship the Rippon of 60 guns in the last war, and author of "The Account of an Expedition against Martinico, Guadelupe, and other the Caribbee Islands in the West-Indies in 1759," dedicated, by permission, to the Queen.

———— Versas ad Littora Puppæ
Respiciunt, totumque allabi Classibus Æquor. — VIRG.

———— Imperi
Porrecta Majestas ab Ortu
Solis ad Hesperium Cubile
Custode Rerum Cæsare. — HOR.

Lynn, printed by W. Whittingham, and sold by J. Fielding, London,

PART of the copy of this work was put into the hands of a printer at Lynn-Regis, who had done some of it at press, when Mr. MERRY-FELLOW died. By so premature an exit, the public, we fear, will be deprived of the benefit of his labors on a subject so very important at this juncture, and the printer suffer a considerable loss.

AT this time, our hero had also a poem, called *The TRIPPING JURY; a Norfolk Tale: inscribed to Sir H-rb-rd H-rb-rd, Bart. Member for Norwich*, which he published soon after, at one shilling. The *advertisement to the reader* is a direct libel on T. W. C-ke, Esq. and the *dedication* to Sir H. H. is a malicious attempt at irony: alluding to the *manner* of his being re-chosen member for Norwich, on the ever-memorable 11th of September, 1780. but falsely and ænigmatically related.

TRIPPING *a-la-Mode*:

An Assemblage of Hudibrasticks.

Ludere par Impar.—

HOR.

By DICK MERRY-FELLOW, Esq.

OF MOUNT-VESUVIUS.

LOCK'D up for hours forty-eight,
 A *N-rf-lk* juryman of late,
 Depriv'd of meat, and drink, and fire,
 And almost ready to expire:
 “ A plague! shall nine of us, cries he,
 “ Be starv'd to death for two or three,
 “ Because the *dumplings* won't agree?
 “ Why, look'ye, honest neighbours, look!
 “ They're all as head-strong as 'Squire C—
 “ As head-strong did I say, nay more,
 “ I might have said,—almost as *poor*;
 “ And none to judge are at a loss,
 “ How want of money makes us cross:
 “ 'Twas that, I'll hold you any wager,
 “ That made C-KE quarrel with the *Major*.
 “ With open mouth, see! how they stare
 “ And gape—like L-c-ft-r's *gapping* hair;
 “ By *Shylock* sent to th' bank too late
 “ To take a peep at his own plate*:

* Alludes to a superb service of plate *sent from home* in this time of *war*, and danger of *privateers*, to a banker's shop at Norwch,—for *security*.

“ Who

" Who sooner, on the *N-rf-lk* coast,
 " Runs me his head against a post ?
 " And what he gets into his brain
 " The *Dev'l* can ne'er get out again :
 " Like table-hunting JACK of *Cl-y*,
 " *Wriggling his head*, as who should cry,
 " *There's none of you so wise as I?*
 " No, not amongst you all is one,
 " Not ev'n Count L—, the hatter's son ;
 " Nor he, cast forth of the same mother,
 " That lout, his *Common-stealing* brother.
 " Nor *genius* of the law-run-mad,
 " *Cream-colour'd Ciceronian* CH—D.
 " Nor he, that nervous *G-nt-n* sinner,
 " Who on a *lev'ret* fed at dinner,
 " But made the honest *landlord* pay
 " *Five pounds* before he went away :
 " Five pounds ! for what ? O ! droll to name,—
 " For killing hares—For killing game ?
 " But had it been a precious pheasant,
 " He found it was his *Worship's* present.
 " A neighb'ring hospitable 'Squire,
 " Who waxing hot, and full of ire ;
 " Sir *Growl* turn'd pale, runs to a friend,
 " (His *usual way*, his *scrapes* to end ;)
 " Then left the company to dine,
 " * Sneak'd down stairs, and return'd the *fine* :
 " The 'Squire, who saw he would not fight †,
 " Call'd after him," " Sir *Growl*, good night !"

* See journals of the gentleman's club at M-nch-ft-r.

† See Major G-rd-r-r's letter to Sir H-rb d H-rb-rd, Bart.
 ditto to Th-m-s W-ll-m C-ke, Esq. 1778.

“ Good night, Sir *Growl*!—The waiters cry,
 “ And merry footmen standing by.
 “ But to return—for his digression,
 “ You’ll pardon me on my concession.
 “ Why, honest neighbours, look-ye here !
 “ Would it not make a parson swear
 “ To see these three C—KE-headed loobies,
 “ What, not a word, ye H-lkh-m boobies ?
 “ —Sirs, if you mean to-night to sup,
 “ Come, for a *verdict* let’s *trip up** :
 “ This finishes at once disputes,—
 “ The only way to deal with *brutes*.

Our tale, tho’ strange, we must proceed ;
 No sooner spoke, than all agreed :
 Up went the *shilling*, discord healing,
 Down came the verdict from the *cicling* :
 “ Look, gentlemen, and see it light,
 “ An even chance but what ’tis right ;
 “ So—now the squabbling *plaintiff*’s undone,
 “ And my *Lord Judge* may *trip* for *London*.”

Who laughs at this our story, who ?
 Laugh as you please, but it is true † ;
 And was the system understood,
 It might be for the nation’s good :
 What but the *shilling*, where it falls,
 Brings peace into *St. Stephen’s* walls ?

* *Toss up*, with a half-penny, shilling, or any other coin,
 and not to make a *false step*, as *tripping* is generally under-
 stood.—*deprebendo*.

† An actual fact, at an assize at *Norwich*.

If that a shilling from the throne
 Toss'd up aloft should tumble down,
 Say, *grumblers*, where's the man not willing
 In times like these—to *turn a shilling*?
 The YANKEES, tho' so proud of late,
 A shilling turn'd, might turn their fate;
 Nor would it their high spirits damp
 To turn it,—tho' it bore a *stamp*.
 Up with the *shilling*, down goes pride,
 Thro' realms extended far and wide;
 For while the shilling's in the air,
 See! *Dutchmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards* stare;
 Eager to know the chance may hap,
 Each holds and stretches out his cap.

O! what a great expence of blood
 Might *Britain* save in many a wood;
 On many a tent-environ'd plain,
 Where thousands in a day are slain:
 If e'er the guns began to rattle,
 CORNWALLIS *tripp'd up* for the battle.

What endless treaties, negotiations,
 Might well be spar'd contending nations,
 If that *hostilities* might cease,
 The POW'RS AT WAR—*tripp'd up* for PEACE.

When fleets combin'd of *France* and *Spain*,
 Pop *out* and then pop *in* again;
 What better schemes could *Fleury* † hit on
 Than let them both *trip up* for *Britain*?

† Monsieur JOLI DE FLEURY, successor to the great French
financier, Monsieur NECKAR.

Or force the Dutch on 'Statia's high-land,
To *trip* with RODNEY for the Island ?

Port-Praya's tar *, who cannot *write*,
Swears he'll make all his *Captains* fight;
For *Frenchmen* cares not he a button,—
So he can lay the blame on *S-t-t-n*.
Ships without masts, we all agree,
May easily—be *tow'd* to sea;
Was he not savage as a cannibal,
He might have *tripp'd up* for th' *Hannibal*;
It sure had been a better thing,
And pleas'd the nation—and the KING.

But not too far abroad to roam,
Let's bring our system nearer home;
Would candidates have one objection
To *trip* for seats at an election ?
When there are hundreds, you and I know,
So glad to save their ready *rhino* ?
Nay e'en Sir EDWARD's † perpetuity
Might *trip* to save a small gratuity,—
Since there is nought to *trip* *withal*
At G-nt-n—or at H-lkh-m Hall ?

How near had F-x* and B-RKE † of late
Tripp'd up our Ministers of State,

* Commodore J-hnft-n : see his letter in the London Gazette.

† Sir Ed--rd A-tl-y, Bart. member for N-rf-lk, brought in the bill to render "perpetual" the late Mr. Grenville's election-bill.

* Hon. Ch--les J-mes, F-x, representative for Westminster.

† Edm--d B-rke, Esq. member for Malton in Yorkshire.

Tho' had they all come tumbling down,
 Such is "THE POWER of the CROWN,"
 In spite of D-NN-NG *, spite of B--RE, †
 Or schemes form'd only to miscarry,
 Twenty to one it would have been
 If e'er a *Patriot* got in.

N-RTH ‡ in his life ne'er brighter shone
 Than when his friends *tripp'd* for the *Loan* ;
 When all together by the ears,
 They quarrell'd for the largest shares :
 " *Trip up*, good lads ! the Statesman cries,
 " Who wins—shall have the greatest prize :
 " No longer here attendance dance,
 " For what is got is all a *chance* :
 " Who can expect that I, the nation
 " Can save by dint of *speculation* ?
 " The very Patriots advance,
 " The nation must be fav'd—by *chance* :
 " But, good Sir GR-Y*, first shut the door,
 " ('Tis what you've often done before)
 " Left any skulking *Whig* should whip in,
 " And catch the minister a *tripping*."—
 Contending jobbers lik'd the plan,
 Bankers and brokers to a man ;

* J-hn D-nn-ng, Esq. † Right Honble If--c B--rè, members for Calne in Wilts.

‡ Right Honble Fred-r-ck, Lord N-rth, representative for Banbury, Oxon. PREMIER.

* Sir Gr-y C--p-r, Bart. member for Saltash in Cornwall, joint-Secretary to the Treasury, &c. &c.

No minister could more succeed,—
The *bulls* and *bears* were all agreed.—

Thus *opposition* would be quiet,
London ne'er know another riot,
Would GEORGE, grown partial to new faces,
Let Patriots-*trip up* for places :
For see ! how many of them hanker
After the *Admiralty-anchor* * !
How many look with longing eye
On *England's* lofty *Treasury* !
Full many Courtier's head they'd lop,
Could they once get upon the top ;
What numbers of them like thy pay,
And eke thy consequence, Sir GR-Y :
How fain would men of stomachs nice,
From R-GBY's † pudding take a slice.
Ah ! R-GBY's is a snug affair,
Full twenty-thousand pounds a year !
With R-GBY all would take a cup,
Could they but get him to *trip up* ;
Or for a *tit-bit* silyly hitch in
With T'-LB-T ‡ in the royal kitchen.

'Tis now full twenty years or more,
Old Whigs have bled at ev'ry pore ;

* Seal of office of the First Lord of the Admiralty.

† Right Honble. R-ch--d R-gby, representative for Tavistock, Devon ; Paymaster-general of his Majesty's forces, &c. &c.

‡ Right Honble, Earl T-lb-t, Lord Steward of the Household, &c.

Doom'd

Doom'd in all counties thro' the nation,
 To an unnat'ral *Scotch starvation*.
 Lord ADV-C-TE* extols the lot,—
 Such is the mildness of a Scot :
 In vain *old honest Whigs* petition,
 Lamenting *Britain's* lost condition,
 Her tarnish'd lustre, faded glory,
 The triumphs of the *white-ros'd Tory* :
 In vain prefer their loyal suit,
 And curse the influence of B-TE†,
 Who fills all posts for private ends,
 And calls his *creatures*—" *The King's friends*."
 But not a soul of them can slip in,
 For N-RTH is now grown deaf to *tripping*.

The India Company behold
 Rich *Nabobs*—trembling for their gold !
Directors lending each a hand
 To save their *territorial* land !
 How like Sir H-GH‡ they *knot* and *splice* ?
 All had been ended in a trice,
 Had but the Knight in the *blue garter*
Tripp'd up with them for a NEW CHARTER.

How soon would civil discord cease ;
 How soon our broils be hush'd in peace ;
State-matters all meet calm decision,
 The *House* ne'er hear of a *division*.

* Right Honble H-nry D-and-s, Lord Advocate of Scotland,
 member for Edinburgh-shire.

† Right Honble J-hn St--rt, Earl of B-te.—" *Blessed be
 the peace makers!*"

‡ *The Governor of Greenwich Hospital.*

When that the *Speaker* puts the *question*
 On *motions* of a hard digestion ;
 Would F-x and B--RE, B--KE and D-NN-NG,
 And men of parts, and men of cunning,
 Dismissing *patriotic* fury,
 Act, like—the *N-rf-lk* TRIPPING JURY ?

THIS is, in every sense, a jumble of political traits, too vague and dissolatory to demand serious attention. With regard to the circumstance of a JURY *tripping up* for a verdict, which our hero avers to be a *fact*, we do not see *why* Mr. C-ke and Sir H— H— should be so unmercifully *tripped*. The PUBLIC were in full possession of the dispute agitated by *appeal*, and consequently the proper *jury* to determine on its merits ; though it required not the *tossing up* of a *shilling* to return the verdict, unanimously, *felo-de-se*. This fresh attack on their character as gentlemen and men of honor, is an insult to the *jury*, which DICK had, of his own choice, impaneled. An appeal to the *public* is a matter of serious consideration, and ought not to be given too rashly :—but there is no appeal from their decision in literary suits. Prejudices are easily received, but not so easily removed ; and all the sophistry and innumerable *minutiæ* of the ablest writers, *en advocatus*, will fail in effect : and, by endeavouring to prove *too much*—prove *nothing at all* ! “ He that is too much a huckster, often
 “ loses a bargain ; as he that is too little so,
 “ often

“ often purchases a law-suit,” is an excellent American maxim, as consonant on this side of the Atlantic as on the other, and perfectly so with Mr. MERRY-FELLOW, throughout life.

DICK is here found *tripping* with ministers of state, and with grooms of the Augean stable. Patriots *tripping* up the heels of tripping ministers, and tripping ministers *tripping* up for the loaves and fishes, whilst the * * * * and his people are *tripping*—in the literal sense of the word : and the belligerent powers are *tripping up*—for the dominion of this devoted country !

— — — BRITAIN, alas ! how chang'd,
How fallen from that envy'd height !— —

LYTT.

By a series of measures, erroneous and impolitic, hath not these kingdoms been plunged, from the very pinnacle of human greatness, into an abyss of wretchedness ? 'Tis now too late to recover what we have lost ! but it is not too late to punish the author of our ruin ! should the proof come home to an individual :

“ Without one sneaking virtue in thy train,
“ O precious villain ! scoundrel ! rogue in grain !

It is a tribute to his country—to justice—to heaven ! Millions of money and thousands of
lives

lives have been sacrificed to accomplish—what? why the ruin of our trade! the disgrace of our arms! and the loss of dominion!—Our feelings as men, as liege subjects, prompt us to these bitter reflections. AMERICA lost! France triumphant! Spain *rampant*, Holland *en passant*, and all the world in their sober senses—but poor Old England! DISPATCH, the life of business, and the soul of war, was never exerted more successfully than in the *Mauritanian* work done by the Gorgon knot of *evil* councilors towards the *ruin* of this country. To lose in seven years what we have been acquiring for ages! O Fortune! Fortune! thou art a jilt; or else, our sins are equal to the measure of our woes.

SAVE us, O Lord! for we are sinking, saith the Psalmist; and may we, by a yet timely reformation, seek thy hand to crush our enemies?

—————*dii visa secundant.*

LUC.

Prosper the vision, heav'n!

Ejaculations of prayer, when offered with sincerity, will, we trust, be received by the Almighty dispenser of the world, with benignity and regard. O! may the stubborn hearts of those who advised and supported coercive measures, as the means of conciliating the minds of men, be turned, and may they humble themselves

felves before God. The ingenious Dr. Priestley hath this passage ; “ What torrents of human
 “ blood has the restless ambition of mortals
 “ shed, and in what complicated distress has
 “ the discontent of powerful individuals involved
 “ a great part of their species !” but to leave this gloomy subject, and return to DICK MERRY-FELLOW, who we left *tripping* with the national jury, within a few days of being *tripped up* by the grim tyrant, Death, *sans ceremonie*.

“ Seiz’d with such whims, with frenzy so diverting,
 “ Cruel ! to close the scene, and drop the curtain.”

AFTER a life, *rota fortuna, sic*, spent in the extremes of good and bad fortune, and after being sorely afflicted with the gout for ninety-five weeks, he departed this life, on Friday the fourteenth of September, 1781, at Mount-Amelia in the county of Norfolk, aged fifty-eight years. He is gone to receive his reward in heaven, *where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break not thorough and steal*.

HE was interred in the north isle of Ingoldsthorpe church, opposite the north door : an old stone was taken up, where he lies buried, and laid down afterwards, with only RICHARD GARDINER, Esq. on it, though a handsome mural monument

ment is intended to be put up with a suitable inscription*.

———— *Post cineres gloria fera venit.* MART.

Fame to our ashes comes, alas ! too late ;
And praise smells rank upon the coffin-plate.

From the *Norwich Mercury* of Saturday, October 6, 1781, we extract the following, inserted in that paper by desire of the gentleman who sent it to the printer.

“ The late Major Gardiner wrote the following lines, which he particularly requested of his executor, might be engraved on his tomb,—
“ The tomb was last Saturday erected, with the desired inscription.

“ RICHARD GARDINER, Esq. died September 14, 1781, in the 58th year of his age.

“ The man beset with ev’ry earthly woe ;
“ Whose bosom-friend turns out his deadly foe ;
“ Whose mind’s distracted with corroding care ;
“ Whose body’s rack’d beyond his pow’r to bear ;
“ Whose wife and children bear imperious sway,
“ O’er him they ought to cherish and obey :
“ Where one man meets with all these ills combin’d,
“ The grave’s the only refuge such a wretch can find.
R. G.”

“ * I had my failings, be the truth confess’d ;

“ And, reader, can’st thou boast a blameless breast ?

SINCE

SINCE the above appeared in the Norwich papers, we are credibly informed, that no such EPITAPH was put on his tomb-stone, yet it is not so well ascertained, that he did *not write it*. Be that as it may, some credit is due to the veracity of the lines, which, we are sorry to say, bear too strong a semblance of his temporal affairs.

From the Norfolk Chronicle, October, 13, 1781.

“ Verses wrote on reading an Epitpah in the
 “ Norwich Mercury, *falsely* and *maliciously* as-
 “ serted to be penn’d and engraved on the
 “ tomb of the late Major GARDINER of
 “ Mount-Amelia in Norfolk.

“ When Priam’s son, great Hector, nobly bled,
 “ The Grecian * host surround the hero dead :
 “ Safe from the arm, which hurl’d destruction round,
 “ O poor-revenge! they give each limb a wound.
 “ Not so, when living, Hector mow’d his way
 “ Through their thinn’d legion, to the close of day.

* “ When Hector was killed, some of those dastard Greeks,
 “ who were afraid to face him when alive, covered his dead
 “ body with wounds, to satisfy their revenge.

Vide HOM. ILLIAD.”

“ But

- “ But say, mean herd, the body spoil'd of breath;
- “ Must malice live, beyond the hour of death ?
- “ The dead are sacred ; let revilings cease,
- “ And GARD'NER's shade with Hector's,—rest in peace

THUS lived, and thus died, DICK MERRY-FELLOW, of serious and facetious memory !

What is this life, that mortals idly crave ?
The noisy passport to the silent grave.

A man, who, according to the character given of him in our title-page, had

Learning to instruct, wit to entertain,
To moralize with ease, and satirize with pain.

IN taking a review of these memoirs, we find, that we have anticipated, by cursory remarks, those reflections which generally arise after the decease of a person, whose life and conversation was intimately known to us. *Shakespeare* hath beautifully described the ages of man, in the play of *AS YOU LIKE IT* ! and *Horace*, by the following elegant line :

Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores.

What foibles wait on life through ev'ry stage !
Our youth a wild-fire, and a frost our age !

THE eccentricity of our hero's genius rendered him an exception to the general rule of life
laid

laid down by writers, who draw us “*not* what we are, but what we ought to be.” The plain duties of morality, which ought to govern our actions, are too circumscribed for the man of fashion, or the slave of wit; and those beings who move in the circle of the *beau monde*, are as ignorant of Mr. Pope’s *multum in parva*, as he whose ill-placed vivacity, gets the better of his good manners.

“ A *wit’s* a feather, and a *chief’s* a rod;

“ An HONEST MAN’s the noblest work of God!

Is genius to be considered as a natural gift, or an effect of education? and are men of a certain turn of mind censurable for those follies which rashness and impetuosity hurries them into, and which is as difficult to account for, as to restrain. A certain noble Earl, of an open generous heart, who on all occasions, whether acting in the quality of *senator*, *statesman*, *ambassador*, or at the head of *armies*, was ever distinguished for his coolness and equal temper, but at WHIST was occasionally so ruffled, and became so touchy, that he has been known to quarrel even with *women*, if the cards went against him;—in other respects, the best bred man alive! DICK MERRY-FELLOW was a man of quick feelings, and of a temper rather hasty and passionate: the warmth of his disposition, and his nice sensibility of honor, involved him frequently in broils, which he would readily vindicate

vindicate, either by the *pen* or the *sword*. If the severity of the former could not procure a confession, nor provoke a retaliation, he would then have recourse to the latter; as in the case of Sir H. H. and Mr. C. Speaking of this matter to a friend, sometime before his death, he declared, that “in heat at first, and in resentment for extreme ill usage, I wrote those LETTERS, neither of which would ever have been published, but for the outrageous and unmerited insult I received from Mr. C. and which, in vindication of my own *honor*, I was under a necessity of doing, but might have been easily prevented by the least concession that had been made, and which I had a right to expect, and till it is done, shall think myself at liberty to be as free with their characters as I please, and I shall of course expose them to the public upon every occasion that offers. I wrote Mr. C. word, “continued our hero,” very lately, *that if he was offended at my past publications, or should be at any future ones, I should be ready to give him satisfaction whenever he called upon me, and without acquainting a third person, like that poltron his friend Sir H.*”

It will not, we hope, be thought invidious, or too minute, to mention, that *Mount-Amelia* had been, for sometime before Mr. MERRY-FELLOW's decease, advertised for public sale. Mrs.

G.

G. her daughter and younger son, quitted the premises on Sunday, Oct. 14, and, on the Wednesday following, the household-furniture, &c. were sold by auction for the benefit of creditors. There being no executor of his will, Mrs. G. refused to take upon her the administration, for fear of being brought into trouble, as his debts far exceeded his effects. The house and land, we are also told, is taken by the mortgagee; and thus is the remains of our hero's terrestrious affairs dispersed! He, who had shone in all the majesty of *print*; who had influence *on paper* to affect the choice of representatives in parliament; who had *seen* the best company, and had *rolled* in his own carriage;—whose abilities were the terror and admiration of all!

“ His faults, or virtues, who can justly tell ?

“ No mortal higher soar'd, nor lower fell.

Dick abhorred the trite maxim of Charles II.
 “ *Court your enemies, and your friends will be your*
 “ *friends still.* This infamous principle,” says
 he, “ which has frequently prevailed in latter
 “ times, has been found (and always will when-
 “ ever pursued) to do equal mischief in public as
 “ in private life.”—This is very well in theory,
 Mr. MERRY-FELLOW, but no one ever *experienced*
 its inefficacy in practice more than yourself!
 for, had you had temper to shew less of your wit
 R and

and more of your prudence, you had not been
 “ the sport of fortune, nor the butt of fools !”
He that lives in a house of glass, says the proverb,
should not be the first to throw stones : yet no timid
 consideration ever deterred him from *kicking*
against the pricks. Rather too confident of his
 “ scale of talents,” our hero cared not by whom,
 or in what manner, he was attacked. To treat
 him *de haut en bas*, or presume on the sanction of
wealth or power to awe him, he would answer, in
 the words of HORACE, *melius non tangere clamo.*

Peace is my delight, not FLEURY's more,
 But touch me, and no minister so sore ;
 Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time,
 Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
 Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
 And the sad burthen of some merry song.

POPE.

HE always thought himself of more consequence than he really was, and would readily become a party in an affair from which he could derive neither reputation nor pecuniary profit.

“ Who meddle thus with other's cares,
 “ Too oft neglect their own affairs :
 “ But who abroad for business roam,
 “ Should nothing leave undone at home.

HE would have made an admirable civilian,
 for he could defend as strenuously as he could
 condemn—

condemn—the same cause: and though often directed and warped by prejudice, yet he studiously kept up appearances, by plausibility of reasoning: or, in other words—*out of the law*. Though he duly revered legal authority, he despised the *insolence* of office; and would frequently lament, that “There *was* a time when true distinction was held to be as VIRTUE only:

—*Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.*

THAT truly noble sentiment, *non bene vivere, non est*, “Not to live well, is not to live at all,” he held as the brightest gem of moral philosophy, but few men ever mistook the means of acquiring it more than our hero. His attachments were strong, (wou’d we could say they were inviolable) as were his resentments. His generosity was superior to his circumstances, and his zeal to serve was free from reserve, or restriction. He who wishes to be feared is seldom beloved; as such, DICK was oftener flattered than admired.

IF DICK had a friend or two who tickled his imagination, by a partial adherence to his reasoning, or by giving an affirmative to his complaints of ill-usage from others, he would receive the single instance of tenacity, as a full and sufficient testimony—that *every body* thought so.

What ev'ry body says, is often true;
But very often 'tis a falshood too:

Or, according to HORACE, *Interdum vulgus rectum videt; est, ubi peccat*. If e'er he outstep'd the modesty of nature, or raised merriment or wonder by the violation of truth, he disdained to retreat, and could never be brought to acknowledge an error—either in judgment or of the heart, though frequently warned of the danger of pursuing a wrong impulse.

HE was a man of strong natural parts, highly cultivated by education and company: his learning was great, his reading and experience extensive, and his memory retentive: his imagination was quick, and his judgment solid. As his own feelings were the most sensitive so was he a perfect master of the passions of others; and although intolerably impatient of insult, he was always on his guard, and kept within the pale of the *law*. The slightest appearance of neglect or injury would rouse him; but, like the lion, his resentment would, on proper concession, as quickly subside; and the most cordial reconciliation immediately succeed the most inveterate calumny,—and so *vice versa*.

IF Dick was not quite a *merry* fellow he was by no means a *sorry* fellow; and whilst he complained of the wheel of fortune, “ now up, now
“ down,”

“down,” he willingly acknowledged frailties and faults in common with other men.

— Vitijs nemo sine nascitur optimus ille

— Qui minimis urgetur—

IN conversation, he was brilliant and copious; his address easy and polite. If the measure of his wit was *leaky* at both ends (for what came in at the one went as profusely out at the other) he had, as it were, an inexhaustible source of humor, given with a degree of *vis comica*, assumed so naturally, and worn so easily, that while it rendered the satire peculiarly pleasant, it established its truth, and gave it irresistible force: but, as a superficial knowledge in science makes men pedantic, and a smattering in law renders them litigious, so an habituation in wit turns men into buffoons:—this is what the moderns call—*a bore*.

HIS figure and appearance was that of the *gentleman*,—though not genteel; being corpulent and round-shouldered. Whatever emotions of disgust his rancor, and mal-apro-pos remarks on the actions of *worthy* characters, might inspire, we could not look on him but with respect and awe: his silver locks at once thawed our resentment into reverence for his years, and regard for his abilities. In effect, as beholding

“Wisdom

“ Wisdom with periwigs, with cassocks grace,

“ Courage with swords, gentility with lace.”

IN his writings also, he was what naturalists call a *non-descript*: at once serious and comic;—the lampoon, or the eulogium;—declamation or close reasoning;—the flights of fancy or dull episode;—sententious and elaborate;—the *jeu-d’esprit*, the song, the epitaph, the *double en tendre*, the epigram, the heroic, the Hudibrastic, rhapsodical queries, and unintelligible dogmas, are all and each discoverable in his writings.

— — *Inopem me copia fecit.*

OVID.

— — Too much plenty makes me die for want.

ADDISON.

IT would require the verbosity of a *Lexiphanes* to exemplify the many beauties and enormities that tiffue our heroe’s LIFE and WRITINGS; it must not, therefore, be expected, that *we* can do justice to so wide a text. Like the great eater of *Wirtemberg* in Germany, who swallowed a block-tin standish, with the pens, pen-knife, ink, sand, and every thing it contained, DICK seemed to possess the *requisites*, if not the genius, of an author. His *coup d’essai* (page 10 of this memoir) is a strong preface of future excellence, but we do not believe he ever *studied—to be an* AUTHOR, nor held the opinion of the poet, who says,

I not

I not for vulgar admiration write ;
To be *well* read, not *much*, is my delight.

His thoughts were generally thrown together without much order, and instead of a regular progress from one truth to another, we only see the wild sallies of a vigorous mind, frequently returning in the same circle, and sometimes running quite out of sight, with the eccentric rapidity of a comet. His allusions were, however, truly classical, and his high-flown metaphors and compound epithets were peculiarly happy. Had he pursued the *Belles-lettres* systematically, his luxuriancy of thought and solid acquaintance with the classics would have rendered him conspicuous among the literati, and his lines, what is now a rarity,

—VERSES written by a POET !

SATIRE was his grand *forte*; and to this he was stimulated by that levity of temper and insatiate disposition which destroyed the very existence of plausibility. “ ’Tis a peculiar happiness of the times, when a man may think as he pleases, and speak as he thinks,” says *Tacitus*; but this conscientious liberty ought not to be prostituted to licentious purposes, nor exercised by bards, who

—— All agree,

“ Damn’d’s the superlative degree !”

It is not difficult, even for men of the lowest capacity, to perplex the fairest reasoner, by doubts and objections; and much less so for a man of wit and words, like our hero, to represent the soundest argument in a light ludicrous enough to make it seem ridiculous: but it should be remembered, that it is much easier to laugh at the best system, than to form one of the worst! To unmask hypocrisy, and to correct vice, is, indeed, to be highly useful. The sharp pen of *Aretin* once made most of the sovereign princes of Europe his tributaries; and the keen *Iambics* of *Archilochus* and *Hipponax*, are said to have driven the persons, who were the subjects of them, to such acts of desperation, as to hang and drown themselves:—we believe no writer of the present age can produce so tragical an effect as the Greek poet, whose satirical works were forbid to be read by the Spartans; so highly seasoned were they by the *salt* of Parnassus,

DICK'S satire was poignant, but not always just. In his *Juvenalian* lines, the poetic *furor* would hurry him into the most violent invective, and low humor: every little incident was wrought up in the web of defamation, for,

Triumphant, malice rag'd thro' private life:

POPE.

And all ties of former friendship were sacrificed to the present moment of feelings. “ Tremble,
“ thou

“ thou wretch ! that hast within thee undivulged
 “ crimes, unwhipt of justice ! ”

Qui capit, ille fecit.

WE have often regretted, that Mr. MERRY-FELLOW never engaged his talents in dramatic writing, for which, according to our ideas, he seems better suited than one half of the modern play-wrights: for though there is a tiresome fameness in the manner of drawing his characters, yet they are, in general, nervously and strikingly expressed, and shew his great acquaintance both with men and books. *Butler* has very justly described the *minor* poets in the following four lines.

—Those who write in rhyme still make
 The one verse for the other's sake;
 For, one for *sense*, and one for *rhyme*,
 I think's sufficient at one time.

H U D.

As consistency formed no part of *Dick's* character, if we except that permanent infatuation that guided all his actions, like the

“ ——— Man who knows the *right*
 “ Yet does the *wrong*—with all his might.

Inconsistency may appear, even in this our opinion of him, but we speak to his *memoirs* as they really occurred, and not as they *might* be: and we have, throughout the compilation, endeavoured

voured rather to draw a veil over those foibles which marked the contour of his life, than expose human frailties :—as he had vices so had he virtues :

*Nemo vitij sine nascitur, optimus ille,
Qui minimis urgetur.*——

Adopting his own maxim, when applied to by a friend to re-publish some of his select compositions, “ I war not with the dead.”

——— *cessit furor, et rabida ora quierunt.* VIRG.

Ceas'd is his fury, and he foams no more.

DRAWING near, as we are, to the End of the Chapter of Accidents, we recommend these lines to our courteous reader ;—

“ Justice should weigh impartial in her scales,
“ As folly triumphs, or as sense prevails.

And, as DICK MERRY-FELLOW was, notwithstanding, friendly and humane, we hope he has found a peaceful asylum in heaven.

—— *Ille se jactet in Aula.* VIRGIL.
—— There let him reign. DRYDEN.

ADDENDA.

A D D E N D A.

ADDENDUM

ADDENDUM

ADDENDUM

ADDENDUM

ADDENDUM

ADDENDUM

ADDENDUM

A D D E N D A.

AT the bottom of an advertisement of “The Tripping-Jury, or an Essay on Portraits in Norfolk,” in the Cambridge Chronicle of September 1, 1781.

“Where may be had, just published,

“The BONFIRE of BUT-LANDS; or, The HUMOURS of WELLS:

“A New Norfolk Ballad.

“On the occasion of a late trial at the assizes at Norwich.

“*Jamque Faces et Saxa Volant.*

VIRG.”

A printed copy of this Ballad hath not fallen into our hands, but we have taken it from an authentic manuscript.

To the tune of " the Archbishop of Canterbury."

I SING, the time not long ago,
The city of W-LLS grew mad, Sir!
And frantic ran to TH-RSF-RD Hall,
To take advice of CH-D, Sir!
The Doctor, never averse to fees,
Cry'd! O! *relief* is sure,
" Salt water, gentlemen, you want,
" It is a *certain cure*."

Tol-de-rol-lol, &c. &c.

But when returning home again
To W-LLS, they cast their eye, Sir!
The corporation, in amaze,
Beheld their *harbour* dry, Sir!
What could they do, for *Folks* relate
There was no *water* for them,
For *salt* and *fresh*, and tides and all,
Had been stop't up at W-RH-M.

Tol-de-rol-lol, &c. &c.

To NORWICH for *nostrums* then they ran,
To get their *water* back, Sir!
There all the *faculty* declar'd—
That CH-D was but a *quack*, Sir!
'They turn'd o'er ev'ry leaf to be found
In England's dispensary,
But Doctor *Selden*,—death to their noses,
Prescribed a—*clausum mare*!

Tol-de-rol-lol, &c. &c.

And

And now the *fever* in their blood,
 Rag'd higher still and higher;
 And finding no *water* could be got,
 They had recourse to *fire*:
 A gun shot up to the chimney's top,
 They knew all *flames* would smother;
 For *fire* and *fire*, like nail and nail,
 Will drive out one another.

Tol-de-rol-lol, &c. &c.

Then strait two *men of sense* they seiz'd,
 (There were but *two* in town, Sir!)
 And tying them fast to BUTTER-FIELDS,
 To burn them hurried down, Sir!
 In vain, for such CH-D-dian rage,
 'Tis heav'n only, quells, Sir!
 And so, the Lord have mercy now
 Upon the city of W-lls, Sir!

Tol-de-rol-lol, &c. &c.

Printed for *Johnny Gig*.
 August 3, 1781.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

(From the *Contest*, December 26, 1767.)

WE hear from *Dublin*, that a noble *Lord*, famous for his skill in *caricaturas*, at a late public dinner at his apartments, *took off* a gentleman a little remarkable in his features: it happened that this gentleman was as great a proficient in *caracaturas* as his *lordship*; and observing, at the bottom of a long table, what he was about,

took

took out his pencil also, and, on the back of a letter, drew a strong and very ridiculous likeness of the noble *peer*, in the attitude of drawing. The latter, having finished his own performance, handed it down the table, till it came to the gentleman himself, who, laughing heartily at it, slip'd into his neighbour's hand his own *caricatura* of my *lord*, and passed it up the table on the other side. A general laugh ensued, and the noble *peer* enjoying this public approbation of his humor, sat highly delighted, and in great spirits; when, in his turn, he was presented with his own ridiculous figure, which had equally diverted half the company.—This unexpected stroke visibly made its impression; he appeared much chagrined, and soon after retired, to the no small entertainment of the company, and indeed of the whole city, when the story was related in all its circumstances the following day.

From the Morning Herald, 1781.

A N E C D O T E S

Of the late Right Honorable *Charles Townshend*.

IT was a very singular circumstance that shewed the effect of habit in this celebrated orator: he had been used to speak so much in the House of Commons *on his legs*, that he could never make the semblance of a speech, further than a few words, or a repartee, while sitting. When the principal merchants of London waited on him upon a great commercial regulation, he heard all they had to say, and then, to answer them, rose from his chair, saying, "I must be on my legs, or I cannot speak to you at all."

His

His convivial wit at table (perhaps the most brilliant part of his character) was perpetual, varied, and arose from trifles so minute, that he never wanted a perennial fund; nor was he satisfied with the tribute of laughter from those at table with him, if all the footmen in the room were not upon the broad grin; and he actually made Lady *Dalkeith*, part with a favorite footman of her own, because he had several times observed him with unmoved muscles, when the rest could not restrain the risible impulse; his memory was prodigious, he never read the classics, he had them all at his fingers ends from the acquisitions he had made at school; and that this is probable, appears from a circumstance that happened at Rainham, where his brother, George, the present Lord, lost twenty guineas in a bett to him, that he did not know what was in an old lease, which George knew he could have seen but *once* in his life; Charles repeated every clause, and every circumstance with such exactness, that the whole family were astonished. His talents, with all their powers, had shades that were unaccountable, unless we attribute them to timidity; he had his hours when he could do nothing, and he avoided the House; when he knew he should meet with a violent and prepared opposition, he then had his political cholics, a real distemper indeed, but so often feigned that at last he was not believed, and he died—for want of a physician!

The following STANZAS were wrote and sent to the Right Honorable the Earl of Orford, by RICHARD GARDINER, Esq. of *Mount-Amelia*, on his Lordship's birth-day, April 13th, soon after he had recovered from a dangerous fit of illness.

To the EARL of ORFORD.

HOW eager is the thirst of fame,
How few that e'er attain it!
How oft by folly lose the prize
As quickly as they gain it!

In *fifty-nine* with envy seen
Was PITT's meridian glory:
In *sixty-one* CHATHAM became
The jest of ev'ry Tory.

So anxious for their future fame
(How all men wish to know it)
Deceiv'd, till death shall close the scene,
By flatt'rer, or by poet!

To you, Lord ORFORD, tho' 'tis rare,
The boon by fate was giv'n,
Your real friends and future fame
To know on this side heav'n:

Lamented as you were by all,
'Tis pleasing now to hear it,
The laurel of the grave you've won,
And more—you live to wear it.

From

From the Cambridge Chronicle of June 30, 1781.

THE *hymenæal* torch never flamed with greater brightness than at present in the meridian of *Hull*: we hear the *western* battalion of the NORFOLK militia are held in high esteem by the northern ladies, particularly the *widows*, ever allowed to be the best judges of *connubial* accomplishments. Three grenadiers serving for the hundreds of LAUNDITCH and MITFORD haye, within this fortnight, offered up their vows at the altar of *Hymen*, leading in three buxom and prolific relict's, two of them mothers of seven, and the third of eleven beautiful babes, —a noble encrease to the declining population in Norfolk, and to which these western sons of gallantry are likely to contribute greatly, as the last accounts from the corps bring advice that more widows were daily coming in, all blessed with a happy and numerous progeny. The *favours* worn by the grenadier company on the occasion of these auspicious nuptials had, wrought in gold and silver,

Pulchrâ facias te prole parentem.

The brides and bridegrooms, with a *suite* of twenty-five fine subjects for colonization, crossed the Humber last Monday, by permission of the commanding officer, to make the *tour of Norfolk*, where the ladies and their beautiful branches of *olive* are to be planted during the operations of the present war.

The purport of the above paragraph had no foundation in truth, but was wrote by Dick, in a merry mood, only to alarm the justices, about providing settlements for the wives and children of militia-men.

EPITAPH on a grave-stone put down in 1778, to the memory of Mr. William Money, farmer and tenant at West-Rudham in Norfolk, to Lord Viscount Townshend, his father, and grandfather :

Written by RICHARD GARDINER, Esq.

TITLES and trophies deck the statesman's grave,
 And pompous tombs immortalize the brave;
 Yet rural virtue finds the road to fame,
 And boasts no titles—but an honest name.
 A plain good man lies here—Herald's say more,
 Who usher pageants at the abbey-door!
 The path of honesty WILL. MONEY trod:
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God."
 Vain epitaphs the author's genius show,
 While all is dust, mere dust, that lies below:
 'Tis all mere dust!—the rest the poet's wit,
 Or whether 'tis WILL. MONEY—or WILL. PITT.

THE following VERSES were inscribed to the memory of Mrs. Hoste of Ingoldisthorpe in Norfolk, who died in 1775, much lamented, by *Richard Gardiner Esq*; "Mrs. Hoste was a most
 " amiable woman, and esteemed by all who knew
 " her: perfectly well bred; easy and chearful in
 " her conversation, though of a weak and very
 " fluctuating state of health; of an open generous
 " heart;

“ heart: sincere and steady in her friendships: in
 “ her carriage uniformly pleasing, and in her dress
 “ the *simplex munditijs* of Horace,—inexpressibly
 “ neat.”

LONG in affliction, long in sickness tried,
 Calm and serene the patient parent died :
 In all the duties of domestic life,
 The tender mother, and the careful wife :
 O early lost !—let mausoleums boast,
 A name more honor'd than the name of **HOSTER** !

Peace to thy ashes, lady ! may thy grave
 No storms assail, nor hoarse resounding wave ;
 But “ angels sing a requiem to thy soul,”
 Till light'nings scorch and whirlwinds shake the pole ;
 Till the last trump, re-echoing thro' the skies,
 In awful summons calls the dead to rise !
 Then heav'n shall ope its everlasting door,
 And pain and sorrow be thy lot no more.

TRANSLATION of a Latin Epitaph to the memory
 of Thomas Gurlin, Esq. who died August 3,
 1644, and lies buried in the parish church of
 Snettisham in Norfolk:

By **RICHARD GARDINER**, Esq.

STRANGER ! beneath this tomb, in hope to rise,
 A man of wisdom and of virtue lies.
 Thrice *mayor* of Lynn, and *member* thrice he sat :
 Thrice England's Commons in full senate met :

Firm

Firm and unshaken in his country's cause;
 Bold to defend its liberty and laws.

Such GURLIN was! no contract, bribe, or place,
 E'er drew upon his honest vote disgrace.
 Read, venal members, as you pass along,
 And envy virtue, which you cannot wrong.

And thou, brave stranger! whoso'er thou art,
 Shouldst thou condemn him, act a nobler part.
 Now that his virtues sleep in peaceful rest,
 To rising storms oppose a firmer breast:
 The shocks of time with manlier spirit bear,
 Then from his honor'd brow the laurels tear,
 And LYNN shall boast her member and her mayor, }

From the London Magazine of April, 1763.

ADDRESS from a certain CITY.

PLUMP'D up with plumb-pudding, plumb-dumpling,
 and porridge,
 We your M-j-fly's Mayor, Court, and Commons of Norwich,
 In our notions of LIBERTY never mistaken,
 And "firm as your M-j-fly's virtues unshaken"*,
 Return you our thanks—by our friend Mr. B-C-N: }
 Our thanks for a PEACE—now your arms are victorious,
 As lasting and safe—as 'tis happy and glorious†.

* *Vide* Address before the preliminaries.

† *Ditto.*

INSCRIPTION to the memory of Francis Longe, Esq. of Spixworth in Norfolk, who died in 1776; and to his lady, *obijt* 1760.

TO the proud prince let *mausoleums* rise,
And cloud-capt *pyramids* insult the skies!
There state-entomb'd magnificently lie,
Kings and their queens,—for kings and queens must die!
Friendship and beauty, this fond pair asleep,
O'er the sad shrine eternal vigils keep!
All social virtues bless'd the heart of LONGE,
Whilst his fair consort charm'd th' admiring throng:
No arch we bend, no tow'ring column rear,
Love, truth, and honor, are the heralds here.

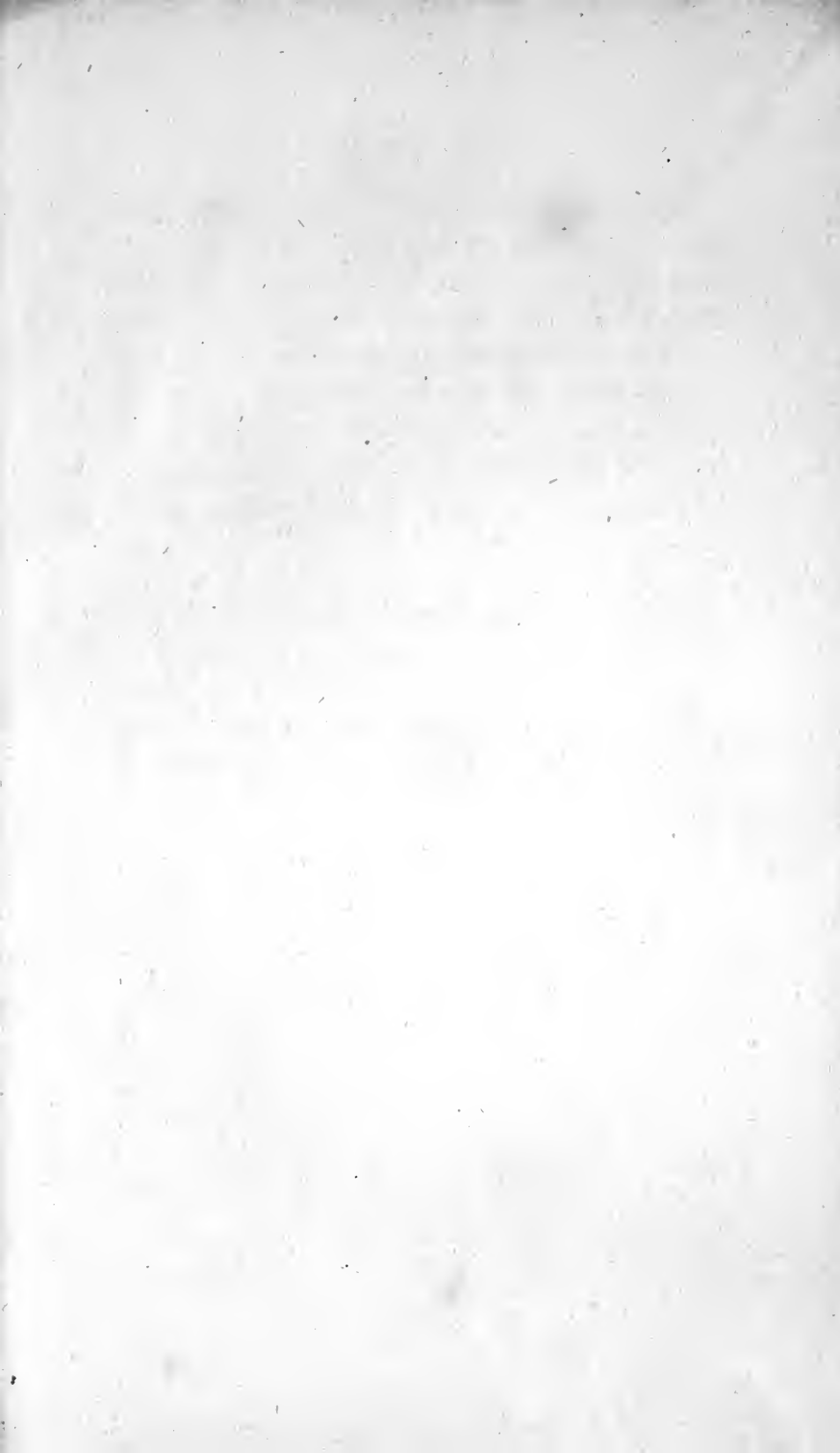
THE 28th article of the Monthly Catalogue, in the MONTHLY REVIEW for April, 1754, is “*A letter to John Shadwell, Esq. of the county of Norfolk; with observations on the history of PUDICA, and some thoughts on a town and country life. By Richard Merry-fellow, Esq. 8vo. 6d. Swan.*”

IN the same month's REVIEW, is “*A Letter to the Honble. George Townshend, Knight of the shire for the county of Norfolk, during the last parliament, in answer to the Norfolk Farmer's sentiments, &c. By Richard Gardiner, Esq. 8vo. 6d. Swan.*—“*A mere invective against, but no answer to, the Farmer's sentiments.*”

THE first of these publications we have seen, printed on thirty-four pages, dated April 10, but the latter has not fallen in our way. This LETTER to Mr. *Shadwell*, contains little more than a recapitulation of what is to be met with in *the History of PUDICA*, and some dissolatory considerations, occasioned by the death of the Right Honorable Henry Pelham; in which, many *characters*, and a great deal of *reading* is displayed.

✍ ANY thing further, relative to DICK MERRY-FELLOW, which may hereafter be communicated to the publishers of this *Memoir*, will be thankfully received, and properly attended to, should a *second* edition be found necessary.

F I N I S.





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